OCTOBER 1970
50¢ K

Mad Dog's Kid Sister—
SOMEDAY SHE'S GOING TO KILL!

Inside WRESTLING

SPECIAL BOOK-LENGTH FEATURE
Lavishly Illustrated

WRESTLING'S NEW
ERA OF BRUTALITY!

WHO-OR WHAT-DID THIS TO "FEARLESS" FREDDIE BLASSIE?

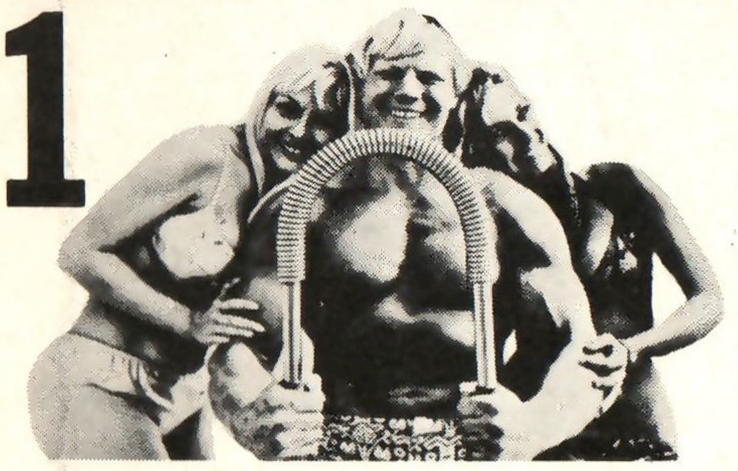
BRUNO SAMMARTINO
THIS IS YOUR LIFE
From Your Birth To The Championship

JOE WEIDER PRESENTS

THE TRIM MASCULINE

Here's where you shop for your "BODY SHAPERS FOR THE 70's"—to Shape You Up—to help You Lose Weight or Gain Weight—and create a more Masculine, Virile You!

1



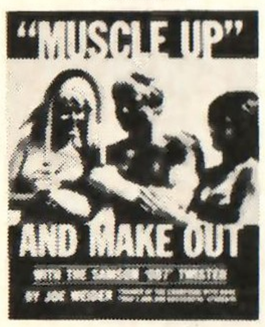
MUSCLE UP & MAKE OUT!

PUT MUSCLE IN YOUR MUSCLES WITH ONE TWIST!

Quickly add up to 2" on your arms, 4" on your chest. Build rippling back muscles. Thick, broad shoulders. The power to lift girls over your head with one arm! One twist of the "007" TWISTER and every muscle in your body ripples with new vigor and power. Builds strong muscles FAST!—muscles that make you an action-packed guy and a super-charged tiger with the girls! Easy-to-use. No adjustments. No assembly. Use it right out of the box for instant muscle-building fun! Made of chromed-steel tubing, the TWISTER is tough . . . durable . . . like *you'll* be! Guaranteed to muscle you up or your money back. ORDER NOW! Only **$9.98**

GUARANTEE: If after using the TWISTER 3 days you're not convinced you can quickly twist it for cobra-like muscles in your arms . . . more muscles on your chest . . . broader shoulders . . . wider back . . . a he-man grip and dynamic power—then return it after 5 days for a full refund. Fair? So order the "007" TWISTER **Now**, while the limited supply lasts! This unusual offer may not be repeated again this year.

FREE! Complete, illustrated "007" POWER TWISTER Manual. Also, illustrated conditioning course, dealing with the new aerobics training that muscularizes your body with athletic vigor, speed and agility. Written by Joe Weider, Trainer of Champions. Yours FREE with your TWISTER. ORDER NOW!

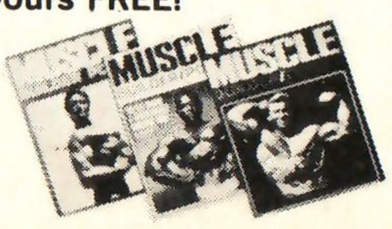


EXTRA BONUS GIFT: 3 copies of Muscle Builder magazine, worth $1.80 . . . yours FREE!

PRICED AT ONLY

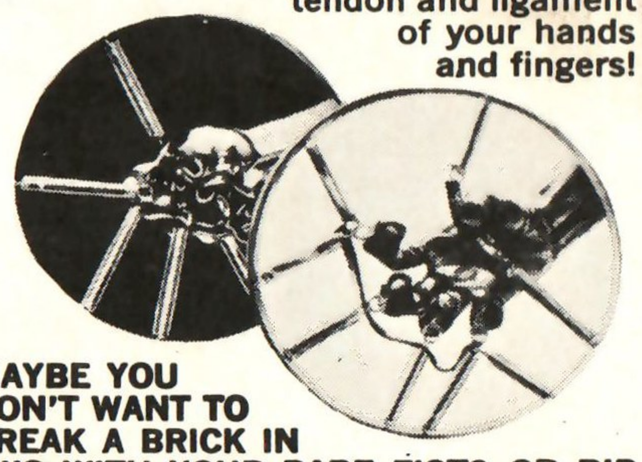
$9.98

WITH COURSE



2 This "Killer Karate Krusher" gives you pulverizing hand power!

Just 5 minutes a day for 30 days builds your hands into granite-hard battering-rams of power! Simply fit your fingers into the leather grippers, and with your very first squeeze, you'll instantly start building invincible new power into every tendon and ligament of your hands and fingers!



MAYBE YOU DON'T WANT TO BREAK A BRICK IN TWO WITH YOUR BARE FISTS OR RIP A PHONE BOOK IN HALF — BUT WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF YOU COULD?

Here's a brand new way . . . a fantastically successful system that turns your hands into fearsome, devastating arsenals of power! Based on centuries-old secrets of Japanese Killer Cults and a Space Age hand-building principle, my KILLER KARATE KRUSHER can make you into a two-fisted tank of power . . . able to take care of yourself . . . anytime . . . anywhere . . . in all situations! You'll never again fear any man or turn away from any challenge. ORDER IT TODAY! Only **$9.95** postpaid.

MY GUARANTEE TO YOU: You'll own fearsome, ferocious, crippling arsenals of hand power—and become a "Terror-Fighter," able to take care of yourself in every situation — IN 30 DAYS — or your money back!

GREAT FOR SPORTS, TOO! **FEAR NO MAN!**

FREE

My "Killer Karate" Course . . . "The Deadly Art of Hand Fighting." Shows dozens of ways to disarm and counter-attack any man, whatever his size! Yours FREE if you order the KILLER KARATE KRUSHER **Now!**

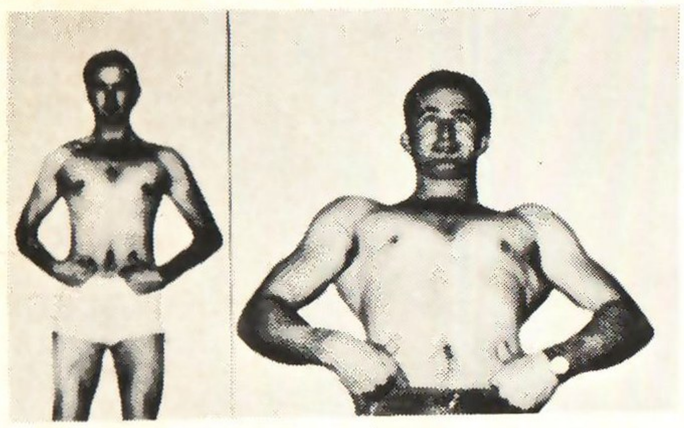
PRICED AT ONLY

$9.98

KARATE KRUSHER & COURSE

3 THE END OF THE SKINNY BODY

Drink on as much as 14 pounds in the next 14 days this delicious FUN way!



BEFORE—James Parker at a thin 158 pounds.

AFTER 14 days on the Crash-Weight Plan, Jim weighed 175 pounds.

GAINS 14 POUNDS IN 14 DAYS!

HEY YOU SKINNY GUYS! Thousands are doing it every day. WHY NOT YOU? Here's a totally new breed of nutritional "wildcat" drink that's guaranteed to put an end to your hungry-looking, muscle-poor body . . . through a new, scientifically-blended milkshake-tasting drink. **Crash-Weight Formula #7 Plan** puts meat on your frame. Fleshes out your narrow, shallow chest, skinny arms and spindly legs. Nobody likes a bag of bones! With my proven **Crash-Weight** Plan you just drink 4 milk-shake-delicious glasses with your regular meals and take in an extra 3500 calories daily . . . to help you pile on the weight FAST! (It's the calories that count when you want to put on some handsome weight!) The nice thing about my **weight-gain plan** is that it's so easy to take. No complicated exercises to do. No bloating, heavy-as-lead foods to force into your system. The **Formula #7 Plan** does all the work . . . you just sit around, take it easy, be as lazy as you want —and in a few days you'll see measurable weight gains pile up! Check the coupon for the Plan and flavor you want to use to put an end to your skinny body. **Guaranteed to put weight on you or your money back.**

To add up to 14 pounds in the next 14 days you need:

- 14-day supply of **Crash-Weight Formula #7**
- 14-day supply of Appetite-Stimulating tablets, and

FREE Weight-Gaining Course. A 48-page illustrated guide crammed with step-by-step instructions in weight-gaining basics. PLUS 3 copies of Mr. America magazine, worth $1.80...yours FREE!

7-day supply: $8.00 • 14-day supply: $14.98

(Your choice of Chocolate or Vanilla flavor)

PRICED AT ONLY

$8.00

FOR A WEEK'S SUPPLY & COURSE

BODY LOOK FOR THE '70'S!

Your Good Looks—Your Health—Your Virility—are *Your* responsibility. So Start NOW to use one or more of these "Body Shapers For the 70's". Shake up your physical fitness program and Light Up the 70's!

4 The NEW aerobics

HOME FITNESS JOGGER

You'll Start to Look Better—Feel Better—Shape Up—Live Longer and be more Virile in the Next 14 Days!

ALL THE BENEFITS OF JOGGING WITHOUT LEAVING YOUR HOME!

6 minutes on the New Weider **AEROBICS JOGGER** gives you the same benefits as a 3-mile run. Or the equivalent of 4 hours or more of golf. Or a full hour's workout in the gym! Guaranteed to burn calories—melt fat—toughen your muscles—strengthen your heart and lungs—and virilize your body fast!

WHO EVER SAW A FAT RUNNER?

If you've held yourself back from getting the rich fitness-building benefits of jogging because you don't want nosy neighbors to stare at you or risk being nipped by unfriendly dogs, forget it! Now with Weider's New **AEROBICS HOME FITNESS JOGGER** you can jog for miles without ever having to step outside the comfort and privacy of your own home!

That's right. Just set the **AEROBICS JOGGER** on the floor in any part of your house, step on its easy-on-the-feet special spring cushion and jog away to your heart's content—and good health!

JOG YOURSELF INTO SHAPE IN JUST 6 MINUTES A DAY

One of the world's longest distance runners says 6 minutes of jogging on the **AEROBICS JOGGER** gives you the same benefit as jogging two miles! Just 3 minutes in the morning and 3 minutes at night helps **build healthy heart and lung action, relaxes tensions, tones muscles.** Besides that you'll **burn off fat-forming calories fast, flatten and toughen your mid-section, trim your hips and buttocks and slim down all over.**

You owe it to yourself to get back into virile, healthy shape this fast, scientifcally-proven way!

EASY TO STORE—MADE TO LAST

Weider's New **AEROBICS HOME FITNESS JOGGER** is scientifically-constructed with special coil springs nestled in a thick polyurethane cushion, designed to simulate the action of real road jogging. It's easy on the feet, too—like running on grass that acts as a "shock absorber" to the feet. It measures 20"x22"x4", is lightweight and stores easily in the smallest space. The sturdy hand strap on side makes it easy and convenient to carry with you on trips, vacations, etc. Order yours now! Ideal for gift-giving, too. Only **$9.95**

New Aerobic/Circuit Training "Shape Up" Routine

FREE!

Aerobic Fitness Jogger & Course

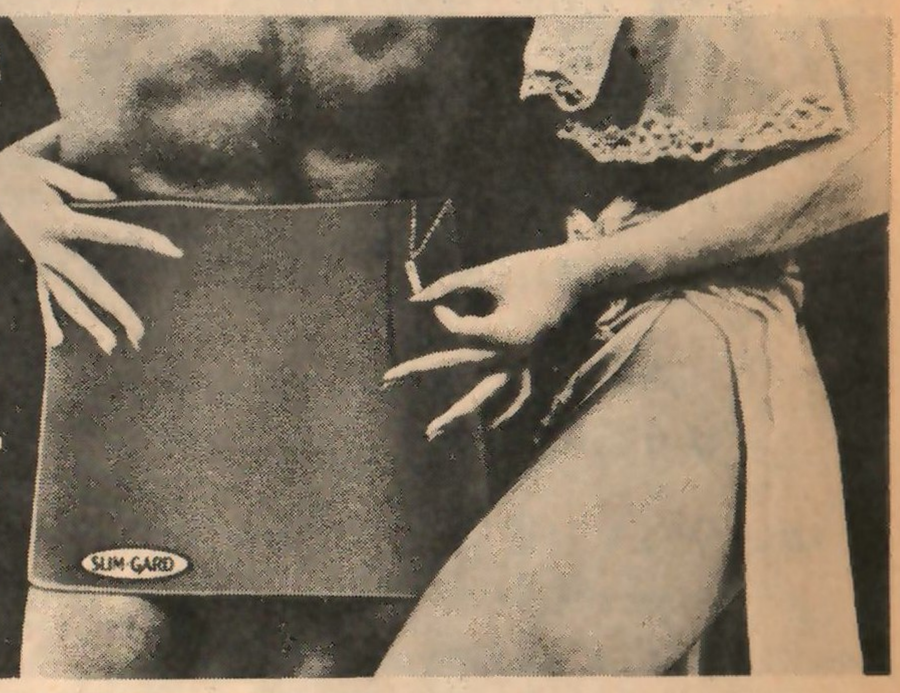
Same 6-minutes-a-day program you can use at home, which actors, movie stars, and models use to quickly Shape Up and Firm Up their bodies into youthful, virile, he-man lines. ALSO INCLUDES: techniques to help your body utilize your food intake more efficiently and keep you sleek and slim all your life—as well as strengthen your heart and lungs. Indoor and outdoor methods explained. How much and how often to jog. How to measure benefits received . . . everything you need to know about jogging is here. You're guaranteed visual results in just **2 weeks or money back.** Tested by thousands—including U.S. Air Force. START NOW TO SHAPE UP—SLIM DOWN—and VIRILIZE YOUR BODY!

***For faster waist and hips losses—see inches go fast—wear SLIM GARD while jogging.**

$9.98

5 Another JOSEPH WEIDER Breakthrough!

SLIM DOWN & MAKE OUT with JOE WEIDER'S SLIM·GARD THE INSTANT SLIMMER



Just slip on Joe Weider's New "Science Weapon", **SLIM GARD** and instantly start trimming your waist and hips to a sexy-slim size—without dieting—without tedious exercise!

And when combined with the "Slimmer's Routine" **SLIM GARD** can really flatten your pot belly and "pulverize" unwanted fat away from all over your body! **Here's Proof:** In a controlled University test, students reported waist losses of up to 3¼ inches and overall fat losses of 17 pounds—**IN ONLY 2 WEEKS!** They called it a "small miracle" the way it worked so fast!

Yes. **SLIM GARD** has really revolutionized weight reducing. Men everywhere are regaining their youthful, virile appearance by wearing it under their clothes and letting it work for them as they sit, stand, walk, run, bend, eat, watch TV or relax. It turns the simplest body movement into a waist-trimming exercise **without effort.** It can work "miracles" on your waistline, too.

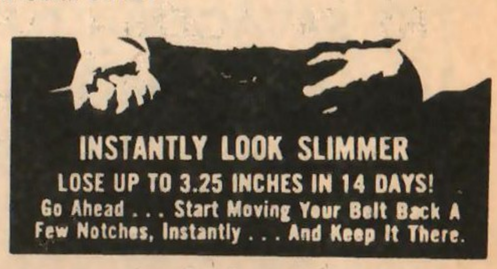
And remember, **SLIM GARD** is hidden—no one knows—nothing shows . . . **SLIM GARD's** secret is its gentle but firm "hugging action that keeps warm air in—cool air out, trimming inches effortlessly away!

SLIM GARD and the **"Slimmer's Routine"** work effectively for the fat or slender man. Simple instructions are included for the man who wants to quickly lose 20 to 40 pounds . . . and for the slender fellow who wants to lose only a few inches off his waist without losing weight.

And remember, SLIM GARD is hidden—no one knows—nothing shows . . . except the inches that go. You're guaranteed impressive results in 14 days or your money back!

FREE! THE SLIMMER'S ROUTINE

Savvy Slimming Tricks to Shape You Up and Trim You Down. Here's Part 3 to the Slimming Formula—the suprisingly effortless "Aerobic/Circuit" training routine used by athletes, coaches and models to get into shape fast. Within 14 days you'll be Firmer, Slimmer, More Energetic and Stronger—creating a New, Youthful, Sexier more Exciting You! **IT'S YOURS FREE—with SLIM GARD!**



INSTANTLY LOOK SLIMMER

LOSE UP TO 3.25 INCHES IN 14 DAYS!

Go Ahead . . . Start Moving Your Belt Back A Few Notches, Instantly . . . And Keep It There.

THE SLIM GARD
(Made to Last for Years)
with The Slimmer's Routine

Comes in sizes: Medium & Large

Only $9.98

USE THIS SHAPE UP . . . MUSCLE-UP COUPON!

JOE WEIDER
Union City, N.J. 07087
531-32nd Street
Dept. 209-100P5

Dear Joe:

Thanks for letting me know about your "Shape-Up" . . . "Muscle-Up" courses and products. Please send me the items checked below, along with my FREE gifts. I understand **all** your products carry a full money-back guarantee . . . no "ifs" . . . "ands" . . . or "buts".

I enclose check or money order for: $.....

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

1 ☐ **"007" TWISTER,** Free course & 3 copies of Muscle Builder magazine ..... only **$9.95**

2 ☐ **KILLER KARATE KRUSHER** & Free "Killer Karate" course ..... only **$9.95**

3 **CRASH-WEIGHT FORMULA #7 PLAN** with Free course (check one):

☐ 7-Day Supply ..... only **$ 8.00**

☐ 14-Day Supply ..... only **$14.98**
Check flavor desired: ☐ Chocolate ☐ Vanilla

4 ☐ **FITNESS JOGGER** & Free "Aerobic/Circuit Training" course only **$9.95**

5 ☐ **SLIM DOWN & MAKE OUT KIT** with **SLIM** GARD and the Free "Slimmer's Routine" ..... only **$9.95**
Check waist size: ☐ Medium (30-38) ☐ Large (39-47)

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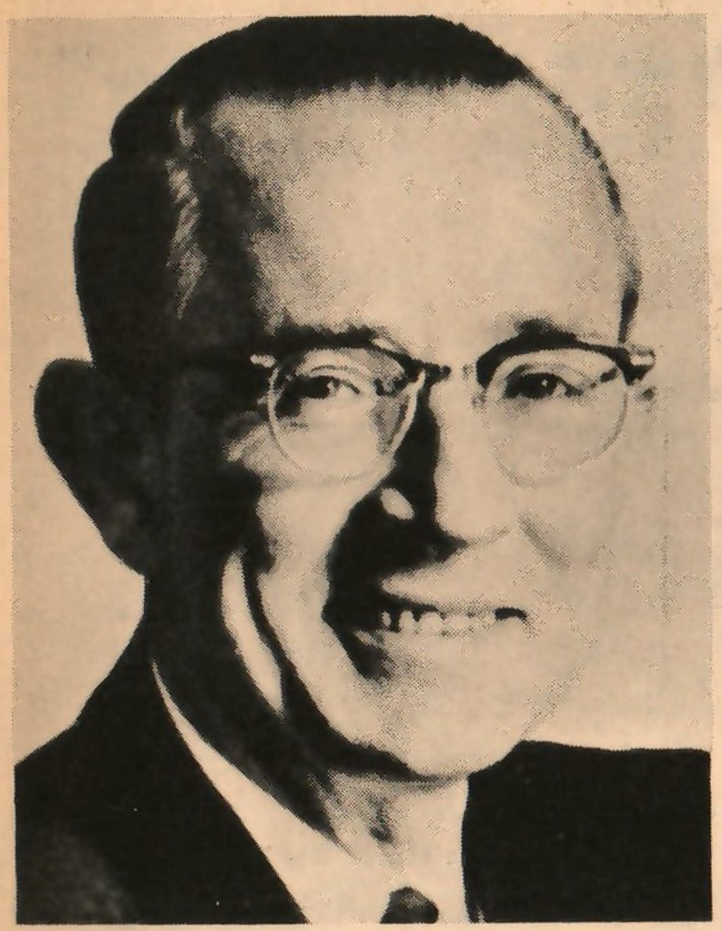
OWNER-MANAGERS WANTED



We are looking for the kind of man who can set up a Duraclean business in his locality and then train other men to do the actual work in the field

As Owner-Manager you would line up the jobs, write up the orders, assign the work, handle the bookkeeping, banking and other office operations. Free 24 page book gives full particulars.

By Ford Marsh

If you are like most ambitious men, you have often looked forward to the day when you would be the owner of a profitable business. Two obstacles prevent most men from seeing such dreams come true—lack of capital and lack of experience.

Does this situation apply to you? If so, I'd like to explain how you can become the Owner-Manager of a Duraclean Business in your locality—starting with only a few hundred dollars capital and without the need for any experience in our kind of business.

I will show you how to start as a "one man" business and then build an organization with from two to five men or more working for you. The profit possibilities of such a business are almost beyond belief. As a one man operation you can expect to gross $9.00 an hour for every hour you give to servicing your customers. As an Owner-Manager, you can gross $6.00 an hour on every hour your employees work—after paying for materials and a good-hourly wage. For example, one Owner-Manager, Ed Kramers, has this to say "In my second year I now have two assistants, a new home and security for my family." Michael Lyons, another Owner-Manager wrote, "First year, $40,000 gross income."

The Duraclean home service business has been tried and tested. The market for Duraclean Service is tremendous—and growing faster than we can appoint and train new men. The methods that lead to success have been clearly charted. When an ambitious man follows these methods, success is the logical result.

Some Franchise businesses require investments as high as $50,000. With ours, you can get started for less than $1000 and we finance the balance. Monthly payments are so small that the profits on less than one day's service can cover your payment for the entire month. Even with this small investment and operating as a one man business, your potential is $250.00 net profit in a week. With two men rendering all of your service for you 35 hours a week, you should gross a profit of $420.00. Allowing for advertising and incidentals, a normal net would be $336.00.

The most important part of Duraclean home service is cleaning rugs, carpets and upholstered furniture by a revolutionary modern process known as the "Absorption Method." You or your men do the work right in the customer's premises. No harsh scrubbing with motor-driven brushes. No soaking. Instead, an aerated foam loosens the dirt and holds it in suspension until removed. A test conducted by an impartial laboratory showed that the modern Absorption Method removed twice as much dirt as was removed by old fashioned machine scrubbing.

If you are tired of working for others or of jumping from one proposition to another—if you have a real yearning for independence in a business of your own—then send for "The Duraclean Route to Success." There is no obligation—no charge. No salesmen will call to high pressure you. Send for the book now. Read it. Then if you want to take the next step toward independence, you can write to me and let me give *you* the same help I've given so many other ambitious men.

Ford Monroe
President

DURACLEAN COMPANY
O-7PO **Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill. 60015**

WHAT OWNER-MANAGERS SAY ABOUT DURACLEAN

The big earnings reported here might well be called "exceptional." Yet, in another way there is nothing exceptional about them. That's because any man who is willing to work and who will follow instructions should be able to do as well under similar conditions.

$17,660 Increase Owner-Manager Davis says in a letter, "Gross income $17,660 this year." Many Duraclean men report even greater business expansion.

Averages $1,000 a Month. And, Ron Bonomo, who started in spare time says business in sight will bring $1,500 a month this year.

$1,602 Profit on One Job. G. Byers tells about doing a job for a local institution. He says, "My charge for the one job was $2,416.00. Total expenses, $814.00." This left Mr. Byer a gross profit of $1,602.00.

$361.00 for Ten Hours. A. J. Belhumeur wrote: "My service man and I cleaned an entire office building in a little over 10 hours. This job brought me $361.00."

Grossed $2012.00 One Month. Wilmer Suders of N.C. says: "My biggest single job amounted to $752.00 and in one month I have grossed as high as $2012.00."

Our files are filled with letters from Owner-Managers. We will gladly show them to anyone who comes to our office and is sincerely interested in becoming Owner-Manager of a local Duraclean business.

HOW AN OWNER MANAGER CAN SELL HIS DURACLEAN BUSINESS AT A BIG PROFIT

If a Duraclean Owner-Manager should be forced to give up his business on account of illness—or if he should wish to move to another town or sell for any other reason—**we help him find a buyer.** Here are some examples of how this service works.

An arm injury made it necessary for Al Svitak to sell after he had been in business for only 17 months. He sold to a prospect we found for him and Mr. Svitak collected 50% more than his original investment.

G. F. Monroe, after 12 months, sold his business for 10 times his cost.

Leo Lubel after 30 months, sold for $7,116.00 over cost.

In the few instances where an Owner-Manager wants to sell, **our job is to help him find a buyer.**

Can you think of any other kind of business that offers this kind of service? As far as I know, Duraclean is one of the few companies that does.

New 24-page Book gives detailed information. Mail coupon for your Free Copy.

This book gives you all the facts touched on only briefly here. It tells how you can get started—how and why your income grows—how we help finance you. Mail the coupon now for your copy of this revealing Book. It will come to you free and postage prepaid and no salesman will call.

DURACLEAN COMPANY
O-7PO DURACLEAN BLDG., DEERFIELD, ILL. 60015

Dear Mr. Marsh: Please mail a copy of your Free Book that tells how I can become a Duraclean Owner-Manager in my locality. No charge. No obligation. And no salesman is to call on me.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

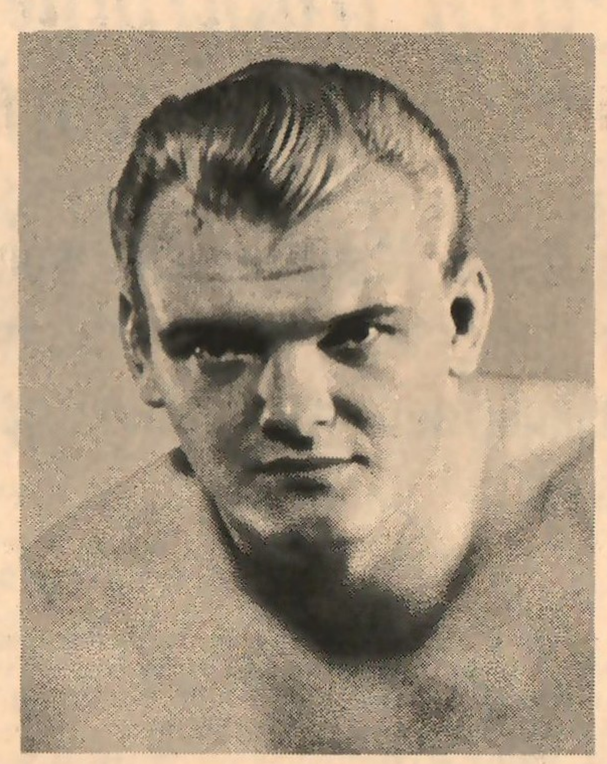
CITY_____

STATE_____ ZIP_____

HERE'S WHAT'S HAPPENING, BABY!

THERE'S A VERY talented new star named DUNCAN McTAVISH. Duncan is fast as greased lightning and very scientific. A "good" guy, he enjoys teaming with equally scientific partners. Our last reports have McTavish wrestling in the Pacific Northwest... All the wrestlers performing on a recent show in Los Angeles donated their entire purses to *The City of Hope*, for that wonderful organization's hospital in Duarte, Calif. Who said wrestling doesn't have a heart?

KATHY O'DAY, still a youngster, is headed for a brilliant career... LARS ANDERSON and popular MAN MOUNTAIN MIKE engaged in a wild match at Omaha recently. Sorry, folks, Mike lost... First reactions from you fans about our special feature on JOHNNY VALENTINE titled, "This is Your Life" (Inside Wrestling, Aug/70), is simply tremendous. We must have received at least 2,000 letters of praise from Valentine fans around the world (over 300 from Japan alone) telling us it was the greatest article they have ever seen. We expect an even greater response from the "This is Your Life" feature on BRUNO SAMMARTINO in this issue. By the way, our staff is now hard at work preparing similar treatments on the careers of DORY FUNK JR, VERNE GAGNE and BRUISER, all of which will be published in future issues of either The Wrestler or Inside Wrestling. We urge you to pick up your copies immediately after they appear on your newsstands because all those issues will surely be scooped up very quickly.



Johnny Valentine
300 letters from Japan alone!

Martha Horne, of Orlando, Florida, requests an article on young KEVIN SULLIVAN. "He is a fantastic wrestler," writes Miss Horne. "I have never seen anybody execute flying drop kicks and flying head scissors like Kevin." And as if all that weren't enough, Miss Horne adds that Sullivan is also one of the best looking wrestlers she has ever seen. If anybody happens to have pictures of Kevin Sullivan, please send them to us. We'd like to publish them so that fans in other parts of the country can judge Kevin for themselves.

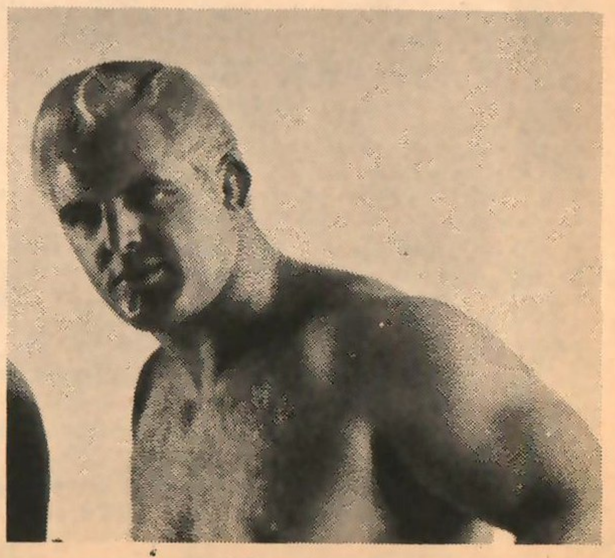
Atlanta correspondent Fred Cannon informs us that DORY FUNK was very lucky to hold off the furious challenge of NICK BOCKWINKEL. As readers of The Wrestler and Inside Wrestling know, Dory and Nickie have been engaging in a savage series of title bouts down Georgia-way.

We are told that a young man named TOMMY SEIGLER is one of the brightest new faces in wrestling. At the present time, Tommy is centering his activities in the Carolinas and Virginia. You'll be hearing more about this talent-loaded speedster soon.

The very popular EDDIE GRAHAM writes to tell us how much he enjoys having BOB ROOP (who looks like a teenager) as his tag team partner. Writes Eddie: "This boy Roop is completely fearless. Sometimes, in

(Continued on page 8)

Kathy O-Day
She can go only one way—Up!



Eddie Graham
His partner looks like a teenager!

More and more men report **Telepander Training helps develop**

Power-packed muscles in only 35 days!

DO YOU WANT to get back into shape fast — but hate to exercise? Now — gain new strength and vigor IN JUST 5 MINUTES A DAY! No weights. No barbells. No huffing and puffing exercises. No disrobing. What's the secret? It's the famous Telepander — the miracle invention from Europe. You "exercise" with Telepander at home, office, anywhere —*even while you sit and watch TV!* A few simple Telepander motions each day produces an incredible surge of new vitality in your body in seconds — not hours! *And the whole workout actually takes less time than you spend shaving!*

Scientific Method To Getting The Slimmer, Stronger Body You Want . . . Described In Free Booklet

In just five weeks, Mr. J. Ullman increased his chest by 5", his biceps by 2", his neck by 1", his thighs by 3", and his calves by 1". Of course, not everyone can expect to attain such dramatic results. But today, instead of feeling tired and listless, Mr. J. Ullman is now "in the pink", bursting with strength and vitality. The secret? The amazing TELEPANDER —an exciting new device that helps you gain new strength and vigor in just 5 minutes a day!

ISOMETRICS—ISOTONICS . . . The shortcut training method of champions

The revolutionary Isometric-Isotonic concept has been endorsed by athletes, coaches, trainers, physicians and fitness experts around the world, even the President's Council on Physical Fitness! And it has been reported in Reader's Digest, Der Stern, Life Magazine and countless medical and scientific journals. TELEPANDER makes use of this very same Isometric-Isotonic concept. No wonder Wim Ruska, World judo champ, calls TELEPANDER "my secret weapon!" Says: *"it keeps me in top condition for every match!"*

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Whether you're 20, 40, or 60 years old, TELEPANDER can help broaden shoulders, build powerful arm, chest and leg muscles, trim inches off your waist, have you beginning to look and feel stronger in no time!

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MEN OF ALL AGES SHOW AMAZING RESULTS

UNDER 25 YEARS

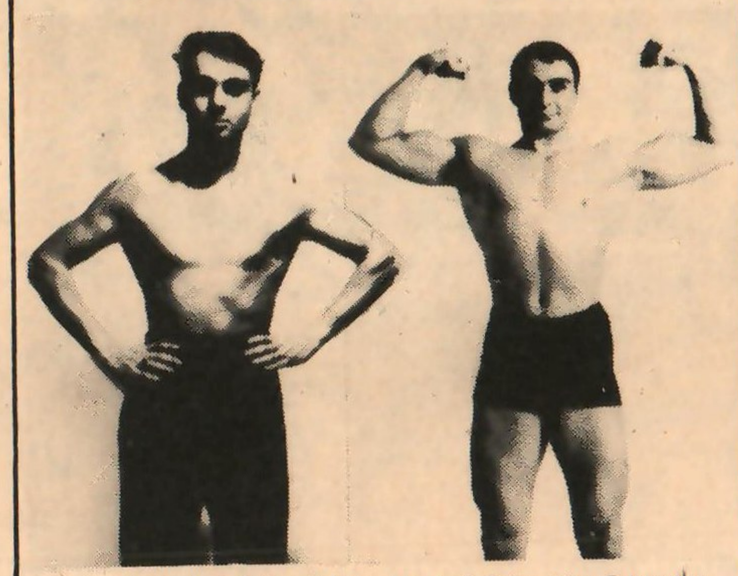

Photo of Mr. Jack Seiler Before Starting Telepander Training Program

Mr. Jack Seiler After Telepander Training Chest: 46" Biceps: 16" Calves: 14" Thighs: 25"

25 TO 40 YEARS

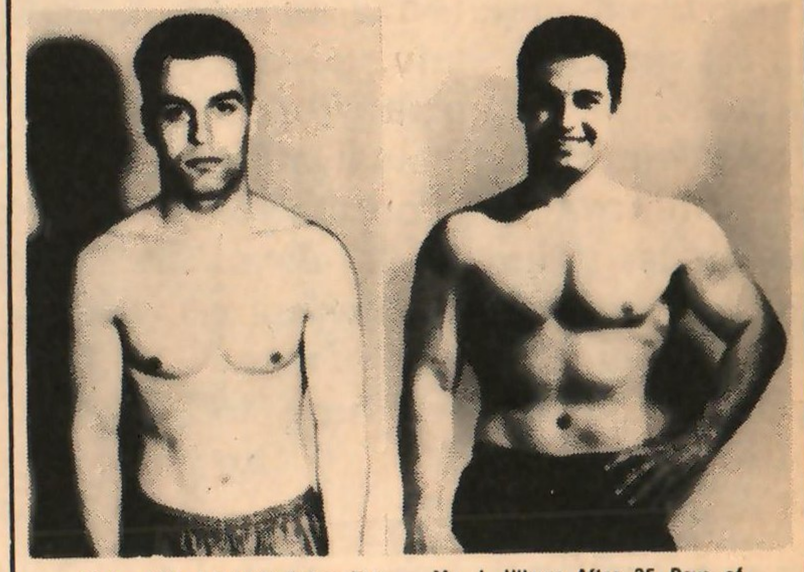

Photo of Mr. J. Ullman Before Telepander Chest: 38½" Biceps: 13" Calves: 13½" Thighs: 20"

Mr. J. Ullman After 35 Days of Telepander Training Chest: 43½" Biceps: 15" Calves: 14½" Thighs: 23"

Men who ride to work, take elevators, and who have not participated in any organized athletics since they left school. Men who are too busy — and too bored — for hours of strenuous "conventional" exercises. Yet in as little as 5 minutes a day, TELEPANDER is making these men healthier, more powerful and vigorous.

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Mail coupon today for Free 20-page Booklet that shows amazing TELEPANDER short cuts to powerful arms and legs, vice-like grip, broader shoulders, deeper chest. No weights, no barbells or long hard exercise. Step-by-step color photos reveal the dynamic Isometric-Isotonic method acclaimed the world over. (Booklet is free—no obligation to buy a thing.)

OVER 40 YEARS

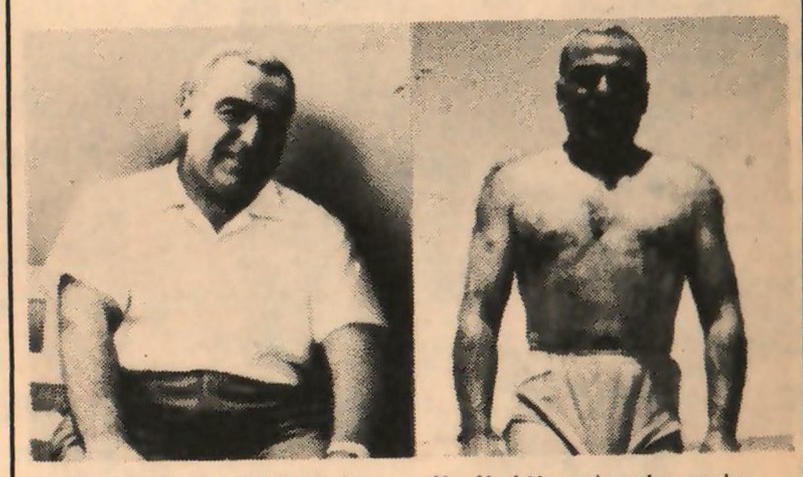

Photo of Mr. M. Addas Before Starting the Telepander Training Program

Mr. M. Addas only a few weeks after starting the Telepander Training Program

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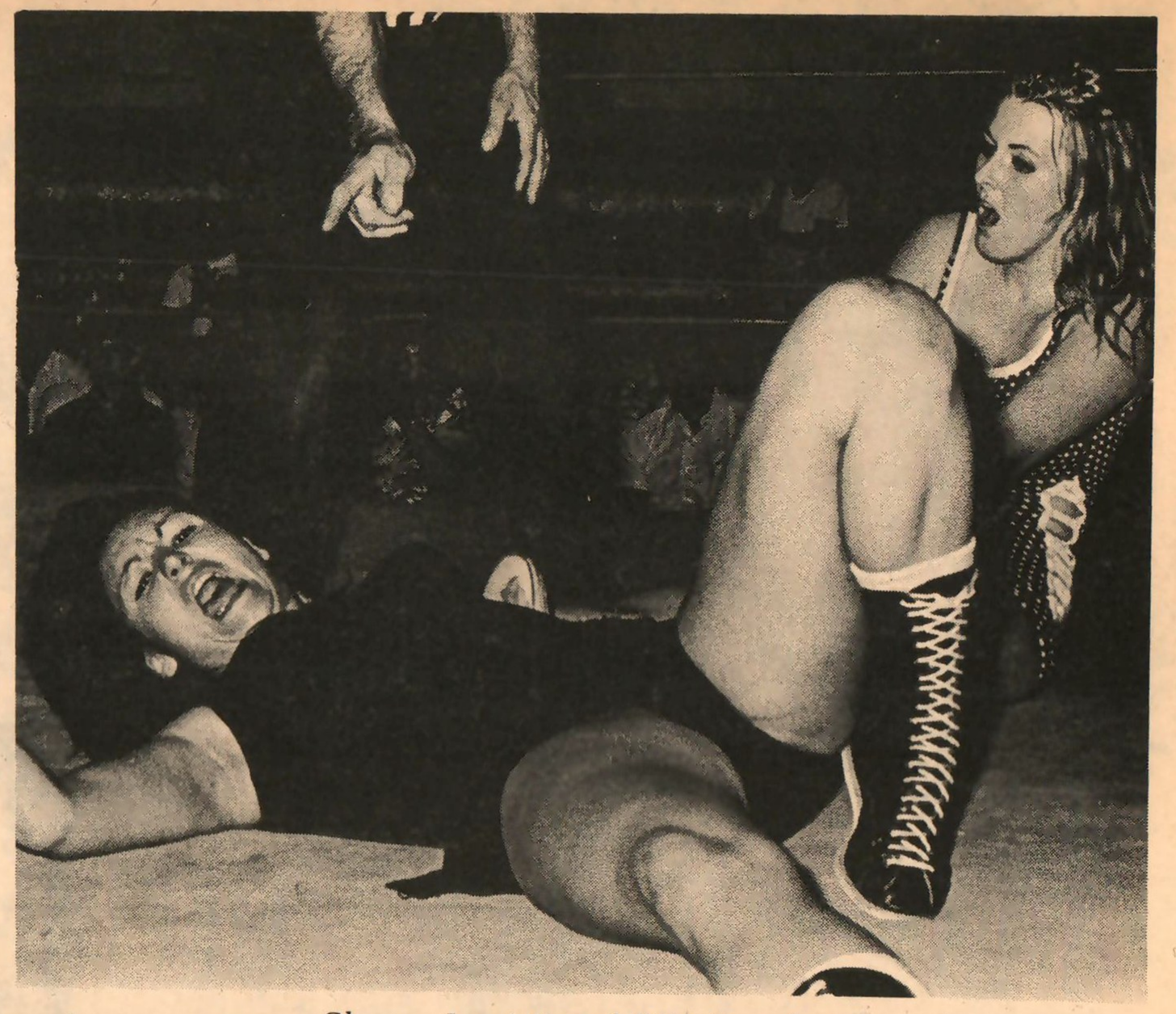
HERE'S WHAT'S HAPPENING, BABY

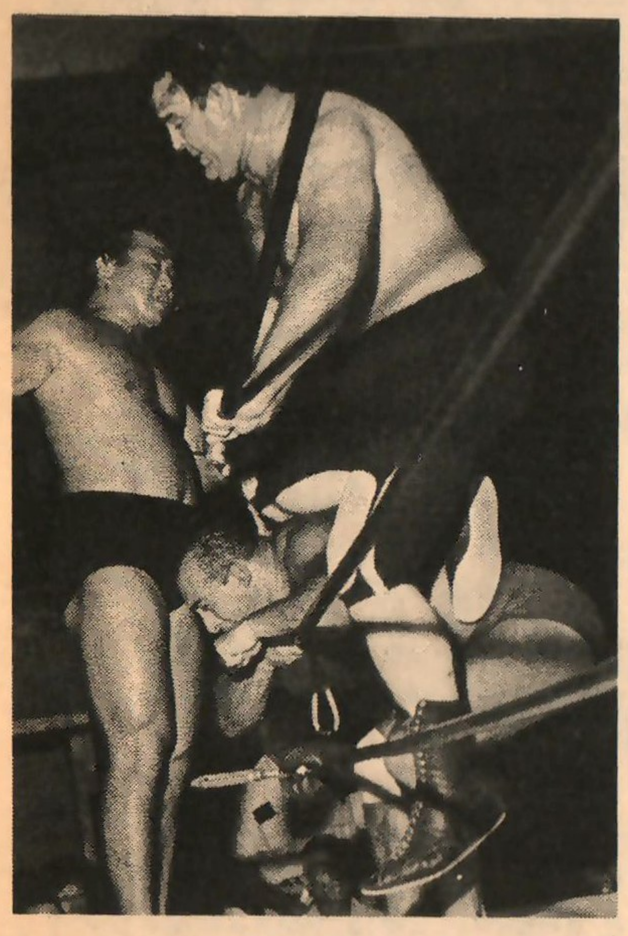
(Continued from Page 6)

fact, I think he has too much guts for his own good." As for young Bob's statistics, he weighs 270 pounds, stands 6 feet three. And, he's still growing!

The bitter rivalry between DALE LEWIS and JACK BRISCO has Florida fans ga-ga... THE KENTUCKIAN and MR. WRESTLING make a fantastic tag team ...PENNY BANNER toying with the idea of switching—to brunette!...GORILLA MONSOON trying to shed at least 50 pounds ...RAY STEVENS thinking about taking a year off to enjoy life. "I may live on the French Riviera," Ray told us. But if we know Stevens, he won't rest no matter where he is. If he does take a year off, it will be for the purpose of tuning his body to razor sharpness and then return to the wars for a crack at the world's championship.



Sharon Joy (rt) and Rita Boucher.
You'll be hearing a lot of Joy.



Missouri Mauler and Zuma
A 320 pound pain-in-the-neck!

In a recent feature article headlined, "No Explaining Appeal of Wrestling," published in *The Toronto Daily Star*, columnist Allan Ryan offers one of the best in-depth analysis of that long debated subject we've ever seen. The following excerpts were taken from Mr. Ryan's fine piece:

Statement by promoter Frank Tunney: "Wrestling is one of those things that gets you. You come three or four times and you wind up a regular."

Statement by a Toronto university professor: "The things crucial to a wrestling match is that there's violence going on but there is no risk (to the spectator) of becoming involved."

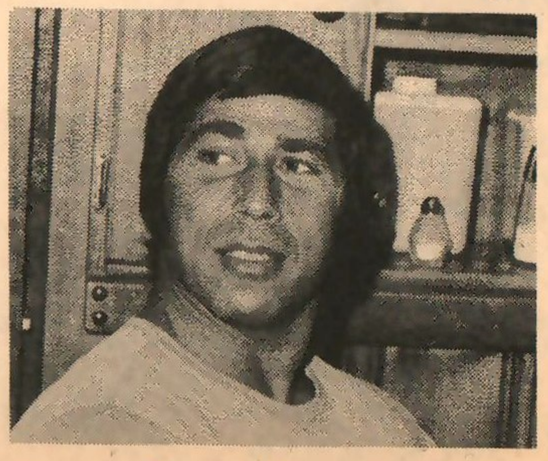
Statement by Bulldog Brower: "Sure, people come to see punishment. They want to be able to say, 'I saw The Sheik get his leg busted.' But wrestling is also good, solid entertainment."

Promoter Tunney couldn't care less about the reasons why. His last Sunday evening show (Sunday is wrestling night in Toronto) drew a crowd of 12,567.

During a recent bout at Charlotte, N.C., the MISSOURI MAULER teamed with HIRO MATSUDA against ART THOMAS and AMAZING ZUMA. Midway in the bout, the Mauler brought his full weight—knee first—down on Zuma's back. The tremendous impact of the Mauler's 320 pounds crashing down on his much smaller opponent sent shock waves through Zuma's body, and chills down the spines of spectators. Zuma somehow managed to finish the match, but he's still undergoing treatment in hopes of mending the damage to his back.

Believe it or not, WILD BULL CURRY has the crowd rooting for him when he wrestles KILLER KOWALSKI...Popular TONY MARINO insists he has the best hair stylist in the world (see photo)...Have you girl mat fans seen SHARON JOY in action yet? If you haven't, you're in for a big surprise. A gorgeous

(Continued from Page 56)



Tony Marino
"I have the best hair-stylist."

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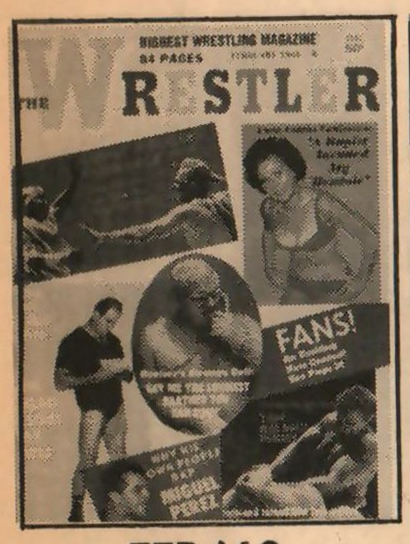

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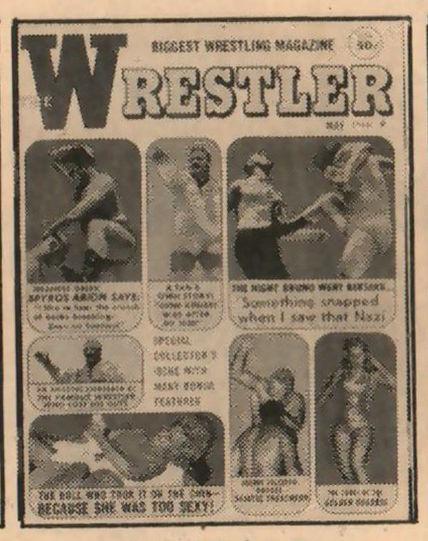
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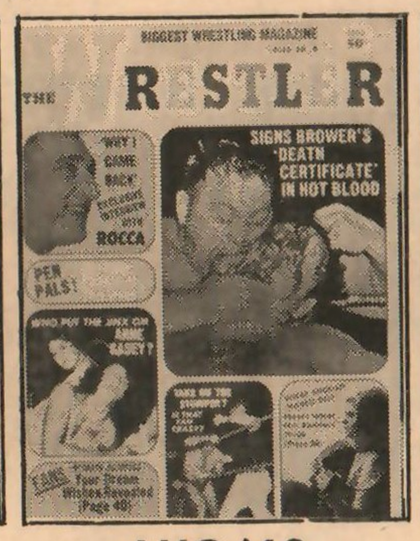
WRESTLER
SPYROS ARION SAYS:
THE NIGHT BRUNO WENT BERSERK
Something snapped when I saw that Nazi
SPECIAL COLLECTOR'S ISSUE
THE DOLL WHO TOOK IT ON THE CHIN—BECAUSE SHE WAS TOO SEXY!

MAY/68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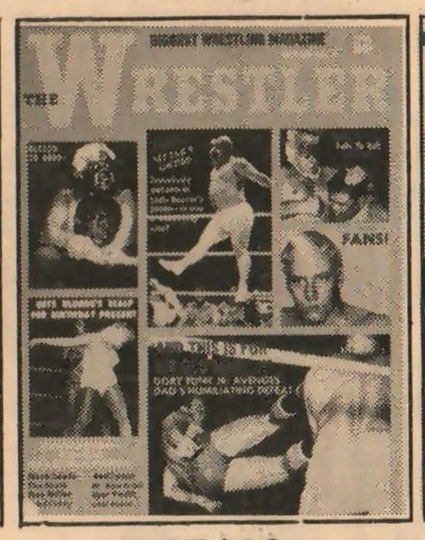
SIGNS BROWER'S "DEATH CERTIFICATE" IN HOT BLOOD
"WHY I CAME BACK" EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH ROCCA
PEN PALS!
WHO PUT THE JINX ON JOHN ASBEY?
Your Dream Wrestler Revealed (Page 40)

AUG/68



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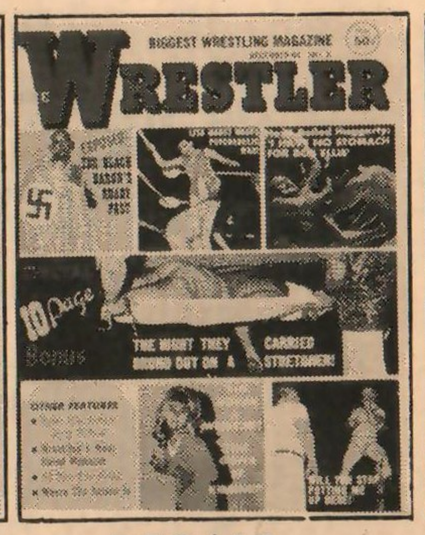

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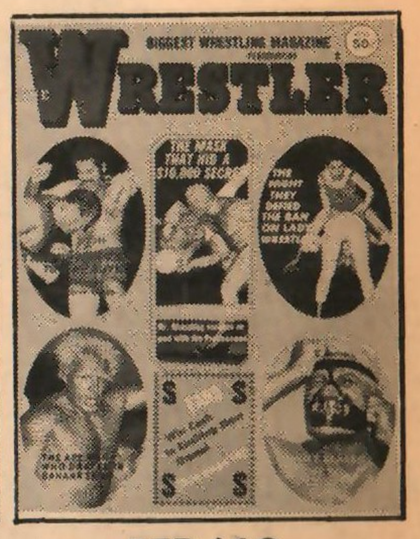

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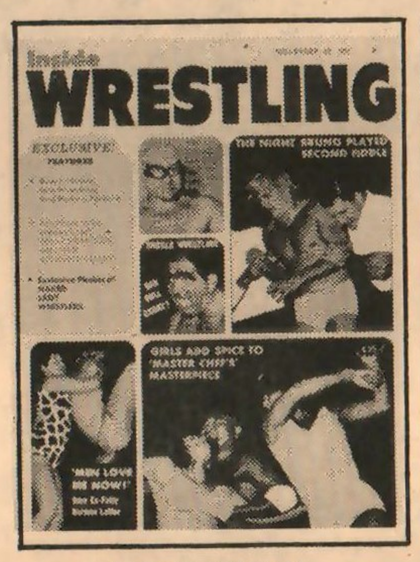

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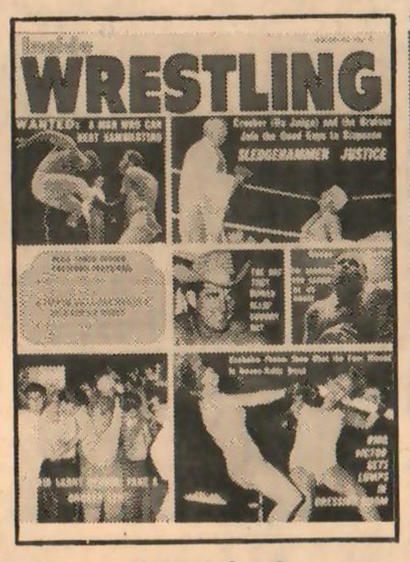

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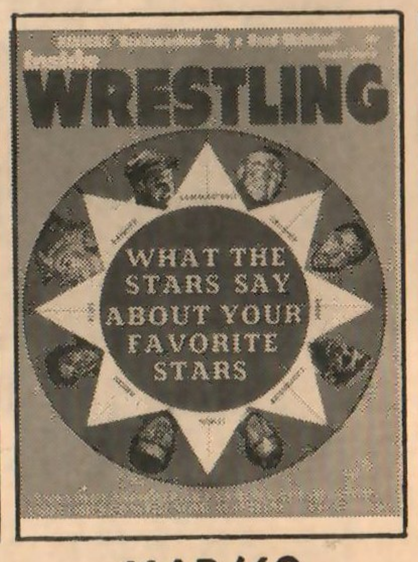

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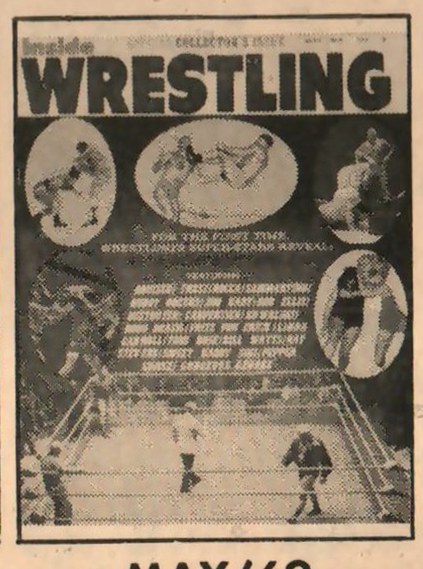

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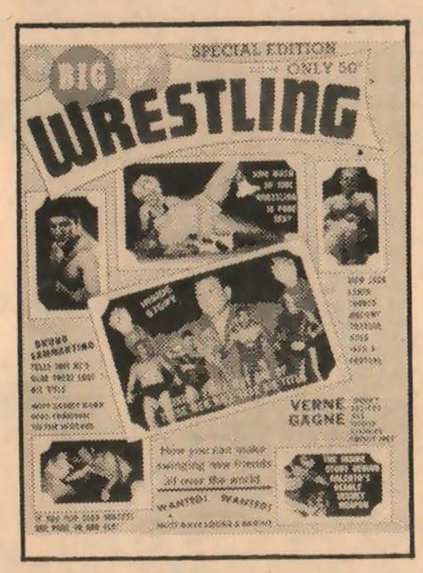
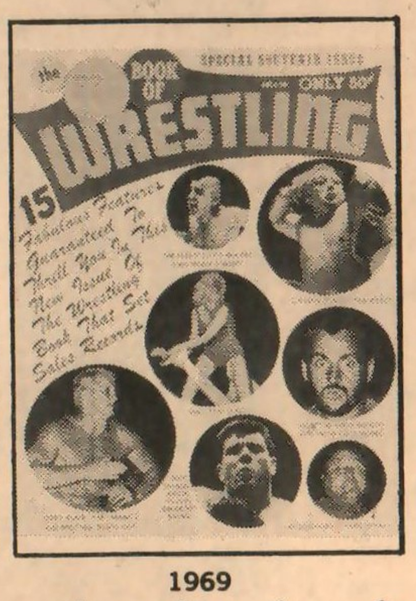


1968



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BIG BOOK OF WRESTLING

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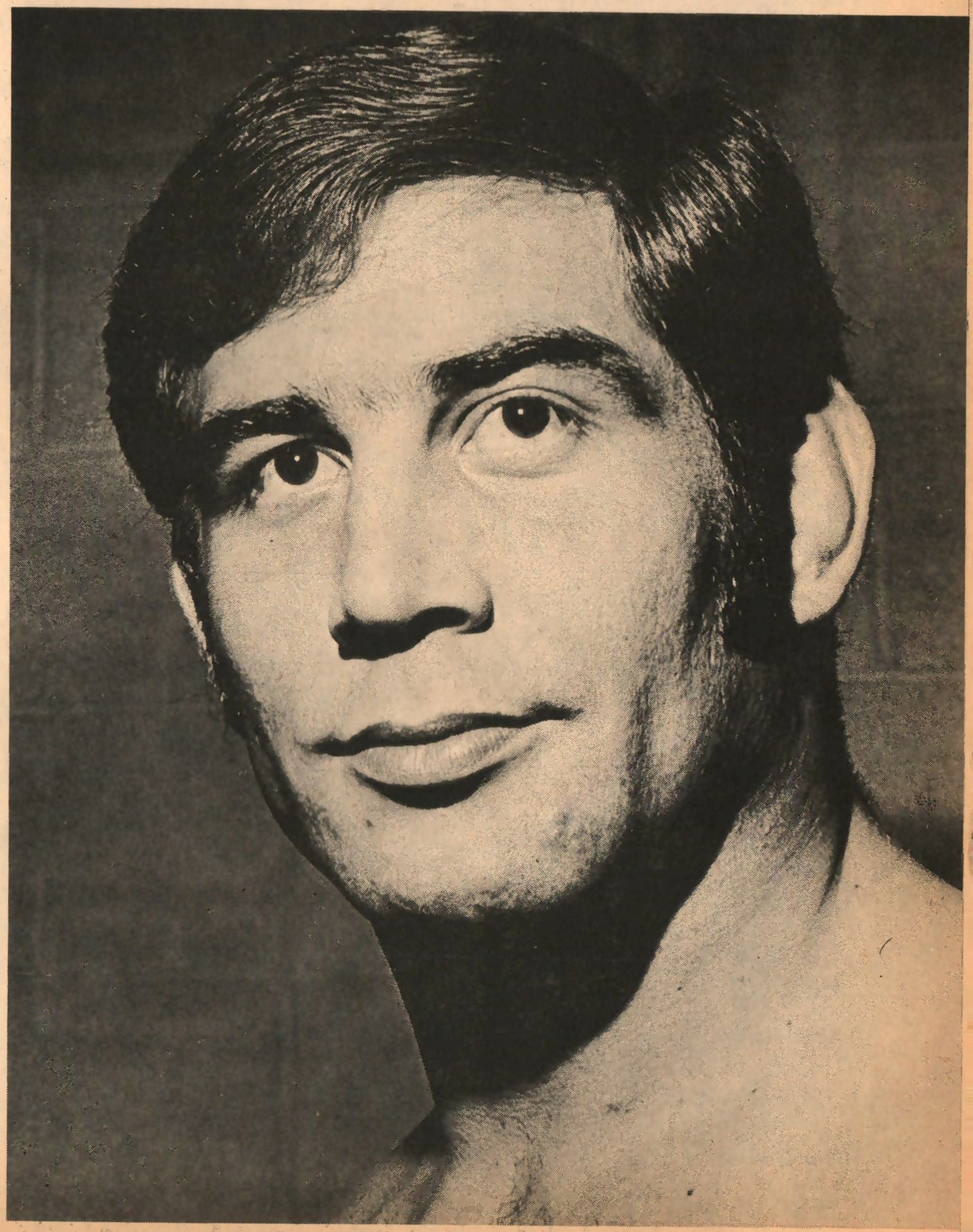
* *

MEET THE INCREDIBLE MR. BRISCO

Jack Brisco had two great teachers: Eddie Graham and former five-times world heavyweight champion, Lou Thesz. Here's a candid look at the young sensation whom most experts predict will be the man who eventually dethrones Dory Funk . . .



AFTER A RECENT match in Tampa, Florida, Jack Brisco sat in a corner of the dressing room peeling off his water-soaked socks.

"Whew," moaned the 23-year old Oklahoman, "I must have sweated away 15 pounds out there tonight." A smile curled his handsome face. "Heck, if this keeps up, I'll be down under 200 pounds before I know it!"

If Jack Brisco did shrink to 200 pounds from his normal 230, he still could, in the opinion of many experts, whip 75 percent of the world's professional wrestlers.

Not since Johnny Valentine

(Continued on page 12)

The secret of teaching yourself music

It's just organized common sense, says this 70-year-old home-study school. Their step-by-step word-and-picture instructions take the mystery out of learning to play the piano, guitar, accordion, any popular instrument you choose.

It may seem odd at first—the idea of teaching yourself music. You might think you need a private teacher at $4 to $10 an hour to stand beside you and explain everything you should do—and tell you when you've made a mistake.

But surprising as it seems, you need no such thing. Thousands of people have taught themselves to play with the lessons we give by mail. And you can too.

You Learn Quickly, Pleasantly

The secret lies in the step-by-step way our lessons teach you. You don't need any special talent or previous musical training. In fact, everything is so clear that even children can learn.

Starting right from scratch, our lessons show you with simple words and pictures exactly what to do. You'll learn to play the right way—by note, from sheet music. Without any gadgetry or gimmickry.

But how do you know you're doing it right? Easy. The tunes you'll practice first are simple songs you've been familiar with for years. And since you already know how they're supposed to sound, you can tell right away when you've "got them right."

By the time you go on to more advanced pieces, you'll be able to tell if your notes and timing are right, even without ever having heard the songs before. Sooner than you might think possible, you'll be playing your favorite music as though you've known how all your life. Folk music. Popular music. Classical. Dance songs. Hymns.

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You learn in your spare time, in the privacy and convenience of your own home. There's no one standing over you to make you nervous. And because you teach yourself, you can set your own pace—you're free to spend as much time mastering any lesson as you wish.

And you'll be delighted to discover how economical it is. The tuition charge for the entire course comes to about $1 a lesson.

There are other advantages too. Since your lessons are yours to keep permanently, you can go back and refer to them at any time. And you can share them with other members of your family.

There Are So Many Rewards

How effective are the lessons? Ask Mrs. Norman Johanson, one of our recent graduates. "My daughter," writes Mrs. Johanson, "has taken lessons for 8 years from a private teacher, and now she asks me questions about some of her lessons. How very proud I feel when she says to friends, 'You just have to hear my Mom play!' "

Others also enjoy her playing, Mrs. Johanson reports. She plays for herself to relax after a trying day, and for her husband when he's tired. She also plays for friends when she goes to parties. "In a sentence," she says, "it's the most soul-satisfying thing that has ever happened to me."

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Do you have instrument? ☐ Yes ☐ No. Instruments, if needed, supplied to our students on convenient terms.

12610

THE INCREDIBLE JACK BRISCO

(Continued from Page 10)

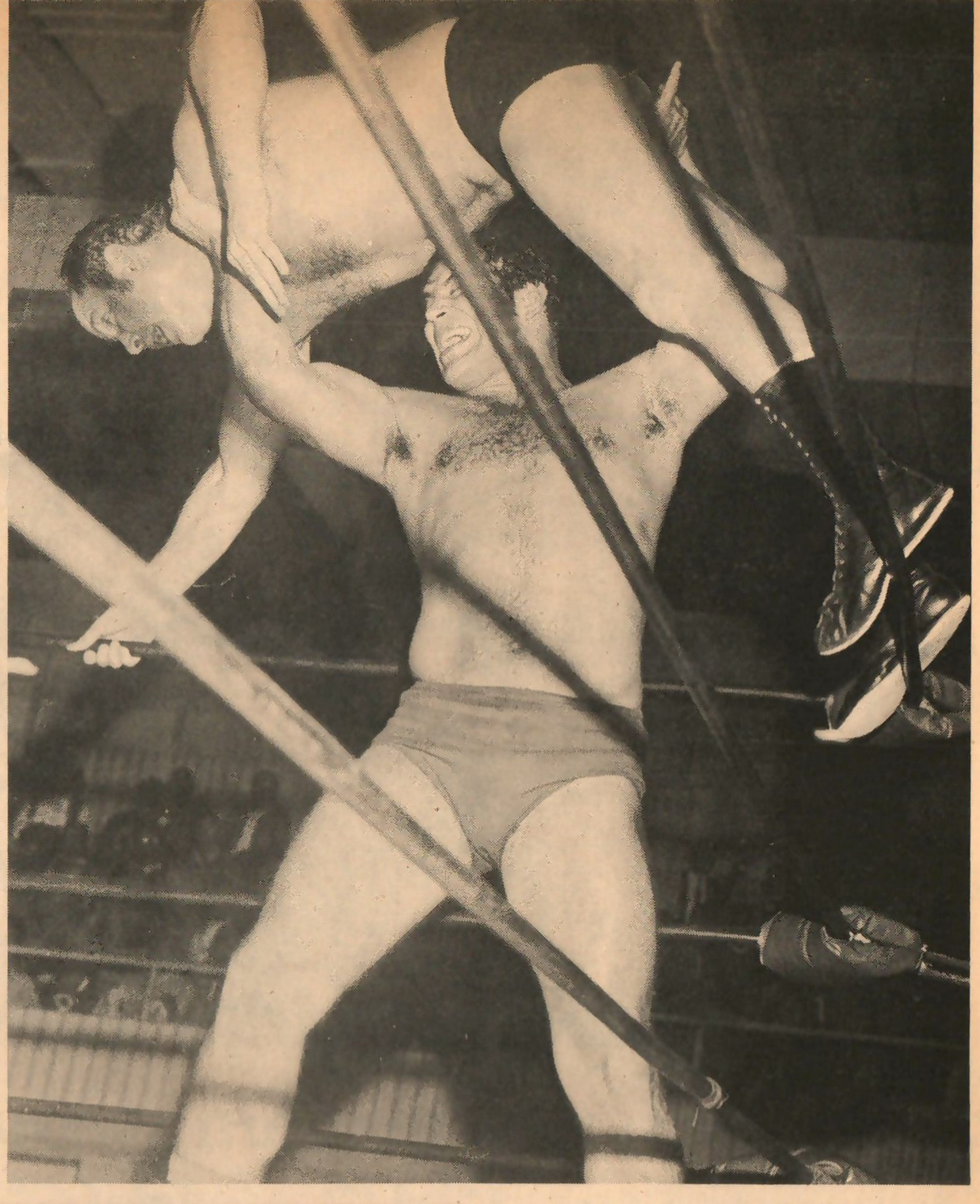
turned professional has a young wrestler received such high tribute as Brisco. Says brilliant veteran Eddie Graham, "I never saw a kid learn so fast. And I should know because I worked with him right after he turned pro."

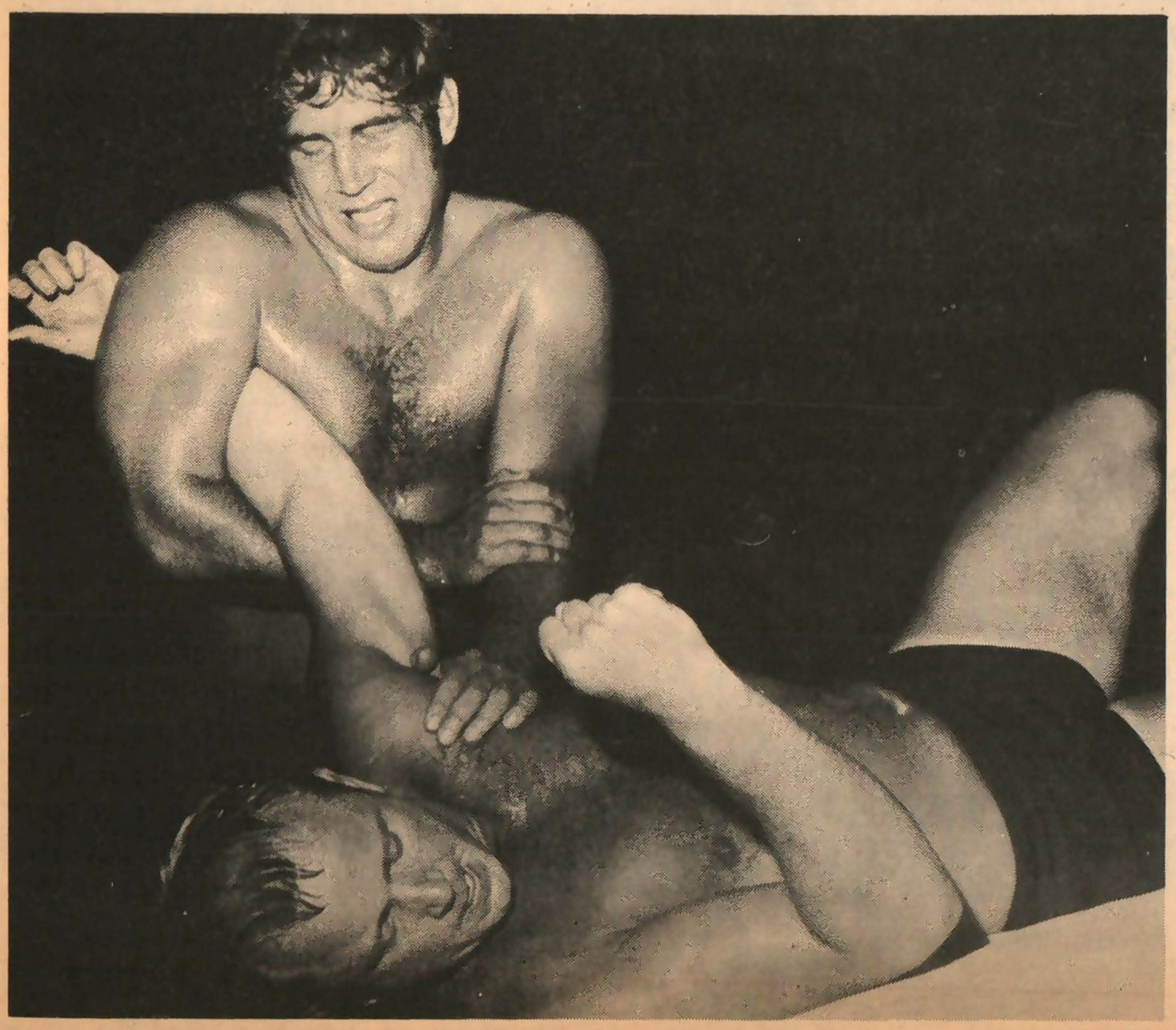
The great Lou Thesz also played a major role in molding Brisco. Says Thesz: "Only one out of every 10,000 wrestlers has what I call 'built-in talent.' Jack Brisco has more of it than any youngster I've ever seen."

Both Thesz and Graham have seen a lot in the many years they've been in the business, and neither Lou or Eddie are the kind who go overboard on anything or anybody. They're shrewd and hard to convince. Brisco has more than just convinced them both. He's amazed them!

Although Jack gives Thesz and Graham the lion's share of the credit for his astonishing success, he wasn't exactly a novice when he first met them.

"I learned the basics of wrestling in High School," Jack says.





Brisco has had six shots at Dory Funk's crown thus far. Each of those bouts was very close, with Funk's greater experience giving him the edge in four of the six meetings. The other two ended in draws. Above: Brisco about to slam Dory and (left) Jack's armlock has Funk in trouble.

High School for Jack Brisco was in Oklahoma, and college for him was Oklahoma State University, where he starred in football as well as on the mat.

"I won the state high school title," Jack says with boyish pride. "And in college, Coach Myron Rodrick really taught me how to wrestle."

Jack worked under the master-

(Continued on page 54)

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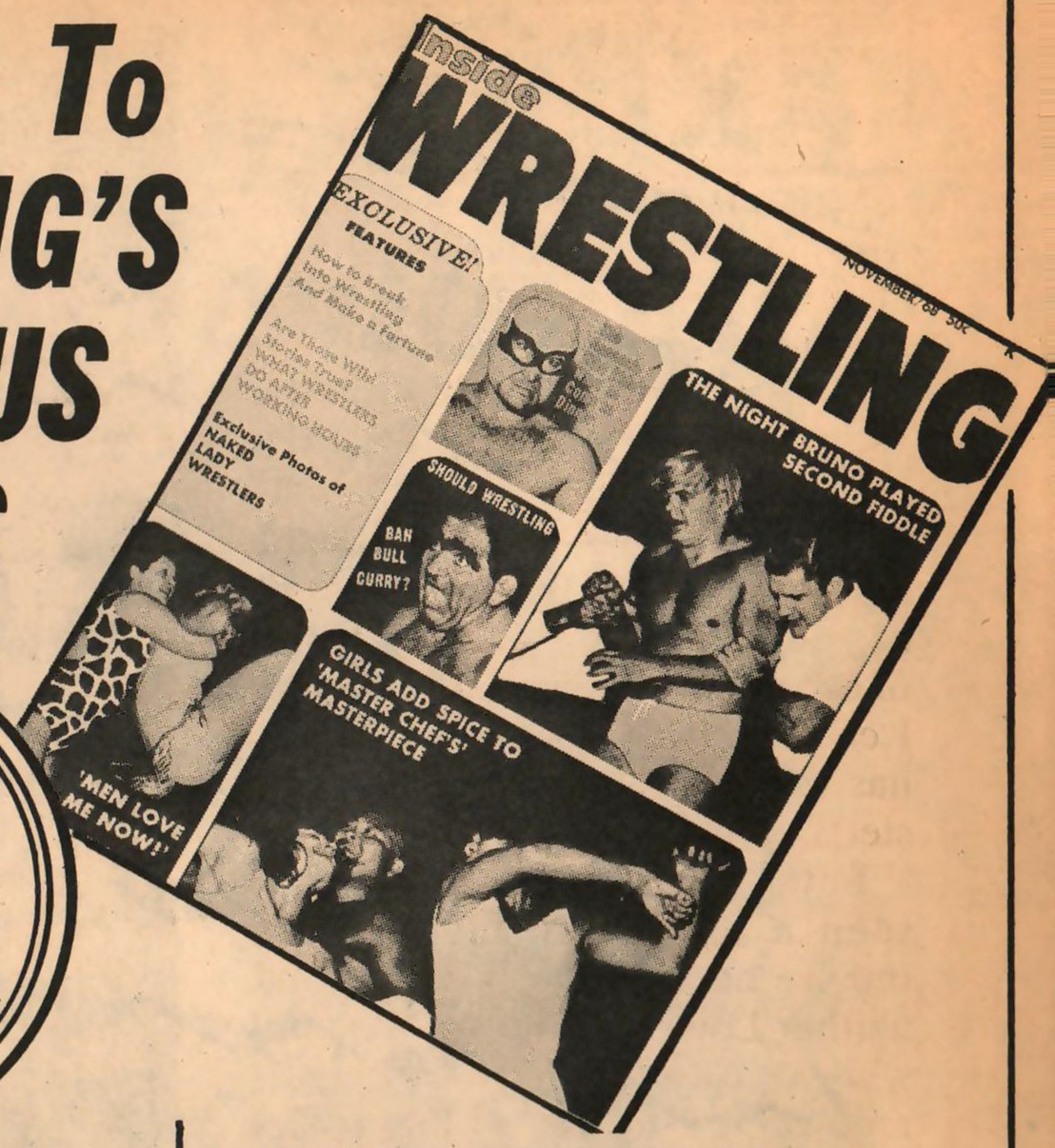
WHAT SHOULD MARLO DO? Here's What Our Readers Think (Page 36)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EXPOSE

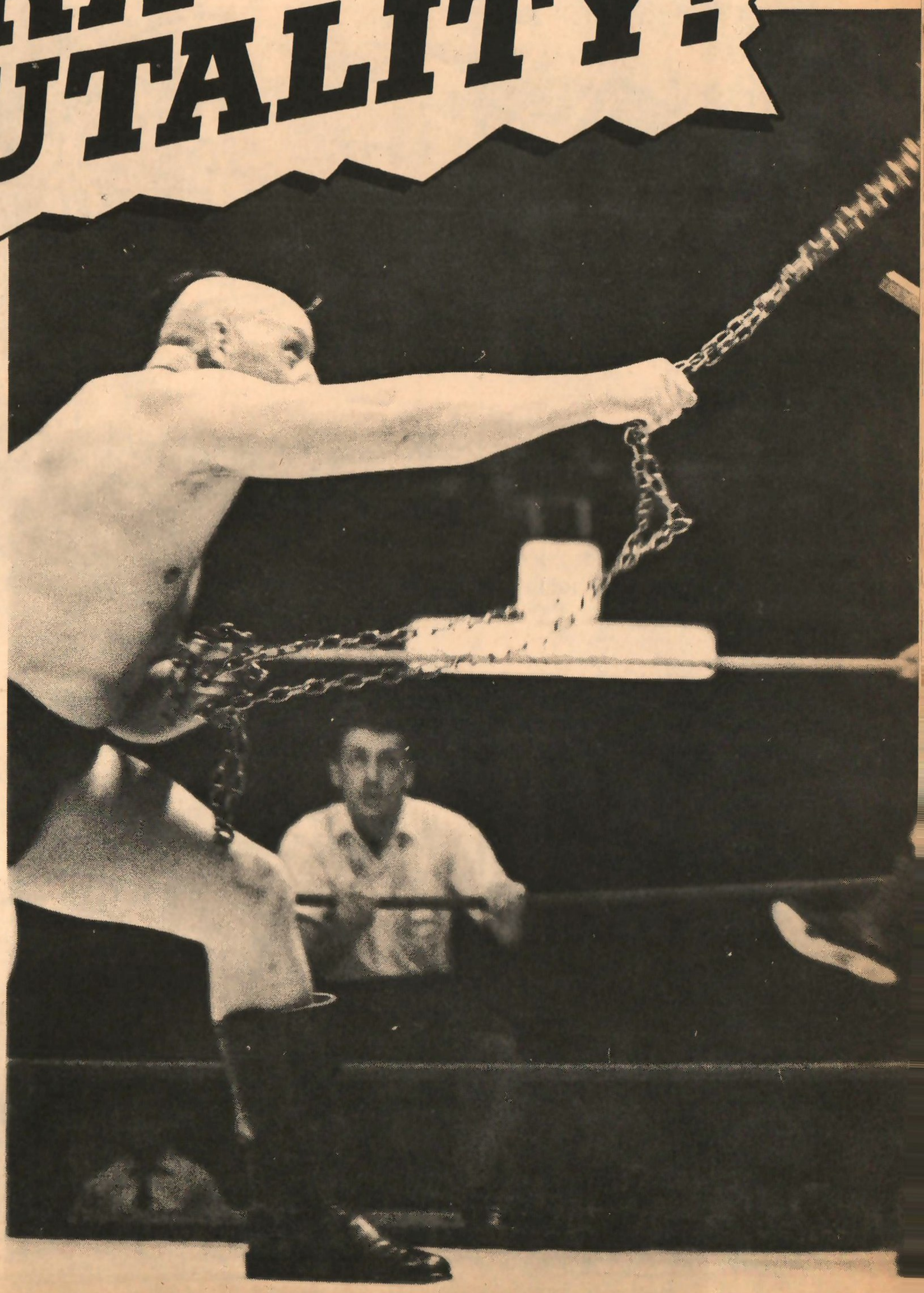
Wrestling's Frightening New ERA OF BRUTALITY!

By Tom Hankins

BRUTALITY IS THE key to the incredible changes going on in professional wrestling today. The blood of the nation's grapplers is flowing as never before, and it looks like this is only the beginning! The next ten years promise to be wrestling's "Decade of Violence!" And the reasons behind this wave of brutality are as shocking as what's taking place in the ring.

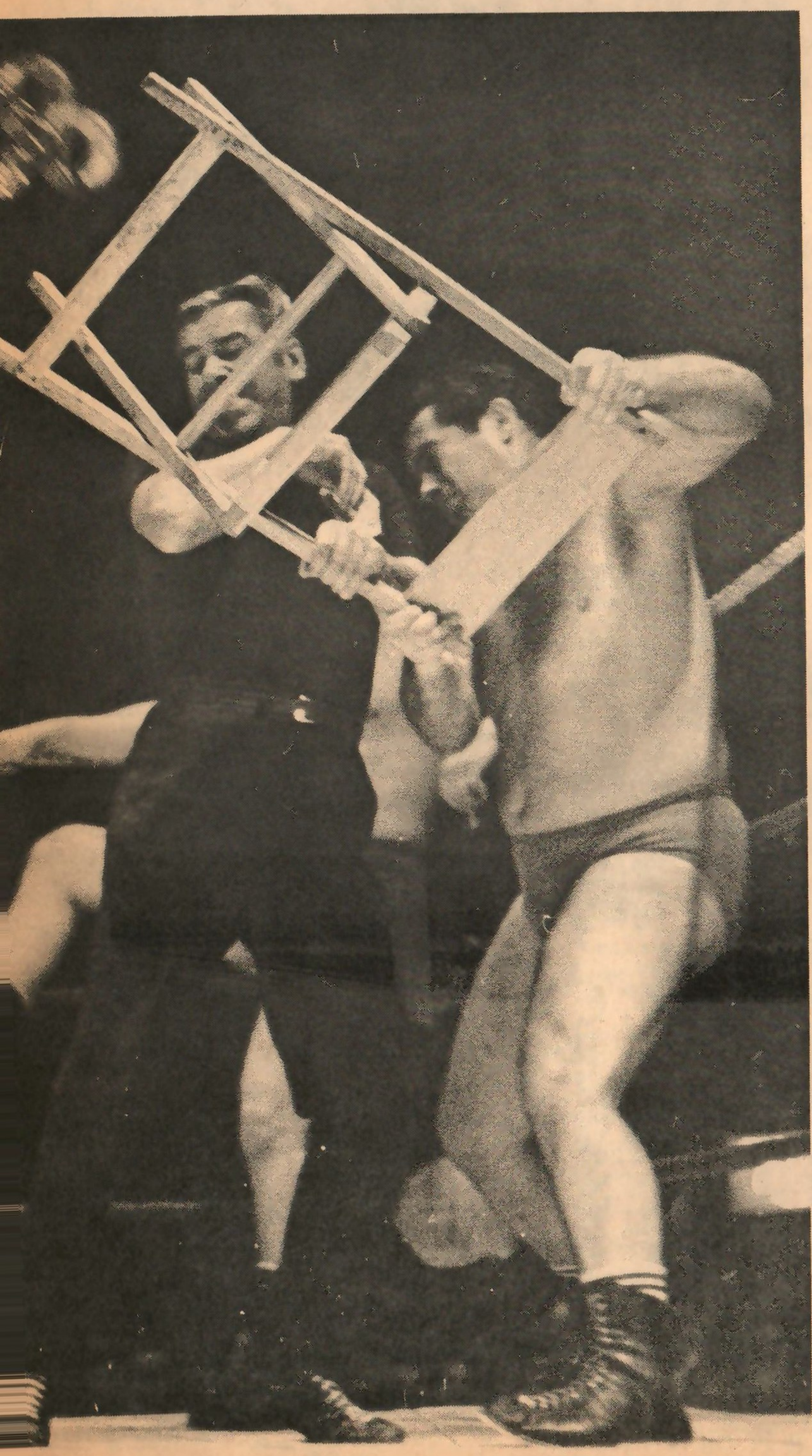
A new breed of wrestler is running rampant in arenas across the country. Their savageness puts old-time mat villains to shame. As Chicago promoter Bob Luce says, "These men are the *Ruthless Breed;* half savage—half human. They drive fans to the peak of frenzy, causing riots in town after town. These savages beat their opponents unmercifully, never letting up for a single moment."

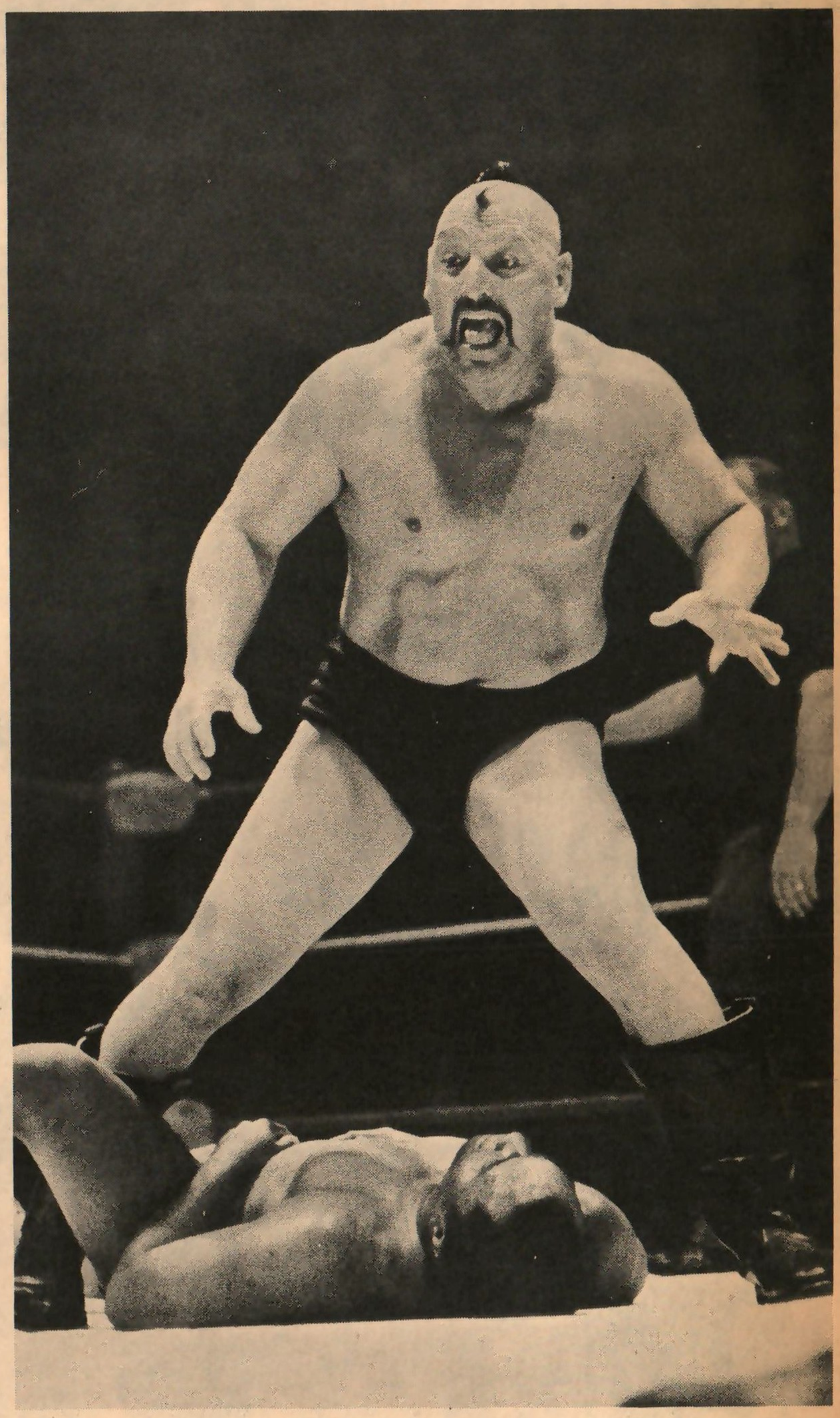
The only way to stop the Ruthless Breed is for promoters to



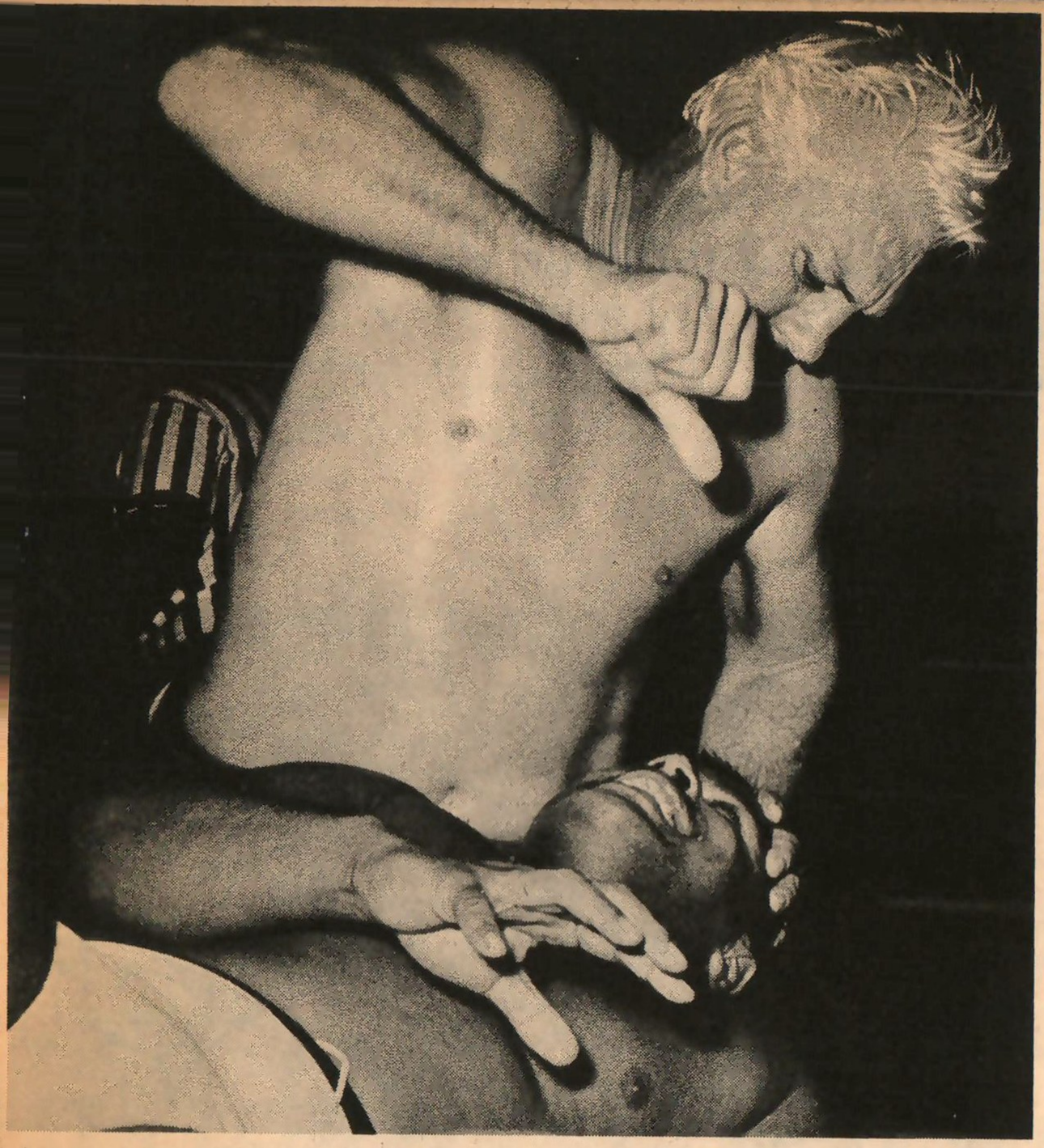
The Mongol whips his chain at Luis Macera's head during explosive bout at Montreal.

A violent new reign of terror is threatening the very existence of our beloved sport. Wrestlers so bent on destruction they can no longer satisfy their lusts by merely drawing streams of blood from their victims. Now they must mangle or permanently cripple! Here is the shocking inside story

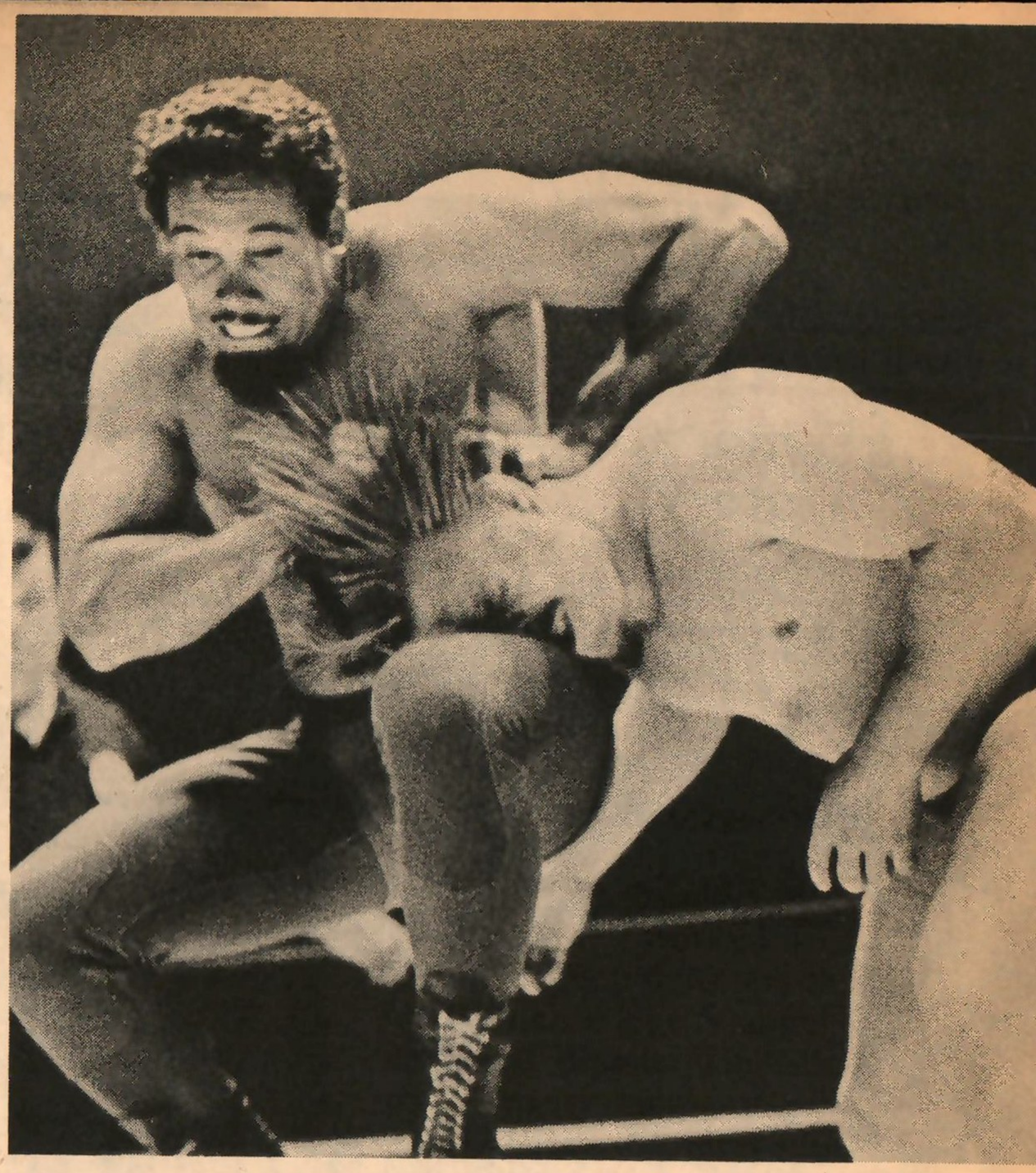




The Mongol looks like a hungry lion about to rip apart his prey after making the kill. The victim here is popular Dale Roberts, who, after winning by disqualification, said, "I'm glad I'm alive!"



Don Carson takes dead aim at Rocky Johnson's eye with his long thumb. Immediately after this photo was taken, Don's thumb rammed into its target!



Fidel Castillo uses his knee as a chopping block to squash Anthony Stark's face. The impact cut Stark's nose, blackened his eyes, and kayoed him.

Abdullah the Hun seems to be pleading for sympathy as he turns his blood-covered face away from his fallen victim and towards the angry crowd. He had some nerve to seek sympathy after what he had done.

force them into the ring with masters such as Lou Thesz, Verne Gagne, Dory Funk, Bruno Sammartino and Karl Gotch—or else match members of the Ruthless Breed against each other. Let them kill each other!

However, promoters who have paired them against each other found the results frightening. They wound up with brutal wars which could not even be called wrestling.

There have always been a few vicious wrestlers around, but never as many as there are today—nor have they worked so closely together. Such wrestlers as Baron Von Rasche, The Vachon Brothers, Fred Blassie, The Sheik and many, many more are all chalking up victory after victory. Every one of them plays an important role in today's unparraleled era of brutality. And yet, these tigers are only part of the reason for the bloodletting.

An equal share of the responsibility must be placed with still another new breed—the "New

Heroes" of the mat. The Bruiser, Fritz Von Erich, Crusher, Moose Choolak, Gorilla Monsoon and Ray Stevens are but a few of the modern favorites. But not long ago, these very same wrestlers were wildmen! No, they haven't changed their styles. It's just that their targets are new—the Ruthless Breed. No longer will you see The Bruiser wrestle against Bob Ellis, or Ray Stevens against Wilbur Snyder. Blood baths between The Bruiser and Von Rasche, or Stevens and The Sheik are what the fans want—and get—today.

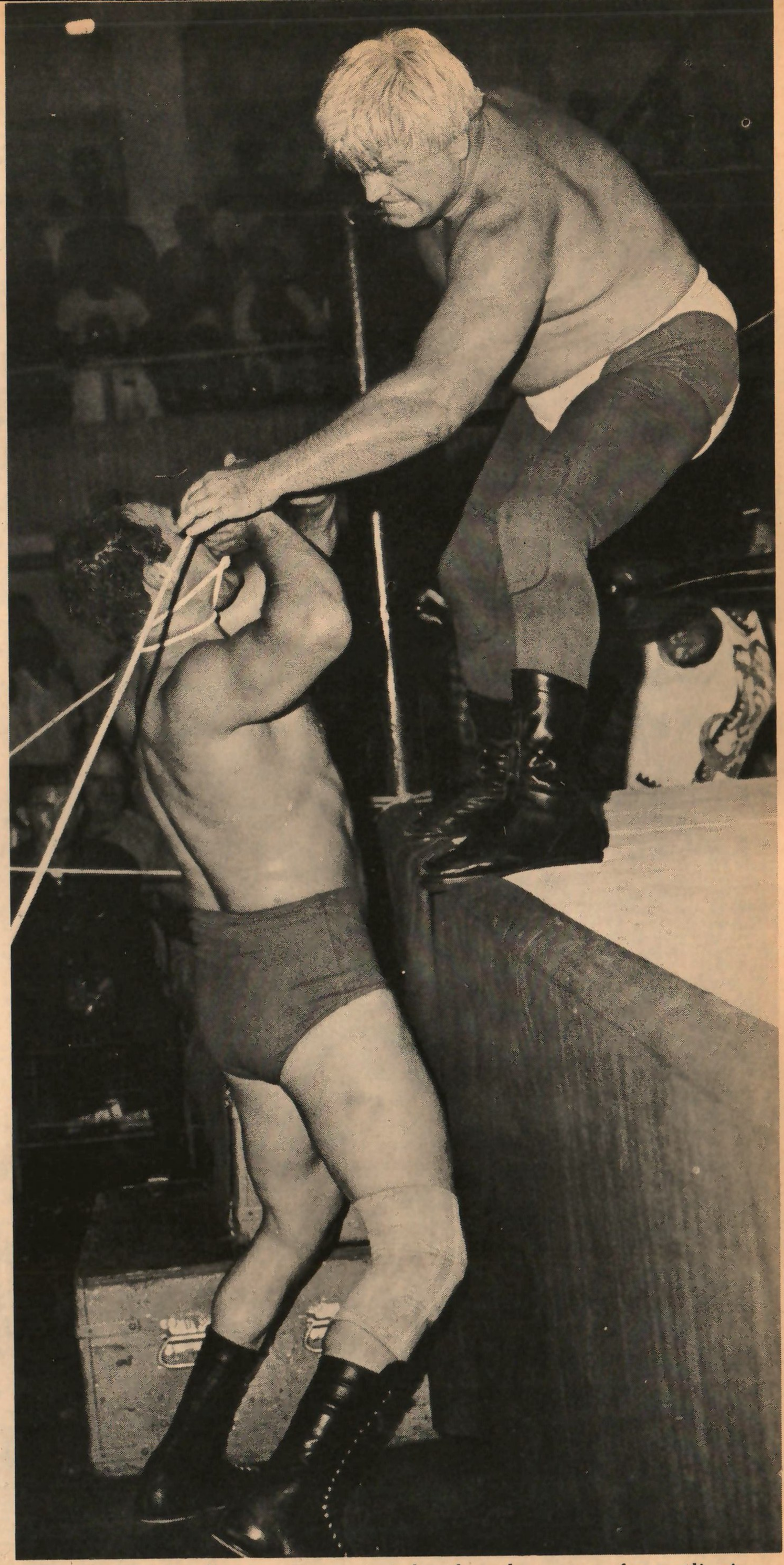
The Bruiser is still one of the most dangerous wrestlers in the world. But he is the number one favorite of the Midwest. The ferocious battles between Bruno Sammartino and Gorilla Monsoon are considered modern classics. But how things have changed! Monsoon has switched from villainous beast to good guy. In fact, Gorilla even teamed up with his former foe, Sammartino!

The Bruiser and Monsoon are only two of the unbelievable changes that have taken place in wrestlers—and more are sure to follow. And when one of these New Heroes takes on the Ruthless Breed, the most savage kind of violence is sure to explode.

Why is this new wave of violence allowed to continue? Why aren't the rules strictly enforced? Why don't promoters ban the Ruthless Breed? Because a majority of the fans want the havoc to continue!

Today's fans seem to get their kicks seeing violence. And they delight at the blood pouring from a member of the Ruthless Breed. Oh yes, there are fans who will tell you how shocked and appalled they are by the vicious tactics. They'll tell you that wrestling should return to the good old days, when sportsmanship and skill counted. But these "old-timers" aren't fooling anyone. They support the New Breed by attending the matches and screaming

(Continued on page 58)



Rip Hawk (standing on ring apron), has long been one of wrestling's most vicious exponents of brutality. Here he uses rope used to keep fans away from the ring to practically strangle popular Nelson Royal

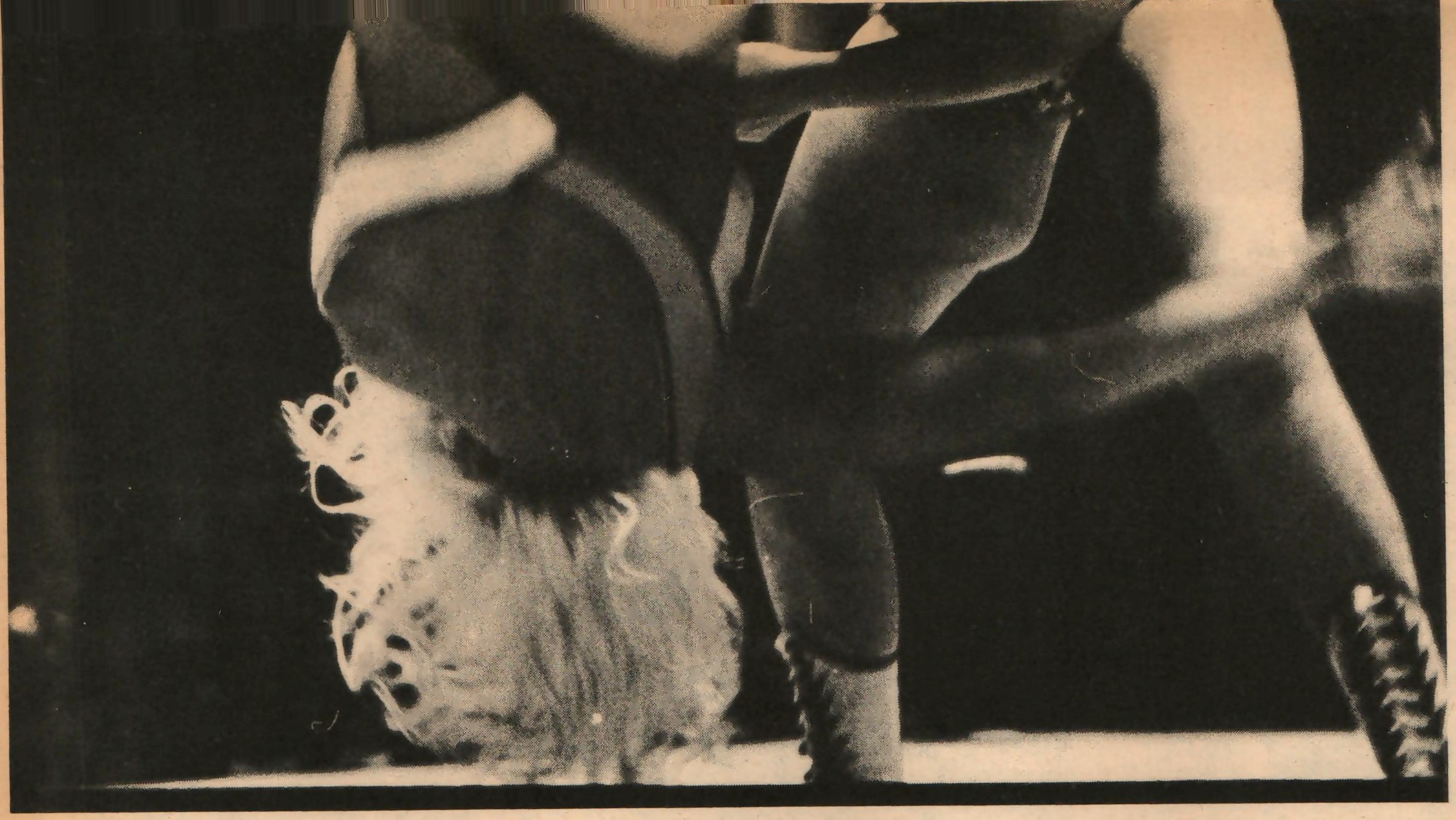
LOVELY TAMI JONES is the first to admit it. "It was an accident. I never would do such a thing on purpose," she says with a nervous flutter of her green eyes.

The "accident" happened in Charlotte, North Carolina, not long ago. Tami's opponent was Penny Banner, for years one of the world's finest girl wrestlers. Penny recalls the incident this way:

"We had been wrestling about ten minutes. Neither of us had taken any advantage, it was simply a matter of exchanging armlocks and leglocks and headlocks. Nothing very exciting. Then, suddenly, Tami dropped back against the ropes, to gain momentum, and rebounded at me with a shoulder block. She scored solidly and I went down. I wasn't hurt. A little dazed, perhaps, but not hurt.

"I got to my feet quickly," Penny continued, "and she hit me with a flying tackle. Then she went for the body slam, to set me up for a possible pin.

"She whipped a combination nelson and crotch hold on me and picked me up for the slam. My legs were straight up in the



A DANGEROUS NEW WEAPON

THE HEAD BUSTER!

Quite by accident, the sensational young star, Tami Jones, lost her grip on Penny Banner while executing a body slam (see photo). But Tami continued her powerful follow-through and Penny took the full impact of the slam on her head instead of on her back!

air and my head was only about two feet off the mat. I had been in that same position many times before. And awkward as it might seem to a non-wrestler, it was nothing new to me."

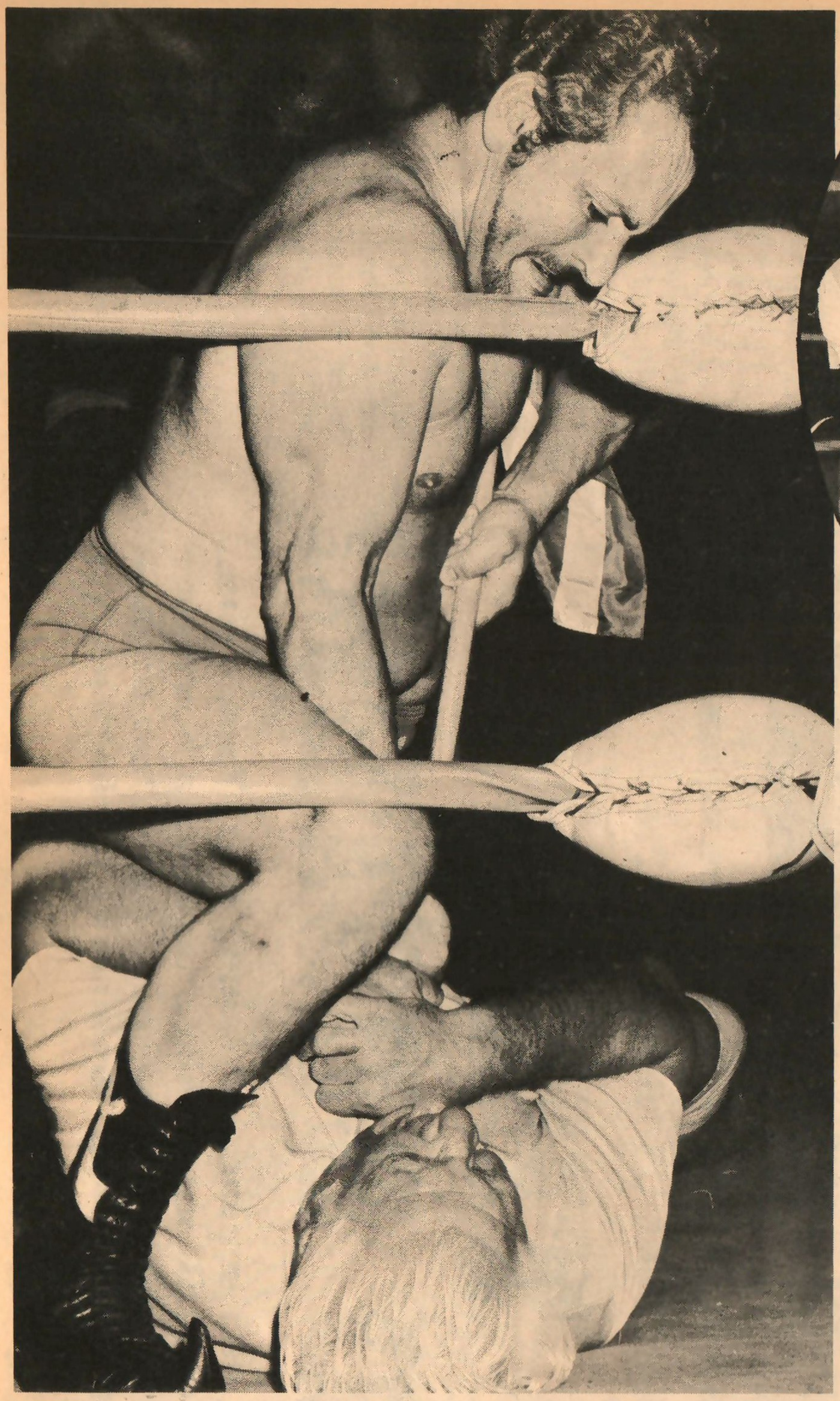
Banner glanced at the floor as she spoke, as if it pained her to even talk about what happened next.

"I felt Tami lose part of her grip, and my weight shifted in her arms. I had to make the instantaneous decision of whether to try and squirm free, or ride the slam through and try to soften the impact of the slam as much as possible.

"I decided to try and squirm free, which was my big mistake. When I twisted my body, Tami moved her hands and arms forward—into me, thus regaining a secure grip. However, I was now in a different position—an extremely dangerous position.

"Tami followed through with her slam motion with lightening swiftness. In fact, she was so fast, I didn't have a chance to tuck in my head and, Boom! I took the full impact of the slam on the top of my head! (see photo) Of course I blacked out instantly and, I have been told, she pinned me."

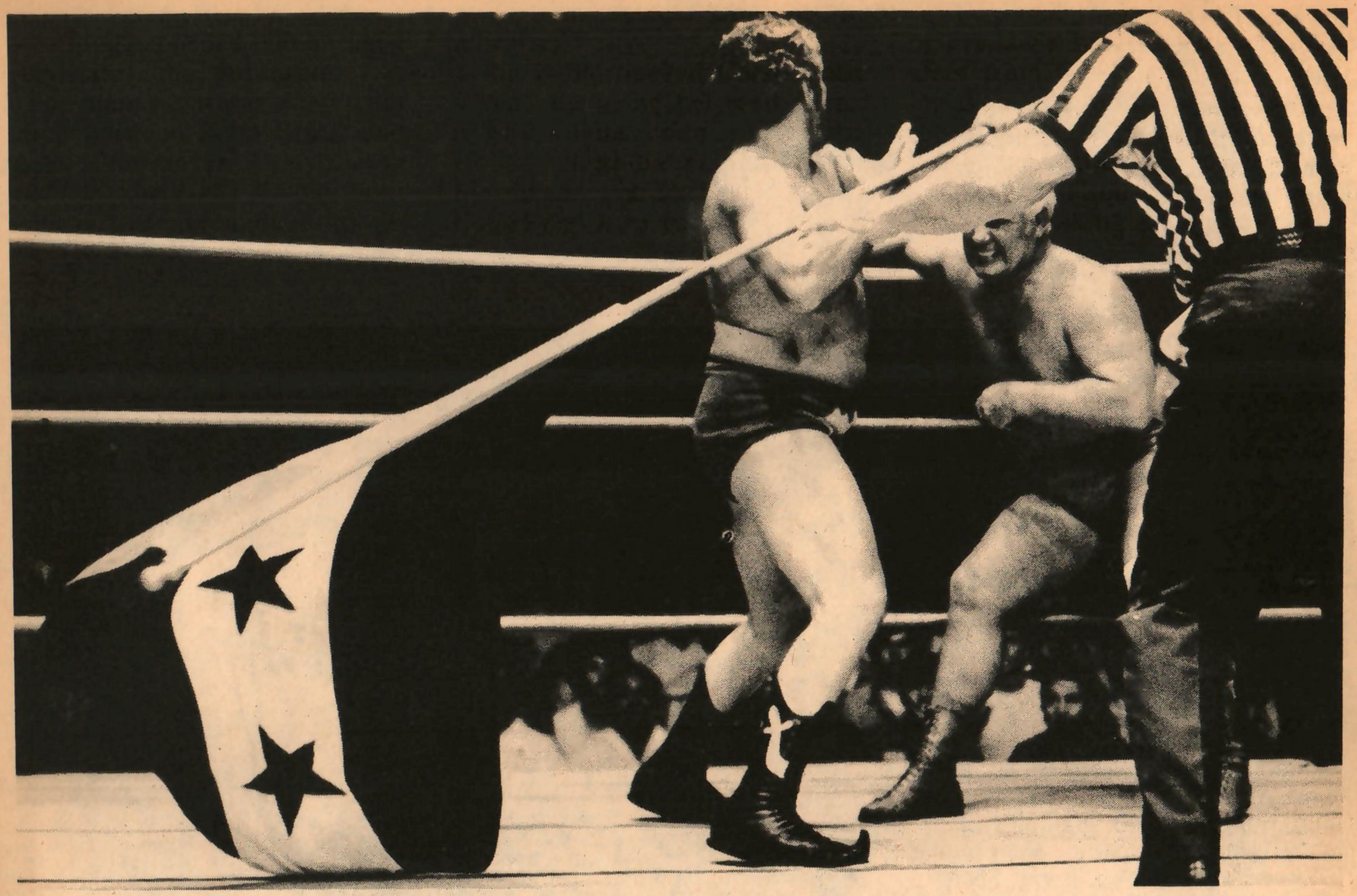
Penny suffered a concussion, from which she is now fully recovered. But the memory of what happened in that dreadful fraction of a second is burned into her mind forever. □



THE SAVAGE BATTLE OF THE FLAGS

When Blassie stepped into the ring to referee the big main event on Memorial Day, he carried an American flag with him. Without warning, The Sheik grabbed the flag out of Fred's hands (insert), then tried to ram the end of the pole through Blassie's throat!

The Sheik came close to being lynched when he defamed the American flag. And Freddie Blassie should have known better than to try to turn the Arabian flag into a weapon. But, regardless of this misuse of patriotic emblems, what resulted was the most violent bloodbath in California history



About one month after the incident pictured on the opposite page, Blassie got his "revenge" bout with The Sheik. This time, The Sheik carried the Arabian flag into the ring. Seeing his chance to really get even for what the wild Arab had done to his country's glorious banner, Blassie yanked the flag away from The Sheik. At first, Fred waved it over his head, then used it as a weapon.

TO AMERICANS, Memorial Day is a very solemn annual event. It is the day set aside to honor the memory of those who died while defending their country.

On Memorial Day, Americans hoist their country's flag on every flag pole, and the mournful sound of Taps echoes through village squares across the nation.

Last Memorial Day, in Los Angeles, professional wrestling tried to do its part in the traditional way; at the Olympic Auditorium, before the main event, the American flag was carried into the ring. But then, without warning, something happened that enraged everybody in the Auditorium . . .

The main event was a tag team match between Bobo Brazil and Rocky Johnson vs. Don Carson and The Sheik. As if that bout in itself was not enough to attract an overflow crowd to the Olympic, the promoters arranged for a special referee—a very special referee—Fred Blassie.

The mixture was explosive. Blassie and Carson had once been team partners, but their relationship had turned into a bloody vendetta, setting the stage for a series of violent bouts between the pair. Those on the inside knew the bitter feud had reached massive proportions. Said one such insider, "If Carson and Blassie should happen to meet on the street, and nobody had the guts to pull them apart, one of them would be carried away in a hearse!"

But if Blassie and Carson had a vendetta going between them, it was nothing compared to the violent hatred that exists between Blassie and The Sheik. They had ripped and torn each other in a series of bloodbaths in the ring, and each had threatened to kill the other on sight!

Blassie is called "Fearless Freddie," and he certainly lived up to his nickname when he agreed to referee that Memorial Day tag team match. "Blassie is not fearless," said one ringsider, "He's crazy!"

When Blassie climbed into the ring, he carried an American flag. The crowd gave him, and the flag, a big round of applause. Then, just as Blassie started to bow and smile in acknowledgement, it happened!

The Sheik yanked the flag out of Freddie's hands, and with an assist from Carson, started beating Blassie around the head with the flag pole. Naturally, this disgraceful act infuriated the crowd. Snarling men started to encircle the ring, shaking their fists and

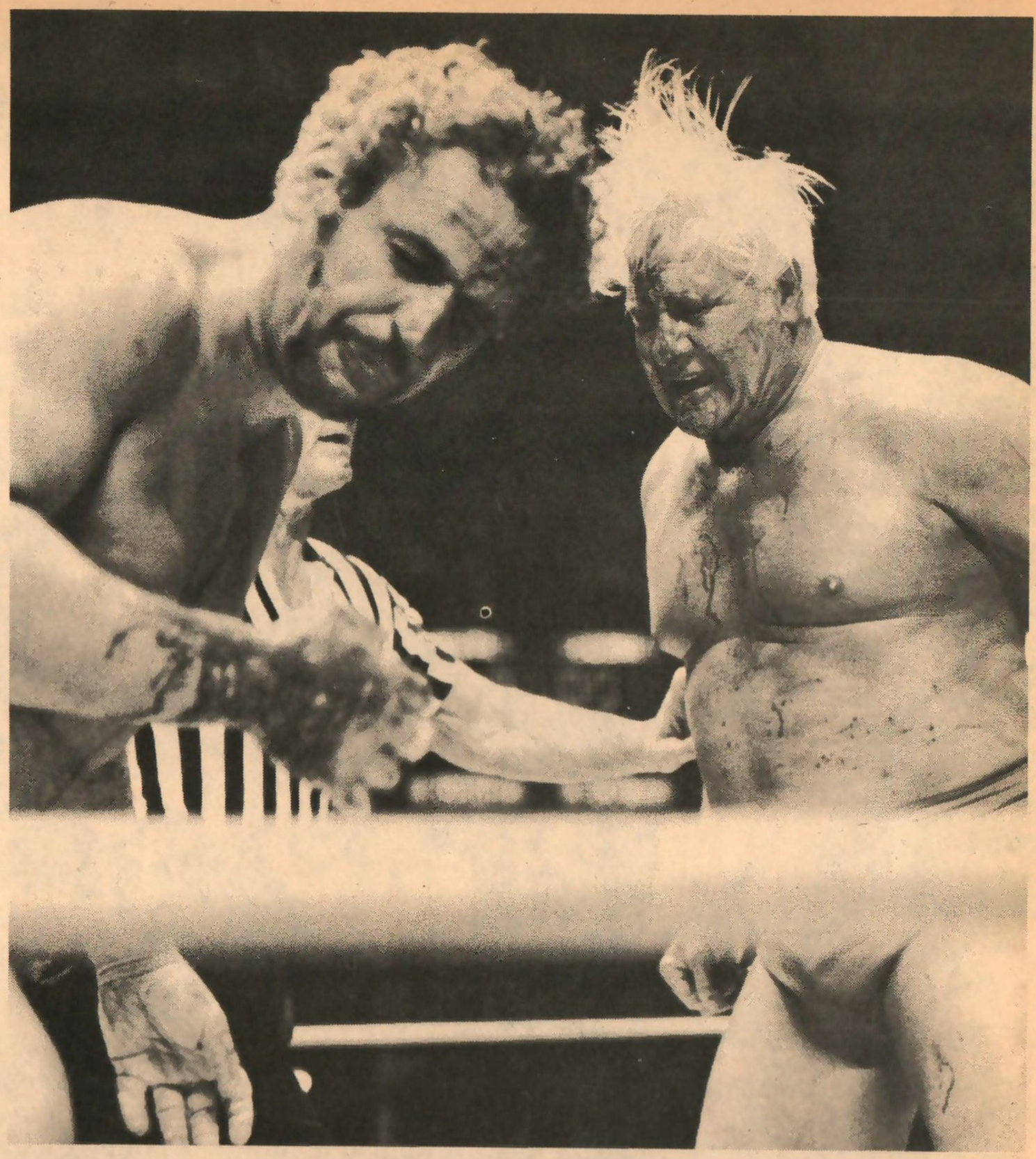
cursing The Sheik and Carson, but their prime target was The Sheik.

Police kept the crowd from storming the ring, but nobody came to Blassie's rescue. He was badly beaten around the head and body with the flag pole, then, in what looked like an actual attempt at murder, The Sheik tried to ram the sharp end of the pole through Freddie's throat!

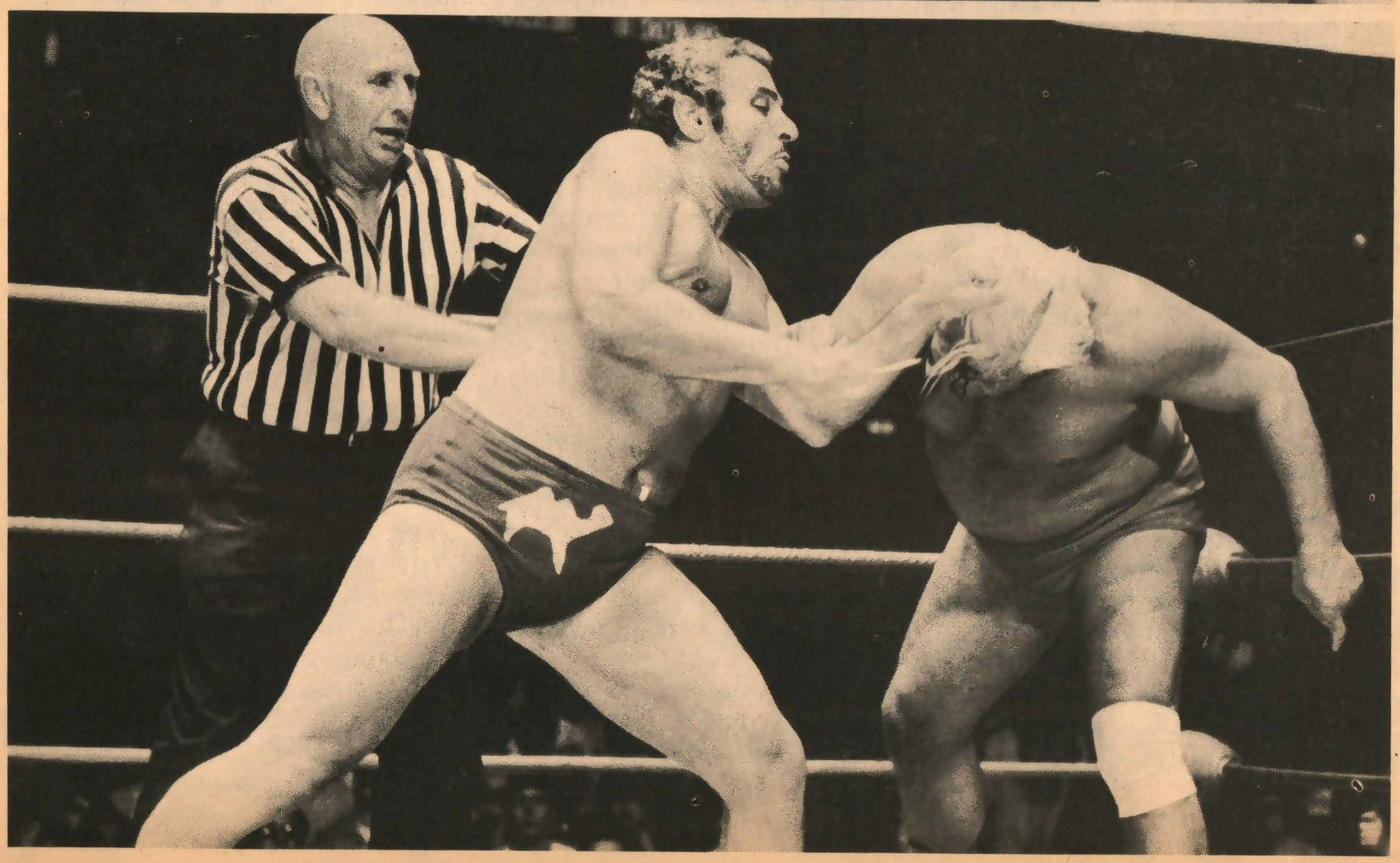
"It was the most terrible thing I ever saw," said one woman spectator. Then she added, "and I was an Army nurse in Vietnam. I saw a lot of mangled soldiers in my time."

Of course, Blassie didn't get to referee that night. They carried him out of the ring on a stretcher, and Johnny "Red Shoes" Dugan was rushed in to take over the official duties.

You can imagine how Blassie reacted when he recovered his



Below: The Sheik jabs the point of a pencil into Fred's head. Right: Soon, both of them were drenched with blood. Blassie's blood!



senses. But that wasn't until the following morning. He sat in the living room of his home with his beautiful wife by his side. A bandage was wrapped around his neck.

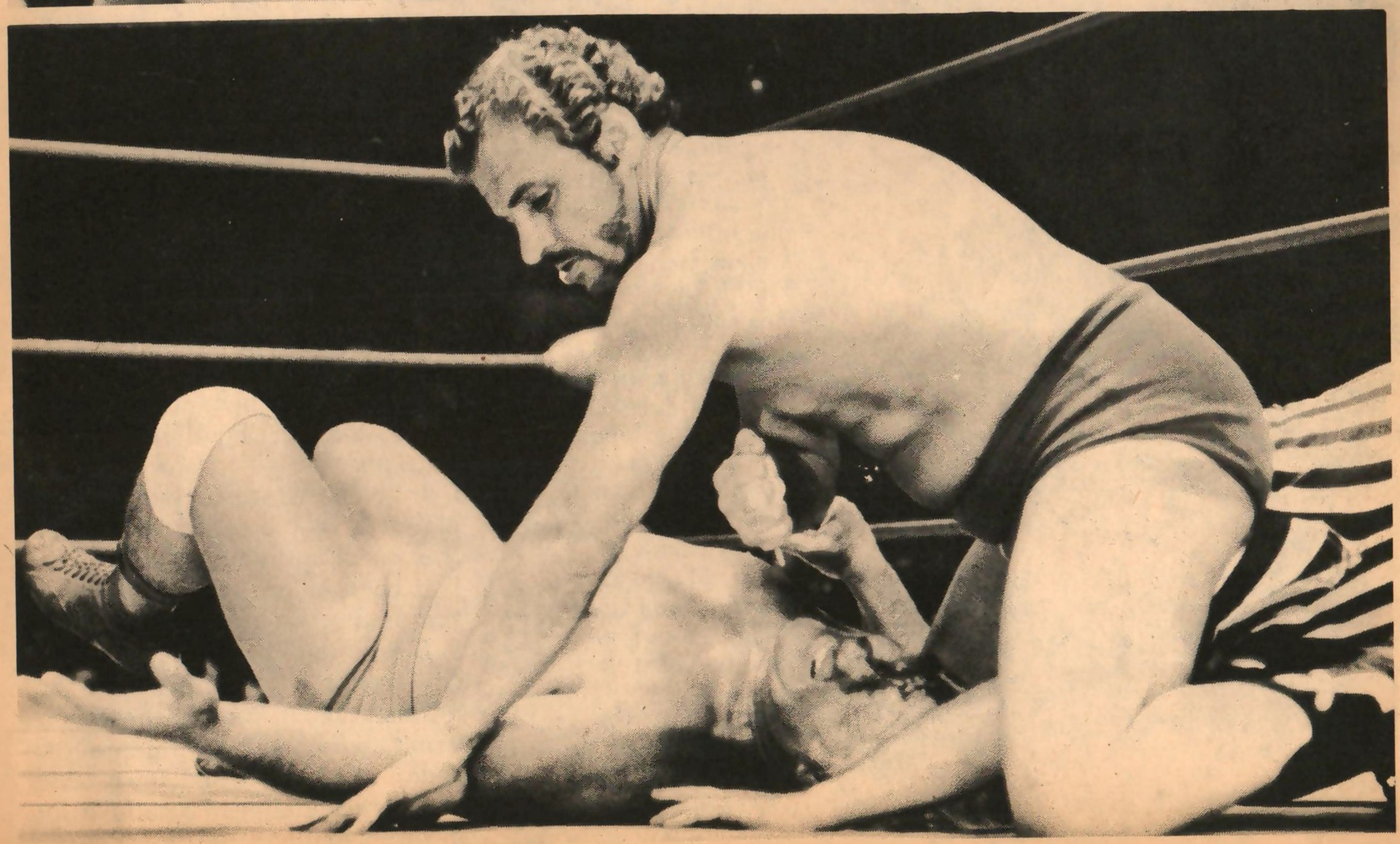
"The pole broke the skin and damaged my Adam's Apple," Freddie said while gently touching the bandage with his finger.

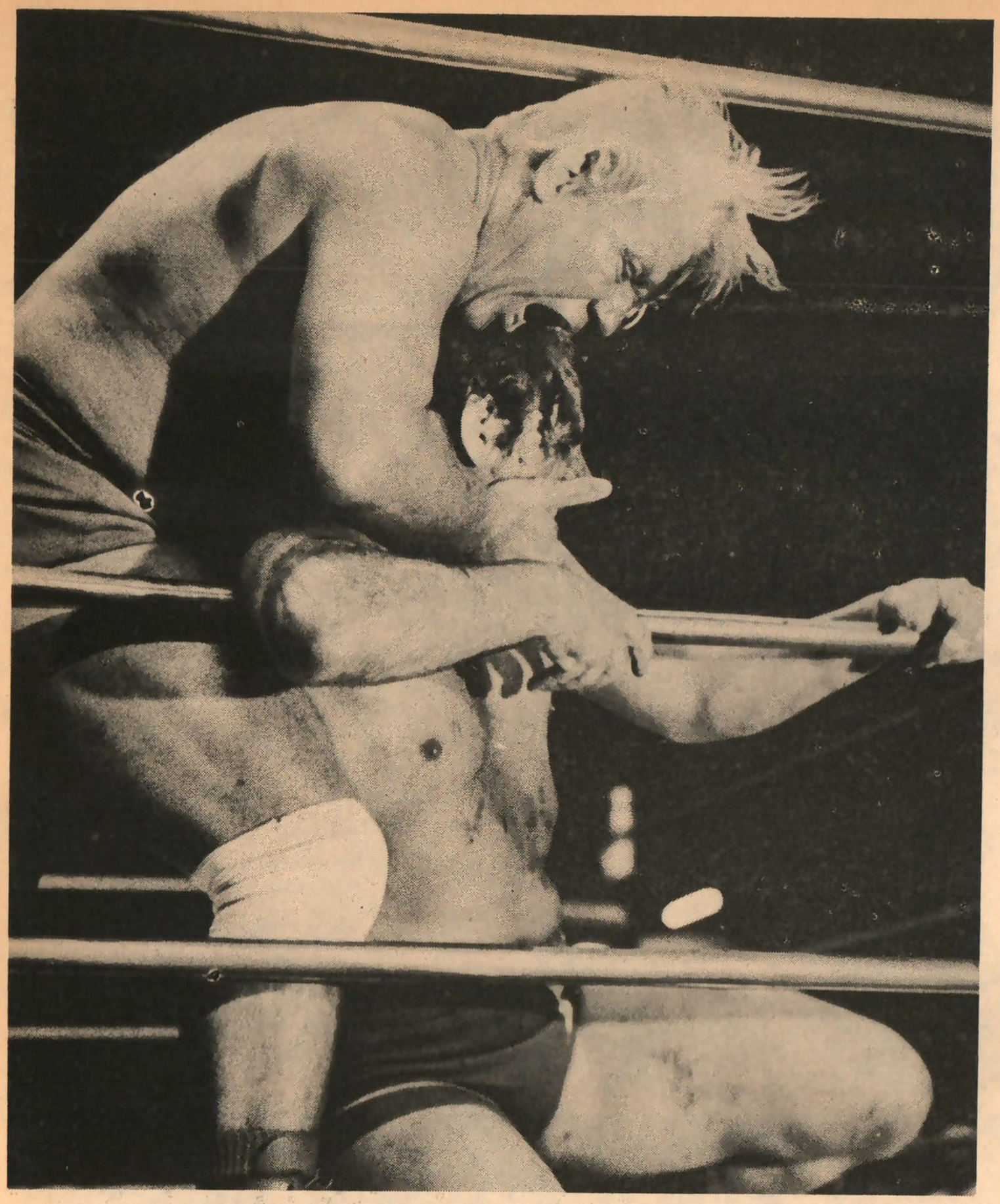
Blassie's voice was filled with hatred as he spoke, and you could easily tell that each word was a painful effort. To soothe his throat, he sipped a mixture of honey and water.

"I've been on the phone with the promoter most of the morning," Freddie continued. "I told him to get me a match with The Sheik as soon as possible or I'd rip his Auditorium apart board by board!"

Blassie got his wish, but he had to wait 27 agonizing days for it—until June 26. (Continued)

Left: They try to strangle each other. But The Sheik still had that pencil, which he rammed into Freddie's face and neck (below).





To counter The Sheik's deadly pencil attack, Blassie resorted to one of his famous violent tactics: his teeth! Once called "The Vampire," Fred sank his long fangs into his opponent's head and face, drawing fountains of blood. In the old days, Blassie was booed furiously by fans for his vampire tirades, but with The Sheik on the receiving end, all Freddie got from the crowd were cheers of "More! More!" Above: The Sheik as he looked after brutal bout.

Blassie was so anxious to get at The Sheik that he sat in an aisle seat during the last part of the semi-final bout, and as soon as that match was over, Freddie leaped into the ring. The ovation for him was deafening.

A few minutes later, The Sheik's manager, Abdullah Farouk, stepped up on the apron—carrying an Arabian flag! Blassie had to rub his eyes to make sure he wasn't seeing things. Then he made a grab for the flag just as The Sheik arrived on the scene.

Because The Sheik has the same affection for his flag as any red-blooded American has for his, he jumped between Farouk and Blassie and tried to recover the banner.

But the flag was quickly turned into a weapon, with first Blassie hitting The Sheik with it, and The Sheik then returning the assault.

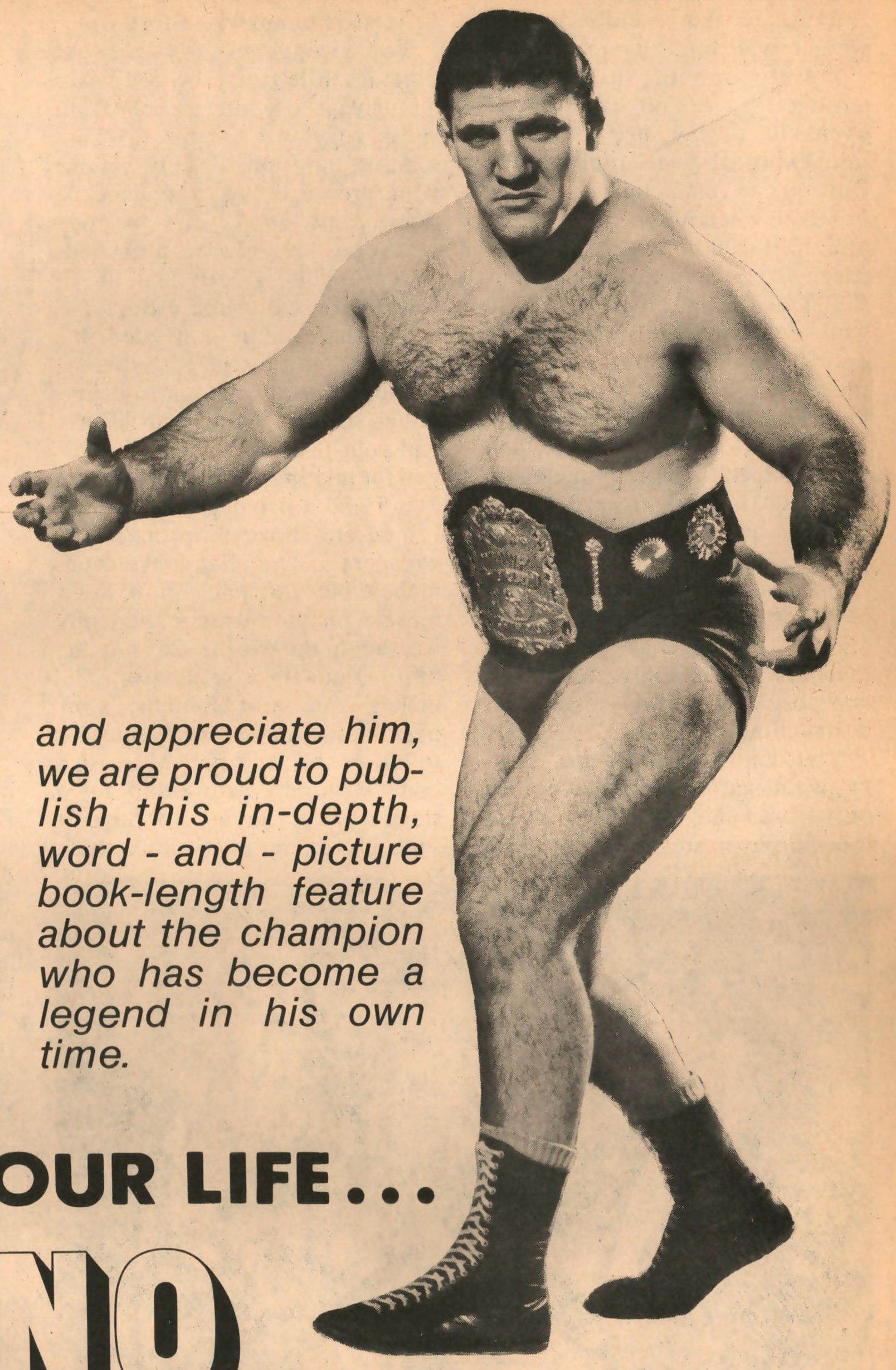
When they finally got the flag safely out of the way, Freddie and the ferocious Arab went at each other's throats. The result: one of the wildest bouts in the history of California. They slugged and slashed each other until blood gushed from both their faces. They kicked and elbowed each other until ugly purple welts covered their bodies like mushrooms.

For half an hour they battled away with neither man gaining an advantage. Finally the bell rang and the bout was declared a draw. There was a burst of applause from the big crowd, more the result of relief that nobody had been killed than for a scientific bout.

Blassie said in a post-bout news conference, "I wanted it to be a finish match, but the promoter won't go for the idea. I guarantee if he had, there would have been a different ending. A helluva lot different ending!" □

SPECIAL BOOK-LENGTH FEATURE Lavishly Illustrated

there are too many people who know Bruno only as a super champion — a champion who has beaten every challenger he has ever faced. But there are many other sides to this marvelous athlete. His is a story of triumph and tragedy, a strange blending of emotions and personalities. In order that his army of devoted fans can really understand and appreciate him, we are proud to publish this in-depth, word - and - picture book-length feature about the champion who has become a legend in his own time.



THIS IS YOUR LIFE...

BRUNO SAMMARTINO

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THIS IS YOUR life, Bruno Sammartino.

You are the world's heavyweight wrestling champion, and certainly one of the world's strongest men. You can cripple, even kill, the average man with one swing of your mighty arm. But you can't stand hurting people not even when it's your job. Sure, you do it. But you don't do it for revenge, you do it to defend yourself. You can feel pity for all those who have tried so desperately to knock you off your throne—even those who tried not merely to take your title, but to maim you! Your pity for them came when you clamped them in your deadly bear-hug and squeezed until their bodies went limp in your enormous arms.

No, Bruno, you can't hate anybody or anything. In fact, you agree with the younger generation that love is the only thing that can possibly save the world from destruction.

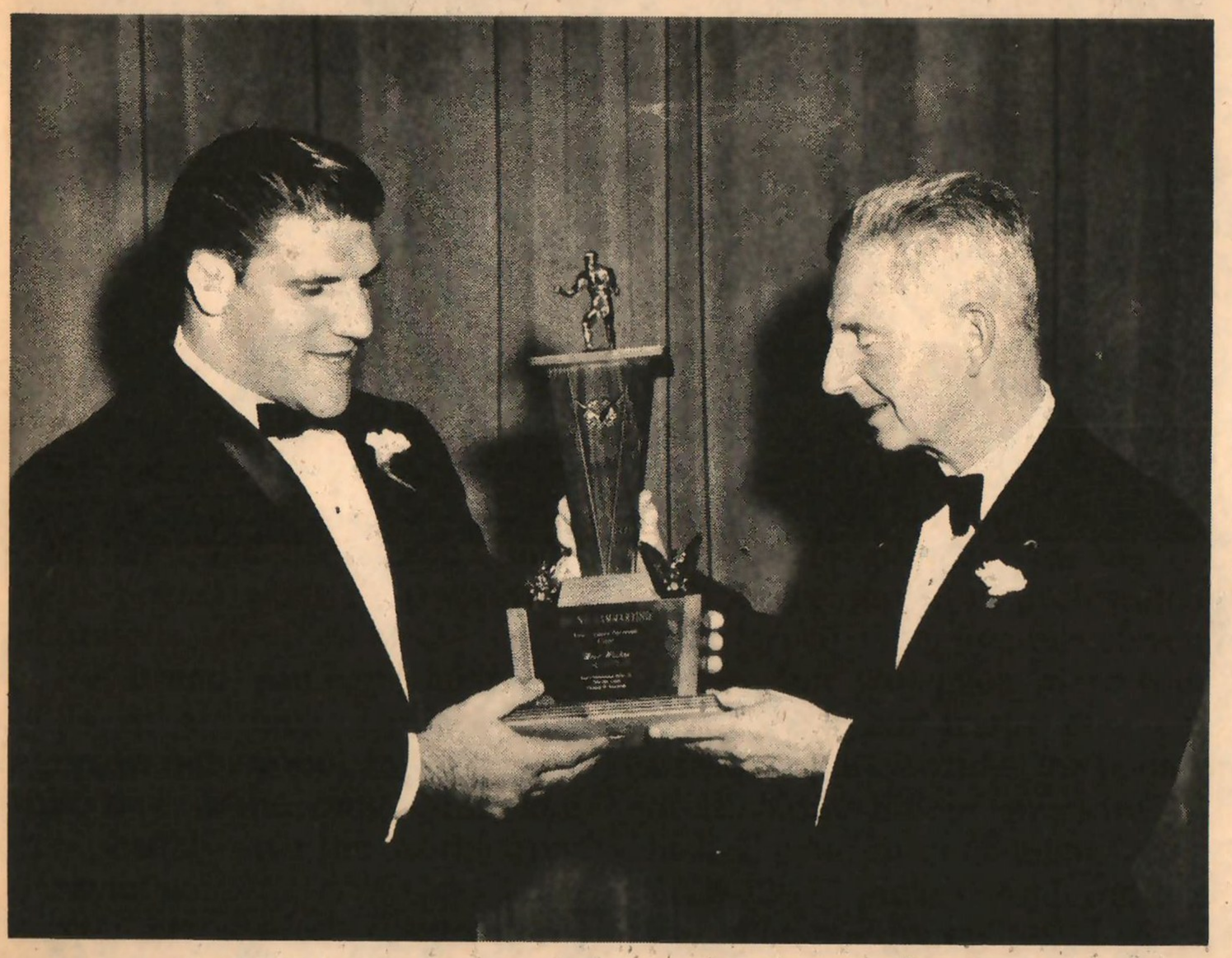
You know love, Bruno. You know the warm feeling that comes only from being loved. You know it because you are one of the most idolized men in the world, with as many men worshipping you as there are women who adore you.

You give generously of what precious little free time you have. You give it to young people. You speak to youth groups, at high schools, any place you believe your presence has a chance of doing some good. You practice what you have always preached; "Every public figure should always be on call—like a doctor—to go wherever he is needed. It's his duty," you insist.

And you bring lumps to everybody's throat when you always end your talks by saying, "Thank you for inviting me here. It was an honor and a privilege for me."

You are short, as professional wrestlers go. Only five-feet eleven-inches, but you pack more solid muscle on your frame than any wrestler in the world—265 pounds of it! Your biceps measure 28-inches, your chest 58-inches, your neck 22-1/2 inches. And you like to kid people by saying, "I wish I could walk into a store and buy a shirt without having to have it specially made to fit this thick neck of mine." You say that, Bruno, but you don't really mean it. You struggled for years to develop that magnificent body of yours. You have every right to be proud of it—including all those inches that make up your steel-like neck.

When shown this picture of himself, which was taken at Montreal in 1960, Bruno grinned and said, "I didn't even know how to pose."



Pennsylvania Athletic Commissioner Paul G. Sullivan awards championship trophy to Sammartino during testimonial dinner in Pittsburgh on the night of Sept. 15, 1963. "Receiving that trophy from Commissioner Sullivan was one of the highlights of my life," Bruno says. "It was truly an honor."

Those who knew you as a child still can't believe that you were, not too long ago, a half-starved victim of the Nazis during World War II. "It is a miracle that you lived," these people keep telling you. But you grin that boyish way of yours and say softly, "It was the will of God."

You were born in Chieti, Italy, on October 6, 1936, the youngest of Giovanni and Rosa Sammartino's seven children. Because you were the frailest of her children, your mother worried about you constantly, and with good reason. You had health problems almost from the time of birth.

Your father was a prosperous wine merchant and wonderful to his family. He was a staunch anti-Fascist, bitterly opposing the

rule of Italy's Dictator, Benito Mussolini. Because of his opposition to the ruling Fascists, your father paid a heavy price. His property was confiscated and he became a political prisoner.

Food became scarce for the Sammartino family and the children who were old enough went out on the streets trying to scrape up the crumbs which could mean the difference between living and dying. And you, Bruno, barely out of your playpen, went along to do your part.

It seemed things couldn't get any worse. But they did. Italy, with Nazi Germany as her ally, entered World War II.

Your mother sent you, together with your three older brothers and a sister to live with your Uncle Giuseppe in the small village of Dulino. For a while, things were fine. You had a warm place to sleep and enough to eat. But all that came to an abrupt halt one spring morning when the Nazis arrived to occupy Dulino.

The experience of that morning leaves a scar you'll never be able to erase. It's a tribute to your great love for humanity that you haven't allowed it to prejudice you.

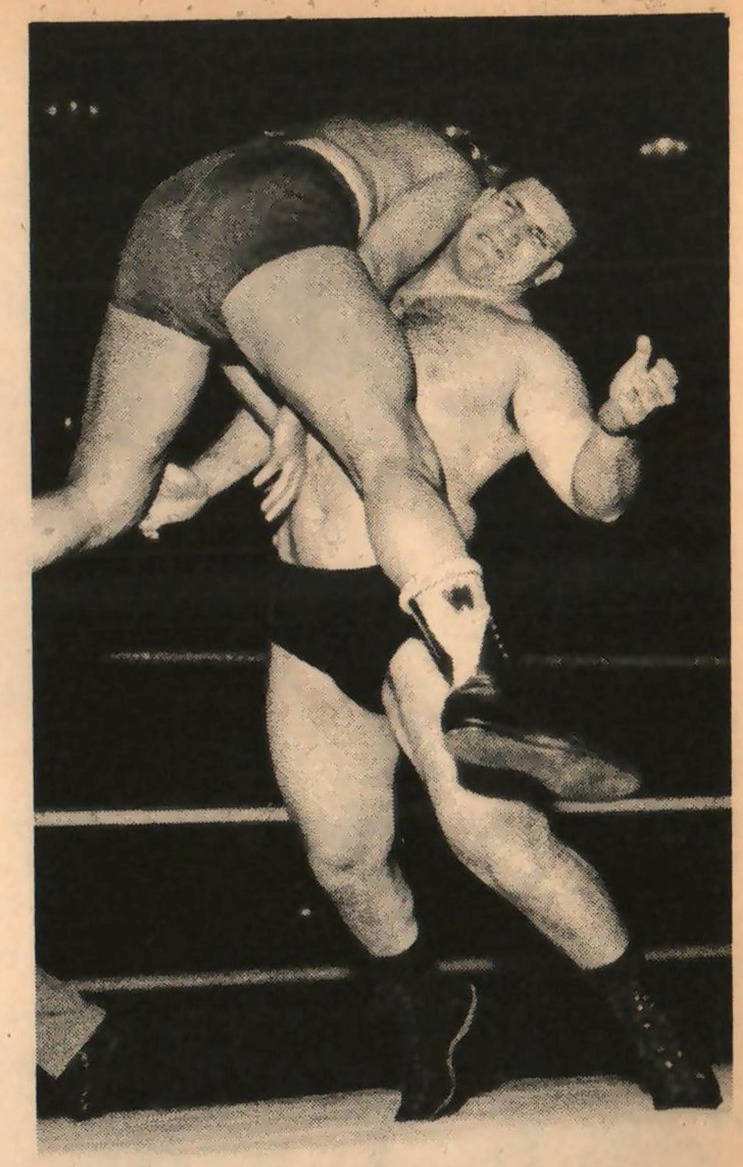
It happened on April 5th, 1943. You were barely seven years old.

You and your eight-year-old sister, Maria, were in the fields surrounding the village searching for food. Maria became tired and returned to the village alone.

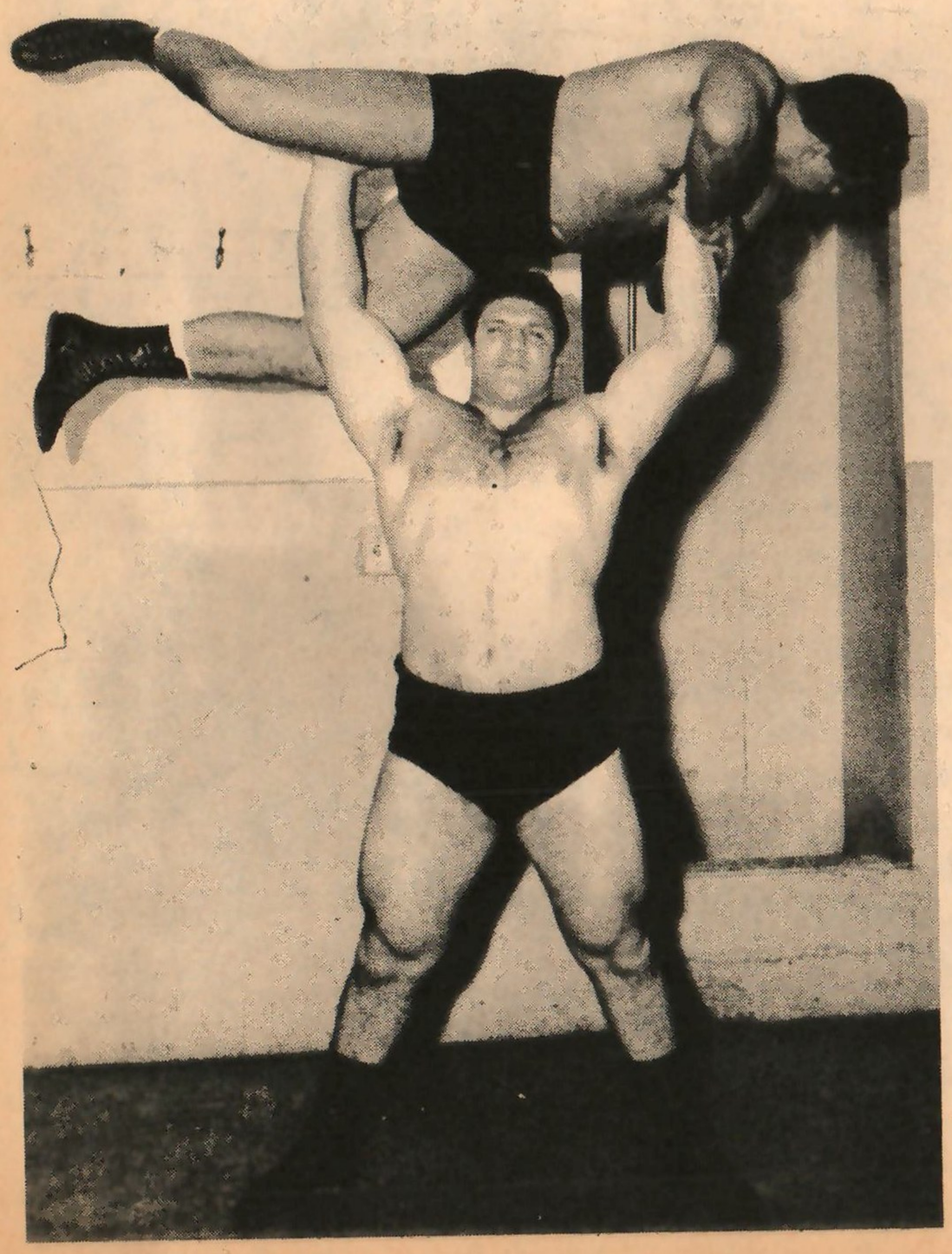
Then, as you were on your way home, you heard a scream. The cry was Maria's, so you ran up a back alley to find her struggling with a Nazi soldier. You flew at him—kicking, biting, scratching—trying to get him away from Maria. But he turned on you and pulled out his revolver. "Stand back!" he ordered.

He didn't scare you, Bruno. You attacked again. But this time his bullet stopped you.

By some miracle, you survived. When you recovered consciousness, your face and hair was matted with blood. Then you saw the horror of your life. There in the alley, lay the lifeless body of Maria. Sobbing, you ran home and blurted out the story to your uncle.



When Chet Wallick tried to floor Sammartino with a shoulder block, Bruno simply stuck out his great chest and Chet bounced off like a ball; New York, June 1960.



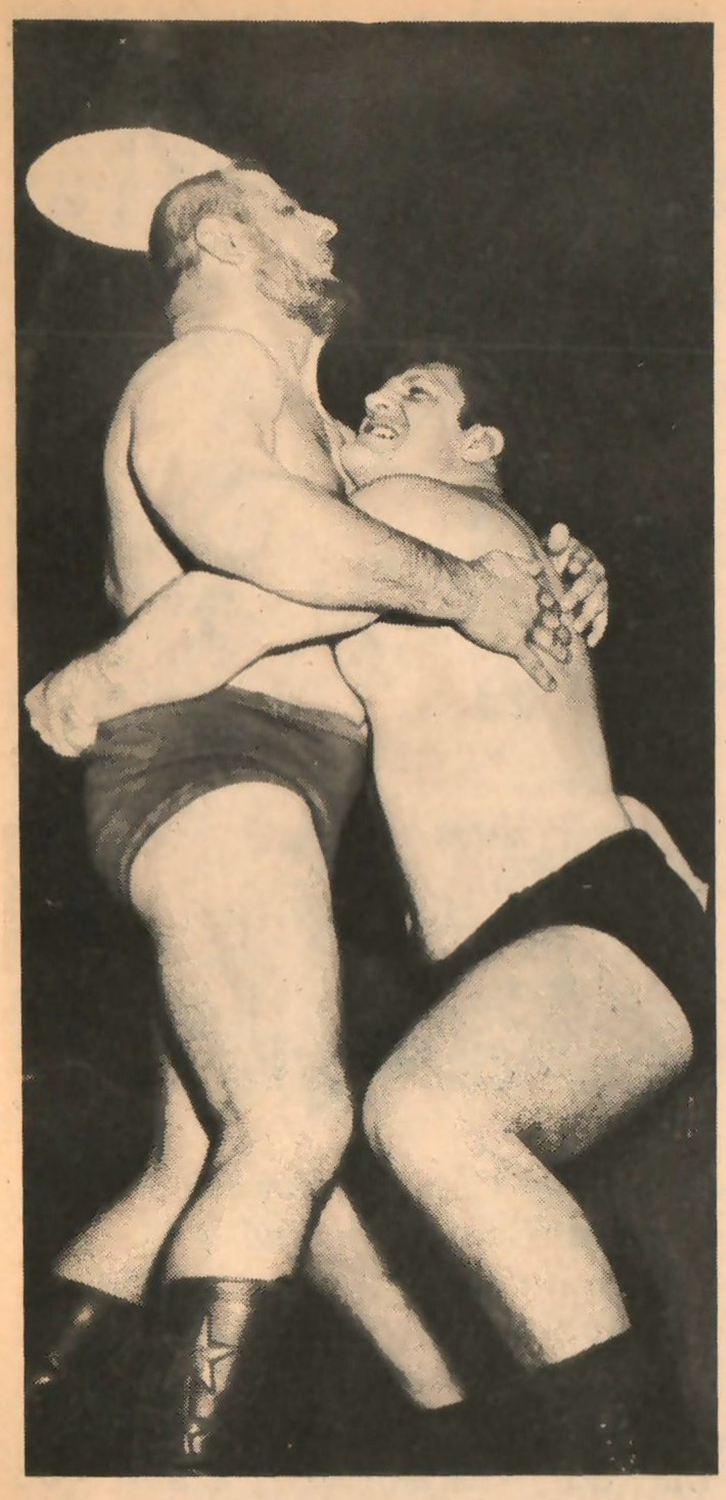
This picture was posed for by Bruno at the request of a photographer. "Let's see you do something to prove how strong you are," the photographer said. Bruno thought for a moment, then asked, "Should I pick up a 240 pound man and hold him over my head?" The photographer thought it was a great idea, and Bruno promptly held one of his fellow wrestlers over his head while the photographer clicked off a whole roll of film.

He and aroused villagers protested to the Nazi Commandant of Dulino, but they just laughed at them. Later that night, your uncle set fire to a German munitions dump.

The next morning, the Nazis rounded up all the villagers and herded them into the town square. You saved yourself by hiding under a bed as the Nazis approached.

A volley of shots rang out and you knew what had happened. Then, while the Nazis burned the village as a reprisal, you hid in the woods, alone. Later that day you learned that all the villagers, including your aunt, uncle and three brothers had been murdered by the Nazis.

Days later, the Nazis retreated under the Allied advance. Some American G.I.'s found you and nursed you back to health. It was



Bruno first tried his now famous bear hug in 1959 bout with Boris Volkoff.

then you resolved someday to be an American citizen.

The American Red Cross placed you in an orphanage for the duration of the war. Miraculously, after the war was over, you were reunited with your parents and oldest brother and sister in Cheti.

Your family then moved to Abruzzi, where your father went back into the wine business. Soon he was wealthy again and you had all you wanted to eat. But your body could not respond after the years of neglect. At 15, you were five-feet nine-inches and only 112-pounds.

Then one day you wandered into the local gymnasium and became fascinated with the barbells and other exercising equipment. But what caught your eye most of all was the great strength of the men you saw using the equipment. Never before had you seen such muscles. Filled with inspiration, you started working out in the gym. You began with small dumbbells, lifting them over your head until your arms and shoulders ached. But the aches and pains didn't dull your determination. Gradually, you could lift those same dumbbells 300 times without stopping, and without suffering aches and pains.

Your parents were delighted. They encouraged you, gave you all the wholesome food you could eat. Within one year the change in you was miraculous. Your arms and legs were twice as big around as they were before you started to work out. You could run two miles at a fast pace without dropping from exhaustion. And you never believed anybody could feel as good as you did. It was, you said, "A miracle."

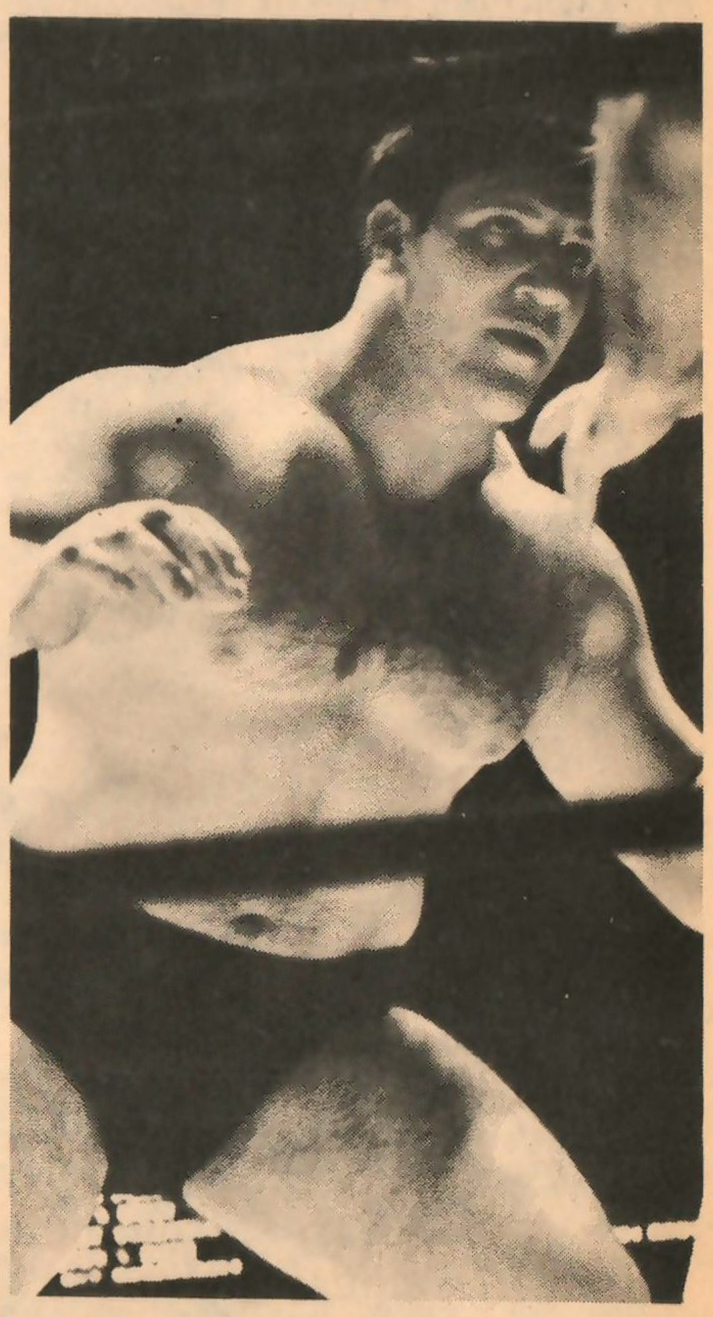
You had no idea, at the time, of ever becoming a wrestler. That was only natural because professional wrestling in Italy is practically non-existent. However, Italians do have an interest in amateur wrestling, an interest which dates back to ancient Rome. Somehow, through the encouragement of a friend whose name you have long forgotten, you entered a local amateur tournament in Abruzzi. That was the beginning—the birth—of one of the most dynamic and successful careers in the history of sports.

Within one year, after winning a long list of regional titles, you were crowned heavyweight wrestling champion of Italy—amateur, of course. But it would not be fair to your army of worshippers to pass off your winning of that championship with one sentence, even though you would want it that way. No, Bruno, the people should know the pain you suffered in that championship match.

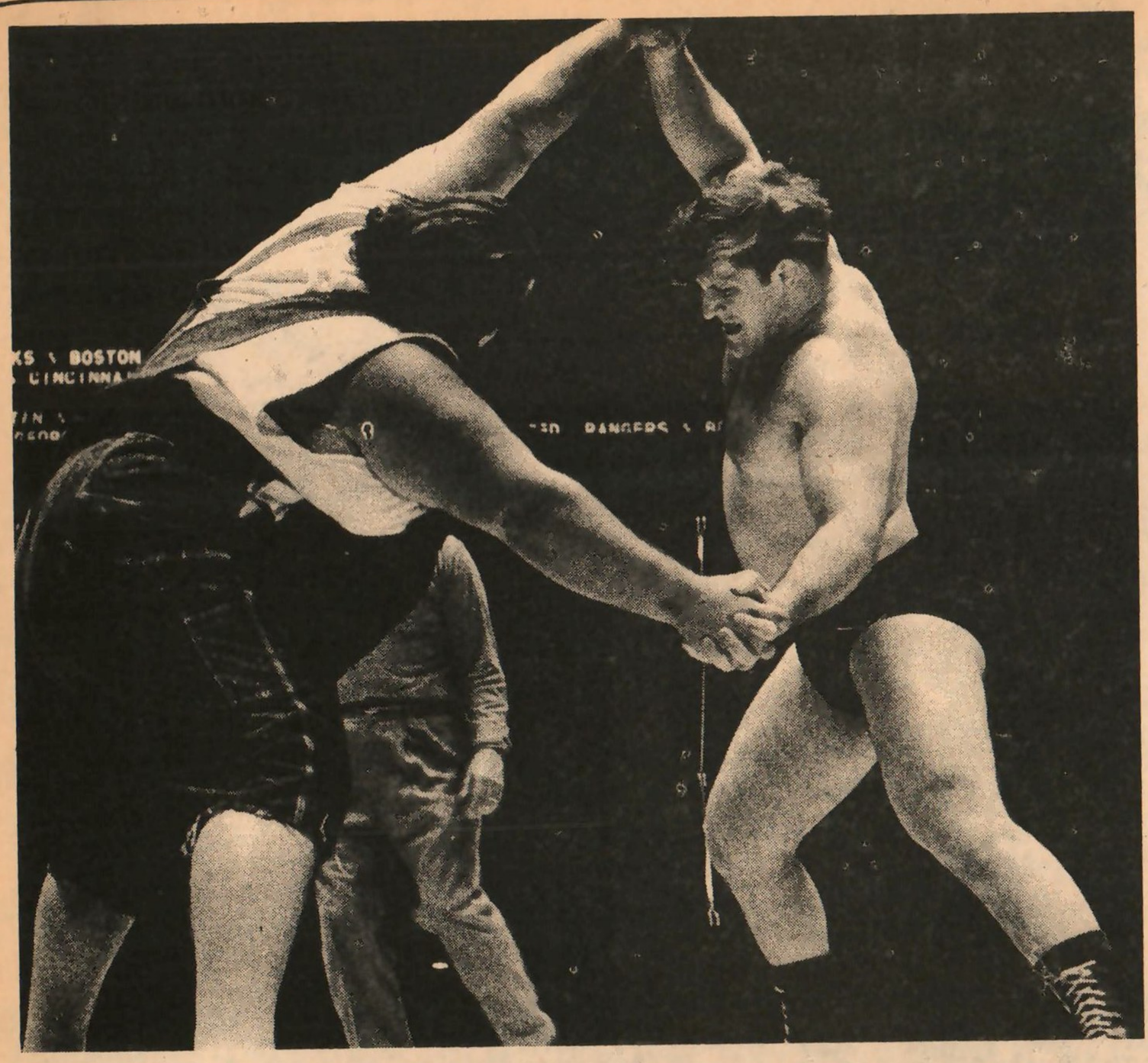
You had broken your right arm early in the bout, but somehow (you still don't know how you did it) you managed to hide your injury from the officials. Once, your opponent, a big strapping fellow just as determined to become champion as you were, grabbed your broken arm and tried to set you up for the most painful of all holds, the hammerlock. You muffled the cry of agony that stuck in your throat and with a superhuman effort, threw your opponent a full seven-feet across the ring! Man, did he let go of your arm in a hurry!

Despite your mangled arm, Bruno, you pinned the other man to win your first important championship. It was your first real taste of glory, and you liked the taste very much. You hungered for more glory—recognition would be a better word, knowing your great modesty—and you got it by winning a series of European championships.

You grew bigger and stronger, and your ambitions grew in proportion with your Herculean body. Already, you were a giant among men. But your ambitions, your dreams, could not be fulfilled in Italy. You realized how



Bruno's deep concentration in the ring is clearly shown in this 1960 photo as he moves in on opponent.



Sammartino and 640-pound Haystack Calhoun began their 1961 bout in New York with this test of strength. Bruno had stated on a TV interview that he would lift Calhoun off his feet. Did he make good his boast? See below.

ideally suited you were to be a professional wrestler. Several Americans who had seen you wrestle told you that. One man even offered to pay your way to America, providing he could become your manager. That didn't work out. "I don't like being chained to people," you explained.

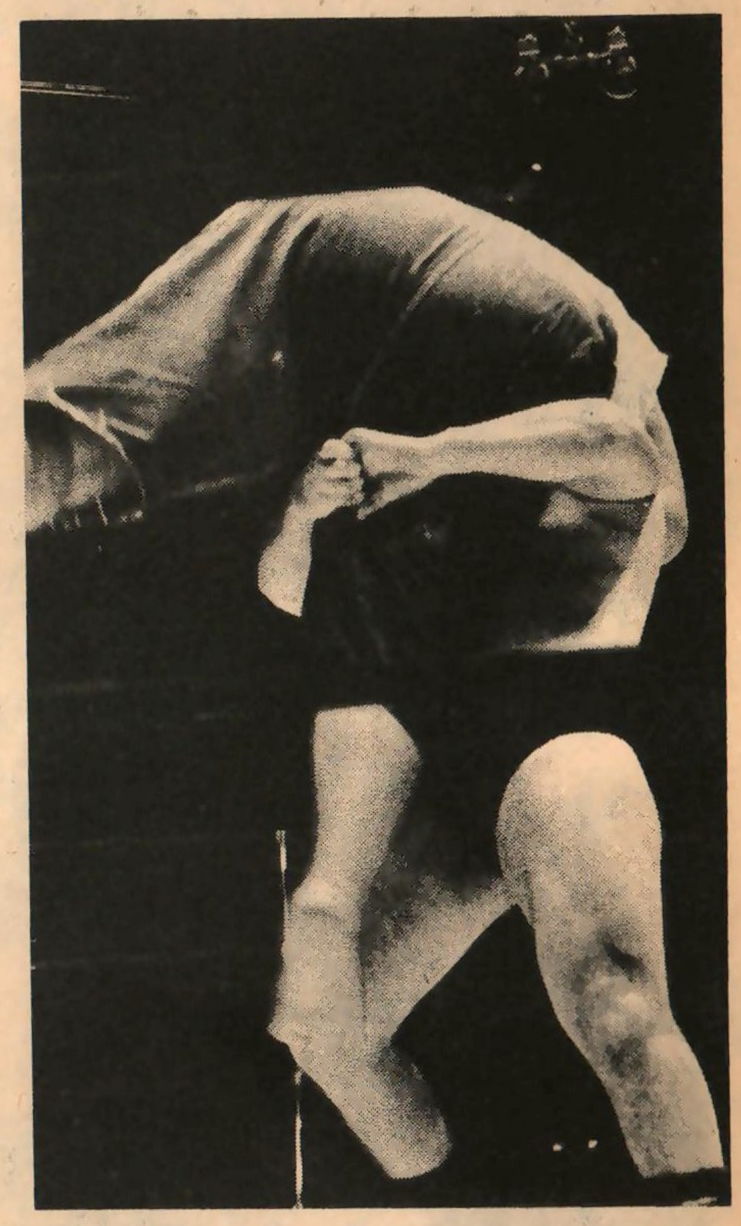
You began to think more and more about going to America. You remembered the kindness of American G.I.'s during the war. You were convinced Americans are good people, always ready to help anybody who needs help. Perhaps they would help you become a professional wrestler.

You finally decided to take the big step. In 1956, when you were 20 years old, you crossed the ocean and landed in New York. The first time you saw the Statue of Liberty, jutting high over the great harbor and silhouetted against the mountainous skyscrapers of lower Manhattan, tears welled in your eyes. Even today, when you think back of that spectacular sight, a lump grows in your throat and you say, "That great statue represented a whole new life for me. It was like the statue's eyes were looking only at me and saying, 'Welcome, my son.'"

Your first impression of New York, however, was frightening. In fact, it seemed cold and far from friendly to an immigrant boy from Italy who had come to make good in the New World. You walked for endless miles through the great "valleys" of the city, your eyes popping with excitement and amazement as you looked straight up at the towering buildings without being able to see their tops. And the hot dogs and the hamburgers! You had heard about them all your life and now, at last, you were finally tasting them. Delicious!

You were a total stranger in New York, but you had relatives in Pittsburgh. So you took a bus to Pittsburgh, where you were welcomed in the warm, traditional way Italians have of making their dear ones feel at home, even in a foreign land.

Your relatives couldn't help you make the right connections to break into professional wrestling, but they could, and did, introduce you to Pittsburgh's churning steel mills. Although your heart was with wrestling, you needed to earn a living, and the steel mills gave you that opportunity. It was hard work, harder than anybody can visualize



Not only did Bruno lift Haystack off his feet, he lifted him shoulder high!

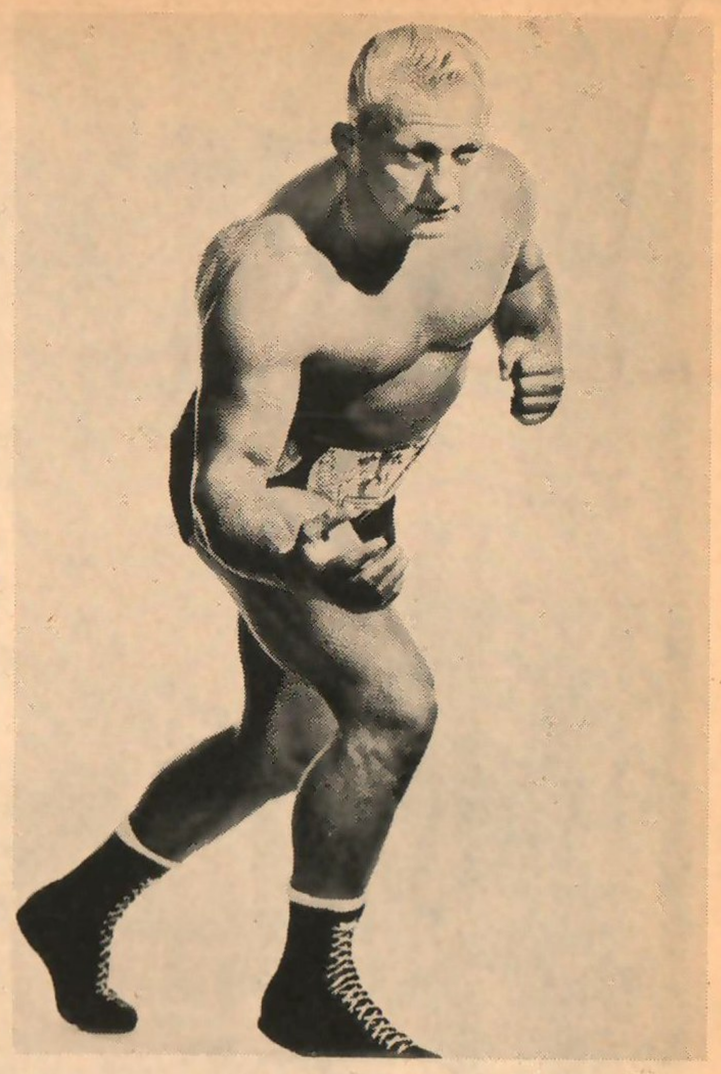
until he sweats in front of the great furnaces himself. But for you, Bruno, that work paid dividends. Those who knew you, those who felt the power in your handshake, believed it impossible for you to become any stronger than you already were. In fact, you thought so yourself. But the steel mills made you even stronger!

Your fellow workers called you "The Italian Strong Boy," but you asked them, if they didn't

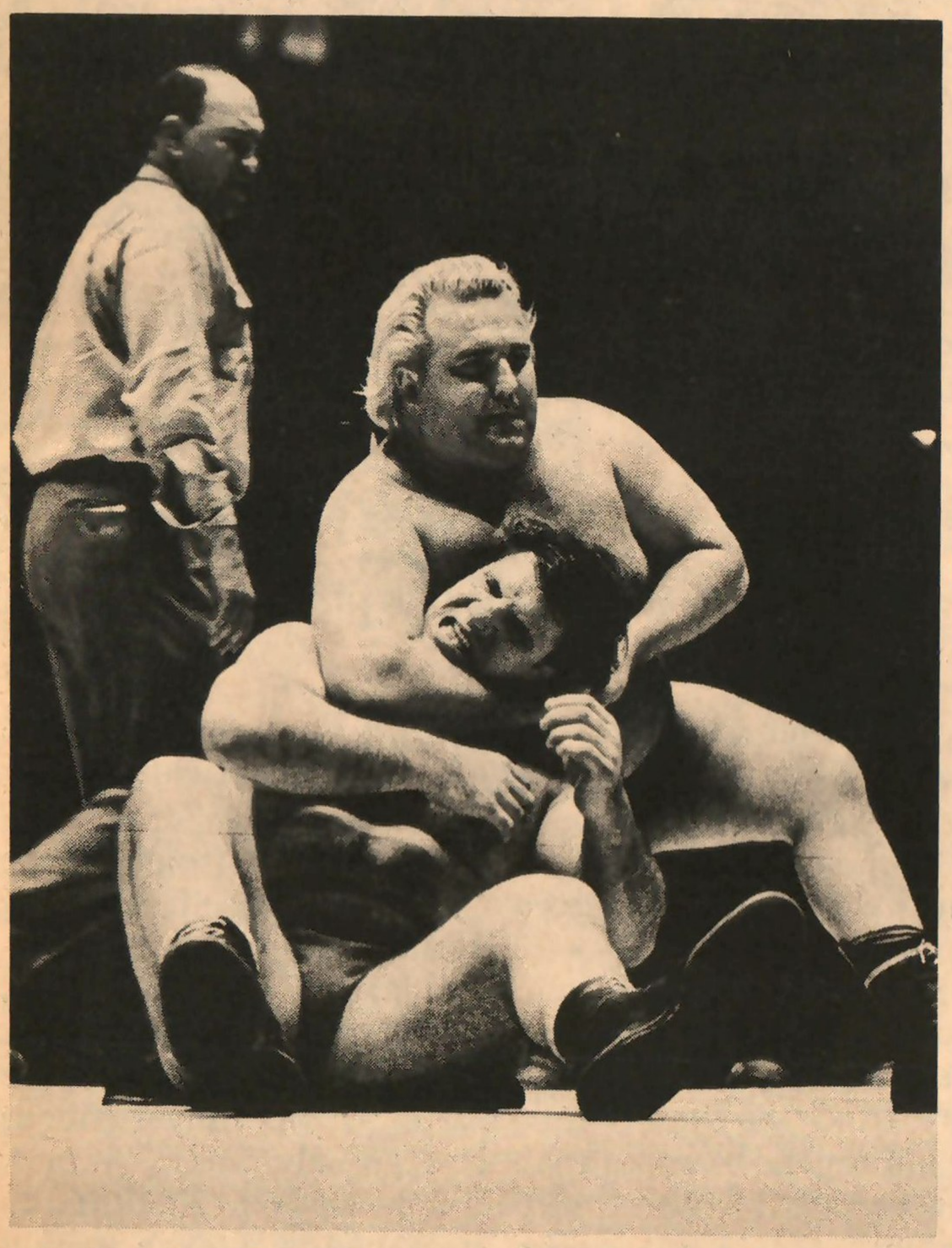
(Text continued on Page 32)

PHOTO HIGHLIGHTS OF BRUNO'S CAREER

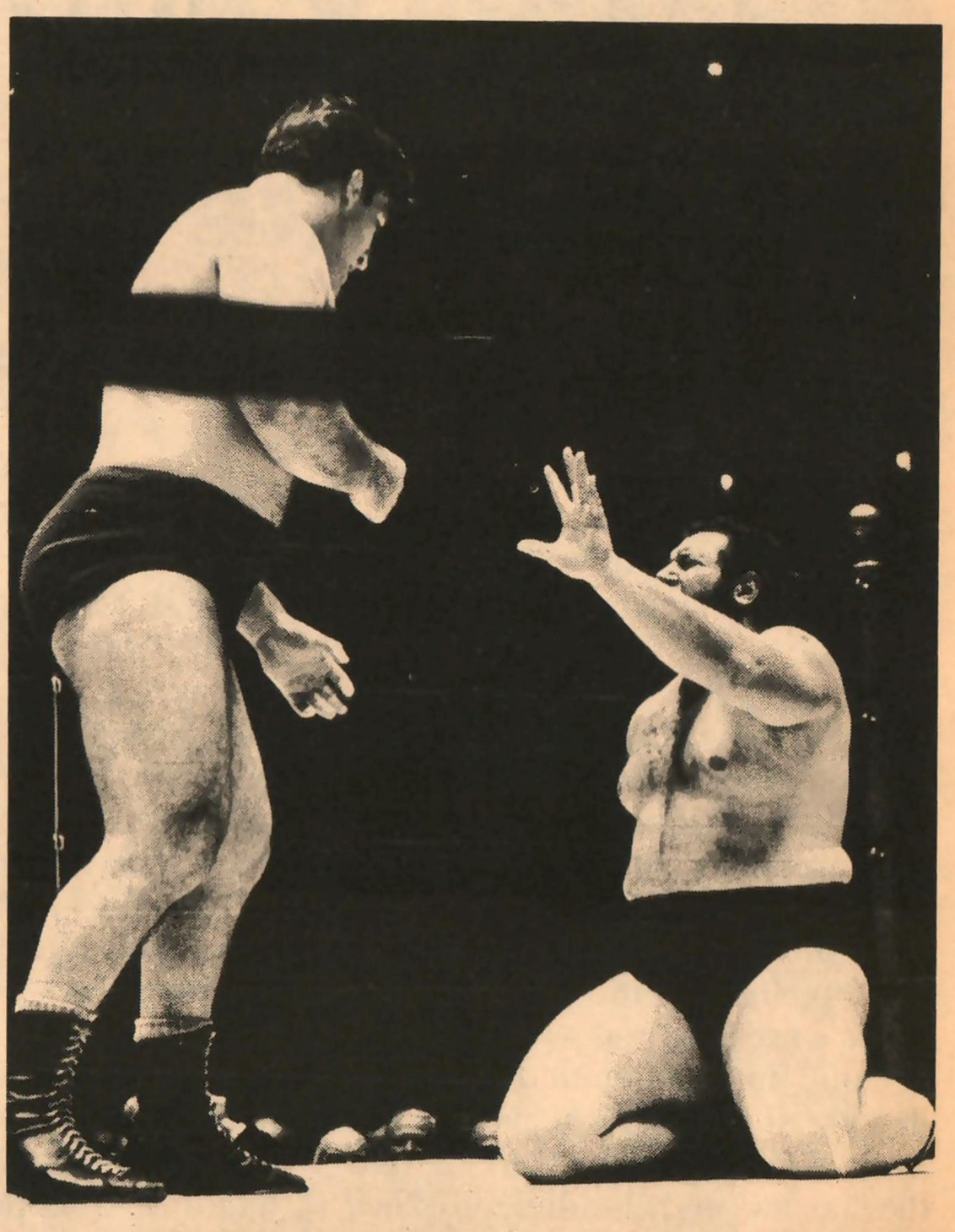
In one of his earliest professional bouts, Sammartino (left) forces tough Ricky Cortez to his knees. However Cortez gave young Bruno some very anxious moments during the 1959 match in Detroit, which ended in a draw. To this day, Sammartino calls Cortez, "one of the strongest and surely one of the toughest opponents I ever faced. And I can tell you that I wasn't much stronger than he was," Bruno added.



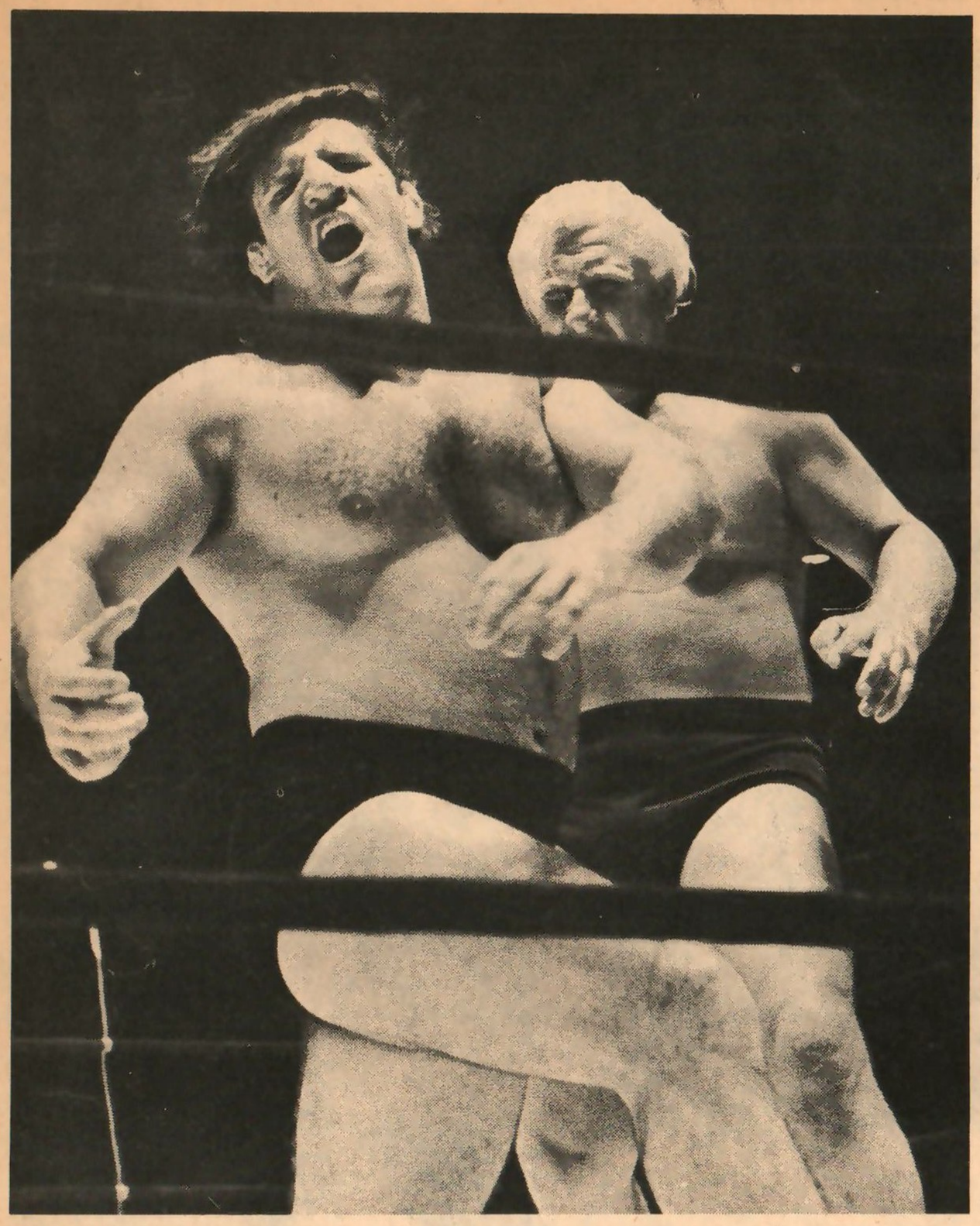
The great Buddy Rogers, who was beaten by Sammartino in 1963 title bout at Madison Sq. Garden.



Jerry Graham has Bruno squirming in agony as he applies pressure to strangle hold during title bout in New York on December 16, 1963. Graham, who isn't one of Bruno's favorite people, was hammered into submission by the champion after an unusually savage 23 minutes of action.

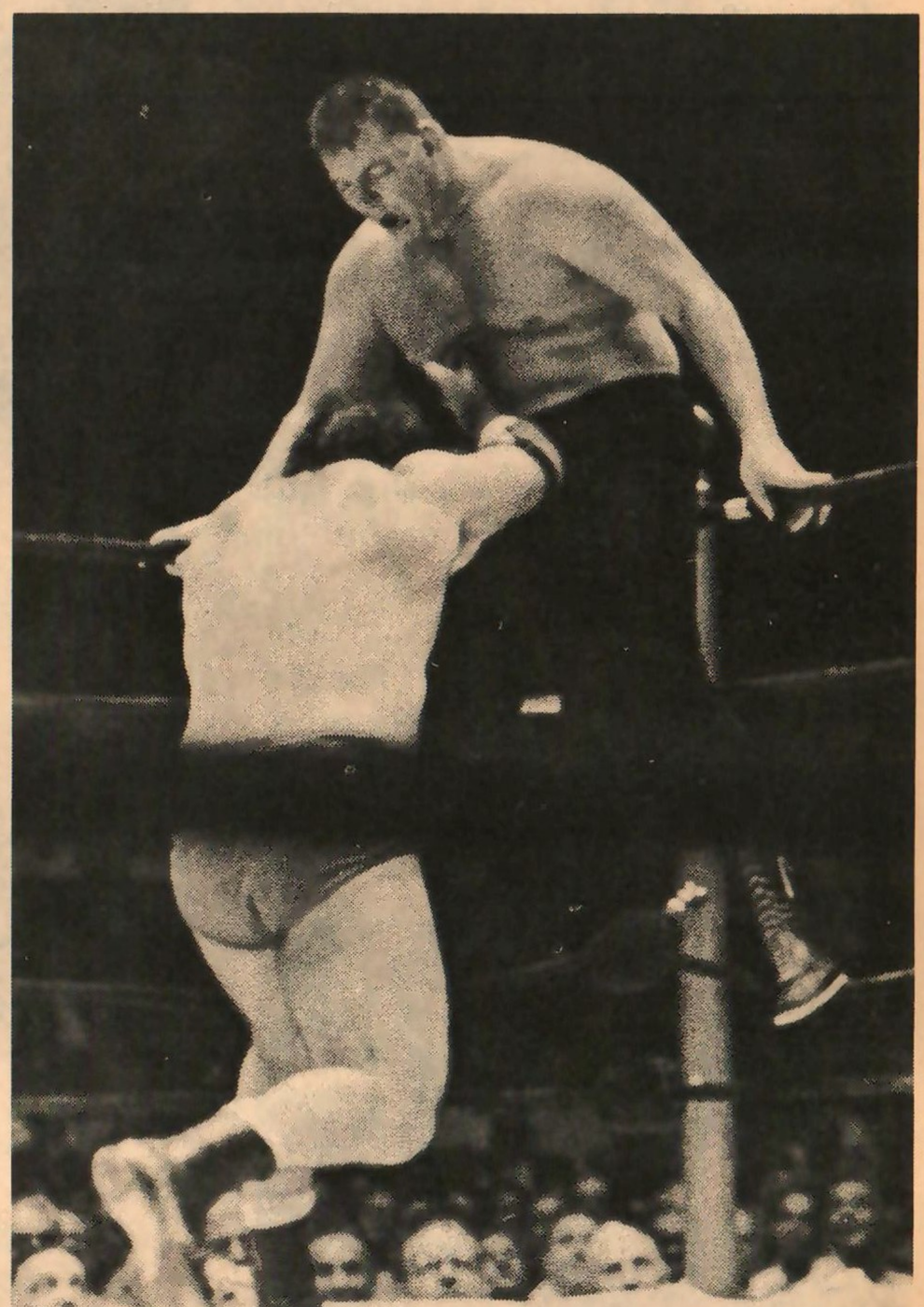


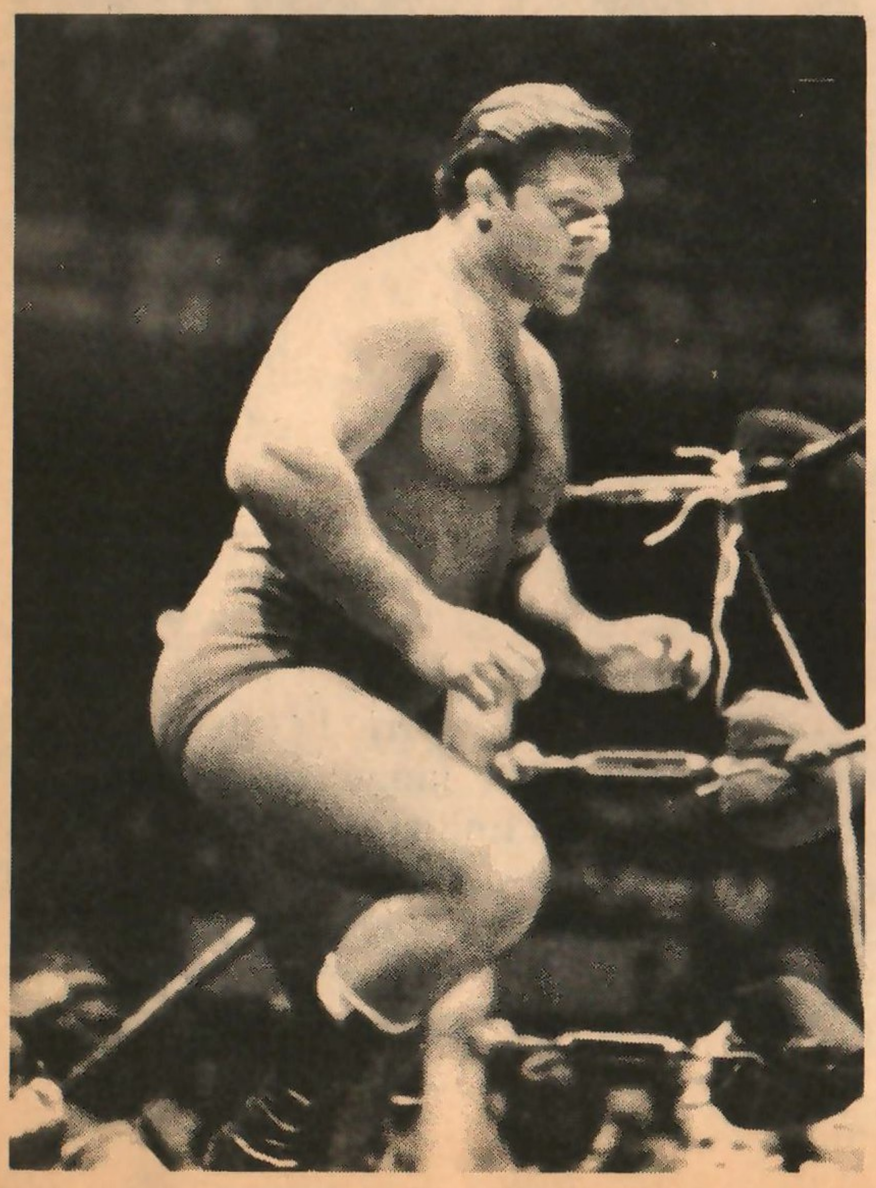
Gorilla Monsoon gets down on his knees to plead for mercy. But when Bruno let him get back on his feet, Gorilla let fly his tremendous right fist into the champion's unguarded stomach. Although Sammartino somehow managed to ride out the storm, he came dangerously close to being an ex-champ.

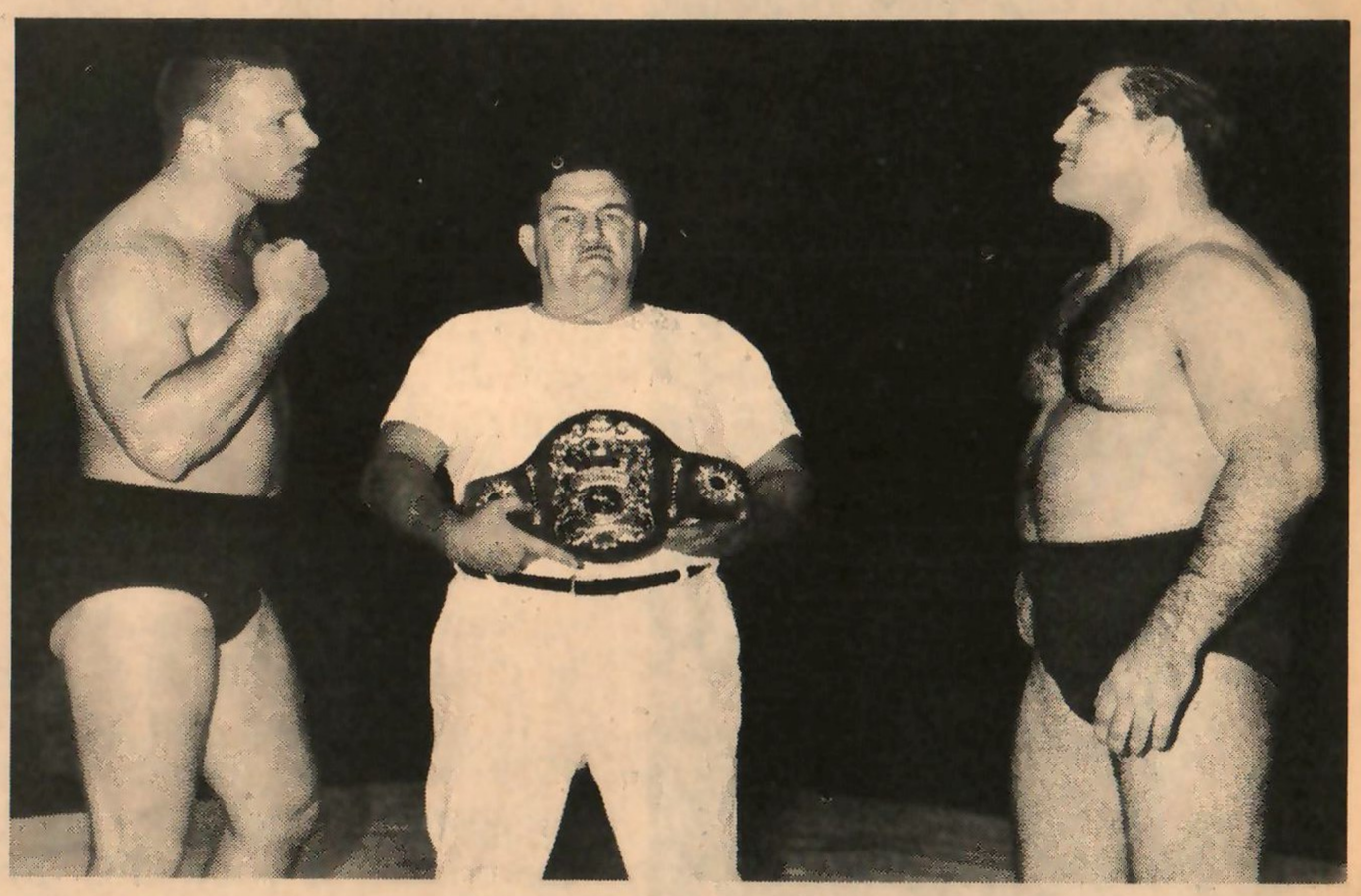


Ask the average fan if Sammartino ever wrestled Fred Blassie and you'll probably get a "no" answer. But they did meet, in New York, on August 1, 1964, and Freddie gave Bruno a night to remember. The bout, which drew a record crowd of 18,875 and a gate of $58,823, was won by Bruno with a bear hug.

Bill Miller, one of the toughest opponents Bruno ever met, tried to rest by climbing up the ropes. But Sammartino went after him immediately, landing a booming right to the stomach which knocked Big Bill off his perch. The 1965 title bout in New York went to Sammartino, but on a close decision.







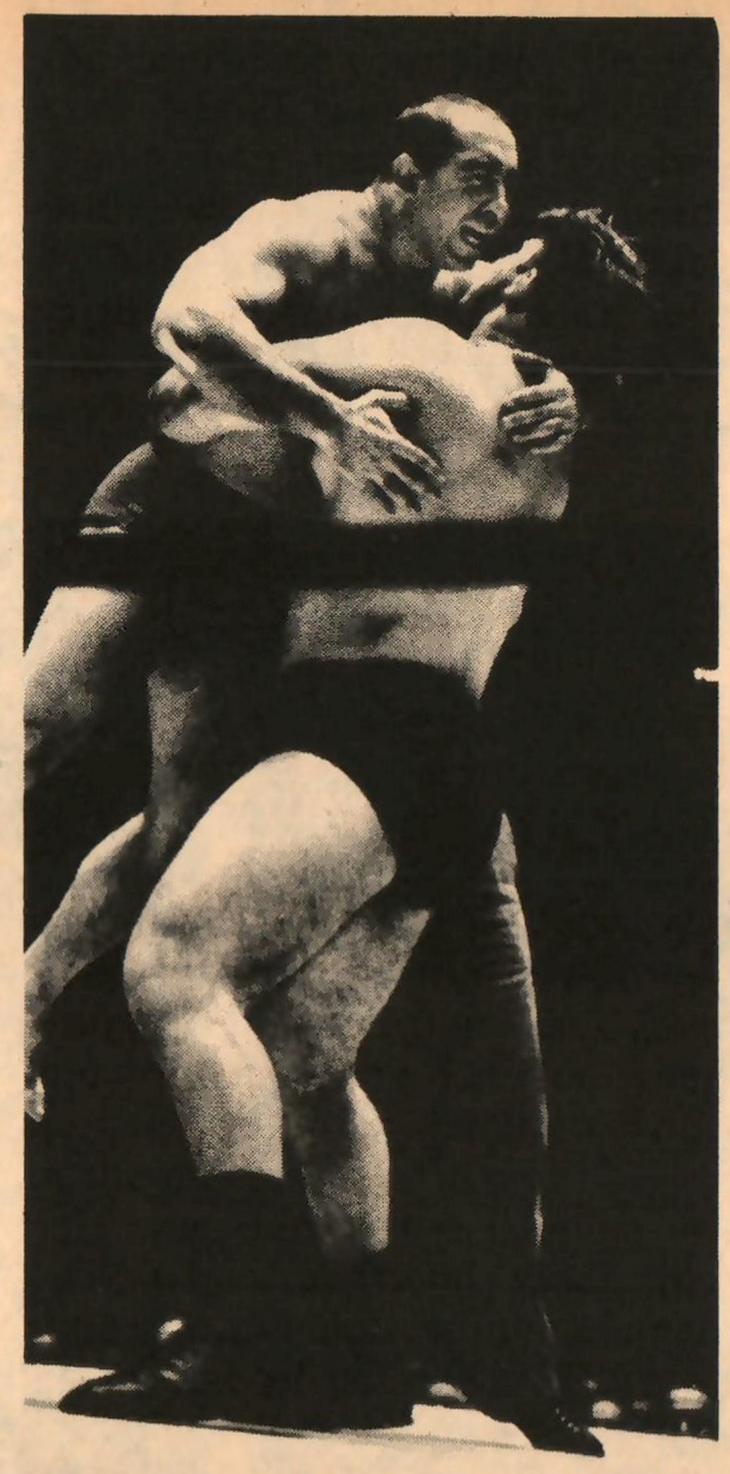
Waldo Von Erich seems to be threatening Sammartino even before their 1964 title bout in Toronto got under way. But Bruno, like the true champion he is, stands proudly erect while the referee displays his championship belt to crowd. Bout ended in a draw after 30 wild minutes. Left: His nose patched, Bruno enters Boston ring for 374th title bout.

(Text continued from Page 29)

mind, to please call you "The Italian Strong Man." For some reason, you don't like to be called "boy." But no matter what they called you, all of those big, tough steelworkers liked you. They thought a man with your extraordinary talents was wasting his time in the mills. "Bruno, you should be in the spotlight," one of your close friends at the mill told you. "The whole country should know about you. You should be famous—and rich, too."

You had that same feeling. But what could you do to get out of the mills? The first thing you did was to enter a weight lifting contest. Nobody could come even close to matching you in competition. One victory led to another, and in 1958 you were sent to Oklahoma City to compete in

The Amazing Zuma, one of wrestling's smallest men, rides Sammartino like a horse during 1959 match.



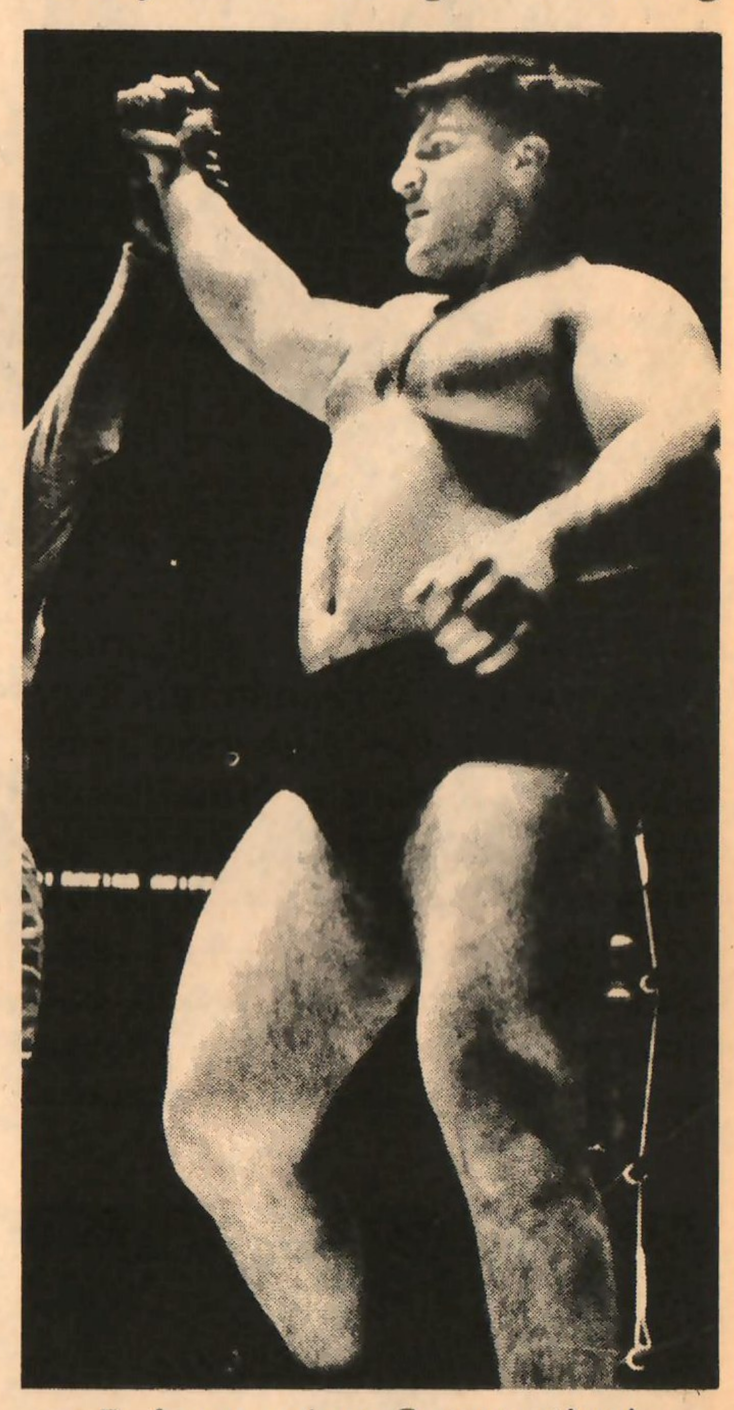
Zuma made Sammartino look slow by comparison, but when Bruno got him in a bear hug, that was the end.

the world's championship weight lifting contest. You won the title with an overhead lift of 540 pounds, an incredible feat which earned you the title of "World's Strongest Man."

But even so prestigious a title couldn't buy you a cup of coffee. Amateur championships are only good for gold-plated trophies. You put the big trophy they gave you in Oklahoma City on your bureau and went back to work in the steel mills.

It was during the summer of 1959 when a friend made the suggestion which would change the course of your life. "Bruno," your friend said, "you're still a young man, and to get anyplace in this world, a young man needs to have an education. Working in the steel mills is fine for men over thirty, but for you, no! Why don't you see if you can get into the University of Pittsburgh? It's a great school you know. Maybe they'll even give you a scholarship. I hear they're giving scholarships for just about everything these days. And you're the world's strongest man! That should be good for something."

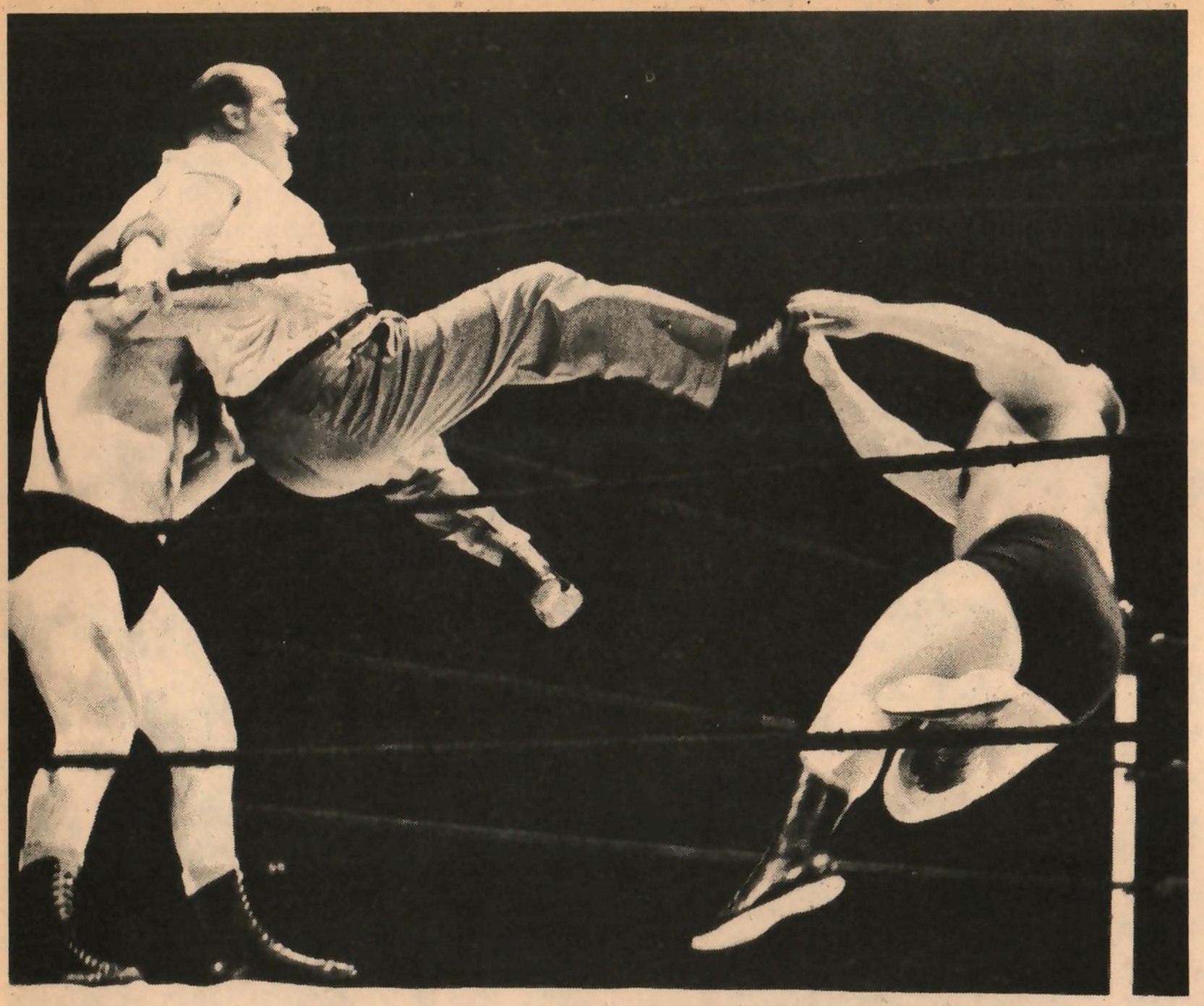
You took your friend's advice and went to see Rex Perry, University of Pittsburgh's wrestling



Referee raises Sammartino's mighty right arm after he defeated Zuma. "That little guy is great," said Bruno.

coach. You impressed Perry very much with your first demonstration on the mat. Yes, Mr. Perry would really like to have you on his team, and he would try to get you a scholarship.

Mr. Perry tried, but it didn't work. The language barrier and your unfamiliarity with American ways prevented you from passing the qualifying examinations. The coach was as disappointed as you were, but he did have a suggestion. He not only suggested that you become a professional wrestler—which had long been your



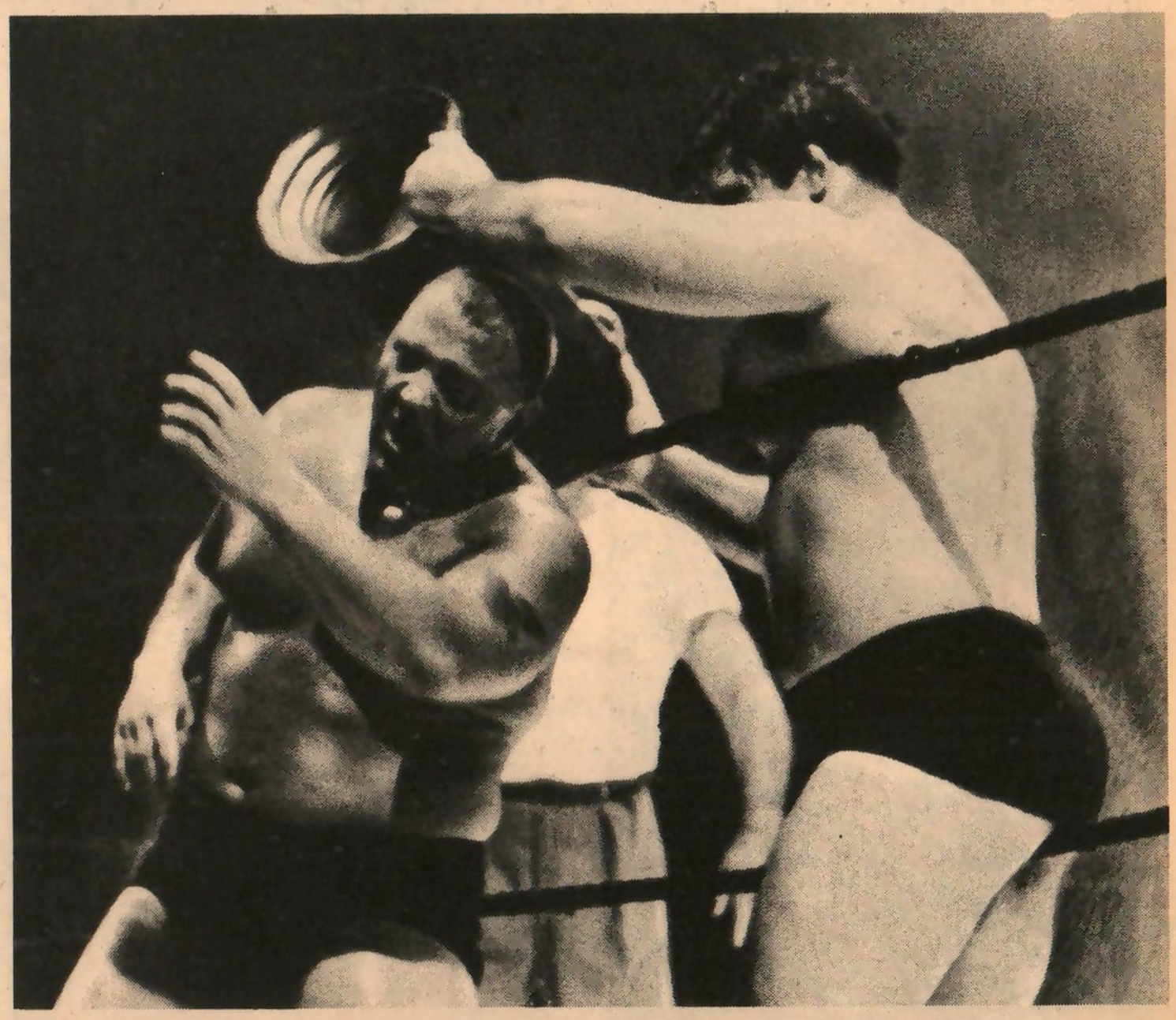
Rarely has Bruno Sammartino needed help from a referee. But in 1962 bout at Toronto against Bulldog Brower, Bruno welcomed an assist from referee Pat Flanagan (left). After Brower had blinded Bruno by rubbing a caustic powder he had hidden in his trunks into Sammartino's eyes, he locked Bruno in a corner and began beating him around the head. When Brower continued his savage attack despite the referee's warning, tough Pat Flanagan leaped into the air and rammed his feet into Bulldog's face. When he recovered, Bruno bounced a large butt can on Brower's head (below).

dream—he put you in touch with the right people. That was the key to what you are today Bruno, Mr. Perry's putting you in touch with the right people.

Those "right people" went popeyed when they got their first look at your tremendous body. You were very nervous as they looked at you and asked you questions. But, at the same time, you also knew you were "In."

On the night of December 17, 1959, you, Bruno Sammartino, barely able to speak English, made your professional debut as a wrestler in Pittsburgh. Your opponent was a gorilla-of-a-man named Dmitri Grabowski. Grabowski was a veteran of over 20 professional years on the mat, and there wasn't a thing he couldn't do as well as anybody in the business. A nervous tingle shot down your spine when you entered the ring, but Dmitri Grabowski lasted only 19 seconds before you pressed his broad shoulders down on the mat, flat as pancakes. It was beautiful!

That was the beginning, Bruno.



The beginning of a historic career for you not only in America, but throughout the world. Today, your name is as well known in Tokyo, London, Paris, Rome, Saigon and Sydney as it is in Pittsburgh, where you still live to this day because, as you so graciously put it, "The smell of the steel mills is like the smell of roses to me. I always want to be where I can enjoy it."

(Continued)

After that victory over Dmitri Grabowski, the promoters couldn't get enough of you. If they had their way, they would have put you in the ring 15 times a week. But you pleaded with them, "Gosh, I must have a little time to relax."

In your next 200 bouts, you lost only once—to Killer Kowalski in a bloodbath at Montreal. You will never forget that bout, Bruno. You will never understand Kowalski's savagery. You lost that bout not by having your shoulders pinned, or by giving up, but by disqualification, because you went absolutely berserk! You wanted to kill Kowalski, but the referee and five policemen restrained you. And you are most grateful to them because, after all, losing a wrestling match is nothing compared to being tried for murder!

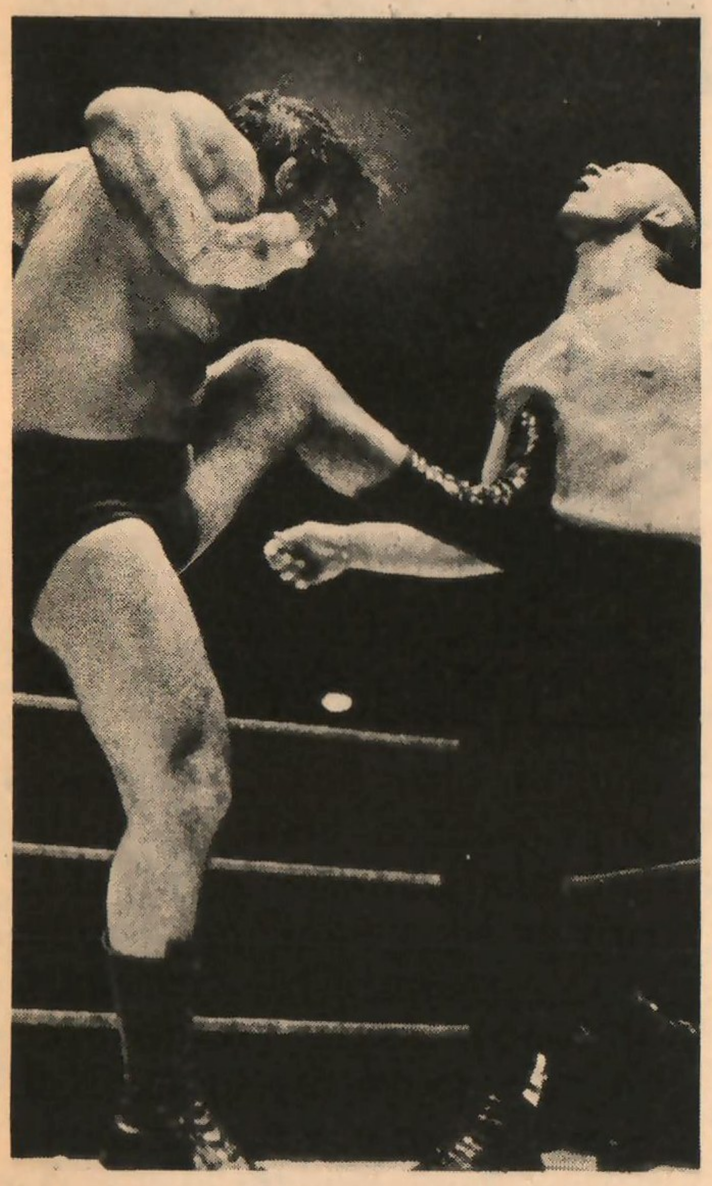
Of course, there would be other matches in which your opponents stirred you to such anger that you sometimes lost your self-control and blasted back with such fury that you suffered disqualifications. When you remember your savage wars (most of them turned into bloodbaths) with wildmen like Baron Von Rasche, Gene Kiniski, Gorilla Monsoon (who later became your tag team partner), Bulldog Brower, The Sheik, Fred Blassie and so many others of their sadistic breed, chills run up and down your spine and you wonder how you managed to stay alive.

Sure, you lost your temper after those animals kicked your face, kneed you in the groin, rammed their fingers into your eyes. You would not be human if you didn't fight fire with fire. But many times the referee thought you had gone too far and disqualified you. But you take those "losses" as part of your profession.

"I can't even remember fouling an opponent when I had full control of my emotions," you once said during a television interview. "Even when The Sheik came within a fraction of an inch of blinding me for life by sticking a long, sharp object into my right eye, I pleaded with the referee to do something. It was only after the referee shrugged off my pleas and ordered me to keep wrestling that I got hot and went to work on The Sheik."

When you say, "Went to work," Bruno, you are putting it mildly. You probably would have ripped The Sheik's arms out of their sockets had not the referee disqualified you and a squad of riot police rushed into the ring to pull you off your badly hurt and bewildered opponent.

His head wrapped in a towel to stop the flow of blood, Bruno is carried from Boston Garden on a stretcher. But a few minutes later, he roared back into the ring to win six-man tag team brawl by pinning Turo Tanaka.



Rarely has Bruno disliked anybody the way he dislikes Baron Von Rasche. Prodded to the point of explosion, he kicks the Baron's chest.

But those are chapters of your career which you try to erase from your mind. You like to remember what you call, "Those people who gave me pleasure." You have a deep affection for the men who molded your career and played key roles in making you a legend in your own time. You are deeply grateful to promoter Vince McMahon in particular, and to Toots Mondt, who was himself one of the greatest wrestlers who ever lived before he

entered the promotional ranks. You are grateful also to Arnold Skaoland, who has served as your close friend and manager for many years. There is also Boston promoter Abe Ford, whose skill revived Boston from obscurity to one of the great centers of wrestling, which, in turn, added to your own popularity.

And there are others for whom you hold warm spots in your big heart. You have a deep affection for Haystack Calhoun, whom you defeated in one of your early New York bouts. "Haystack is a terrific fellow," you have said many times. "I really enjoy being in his company." There is also little Zuma—only about five-feet 6 inches tall—but with the strength and agility of a mountain lion. You went into the ring with him one night in the early 1960's and were astonished by the things he did, like back-flips over your head, and lifting you up to the level of his shoulders.

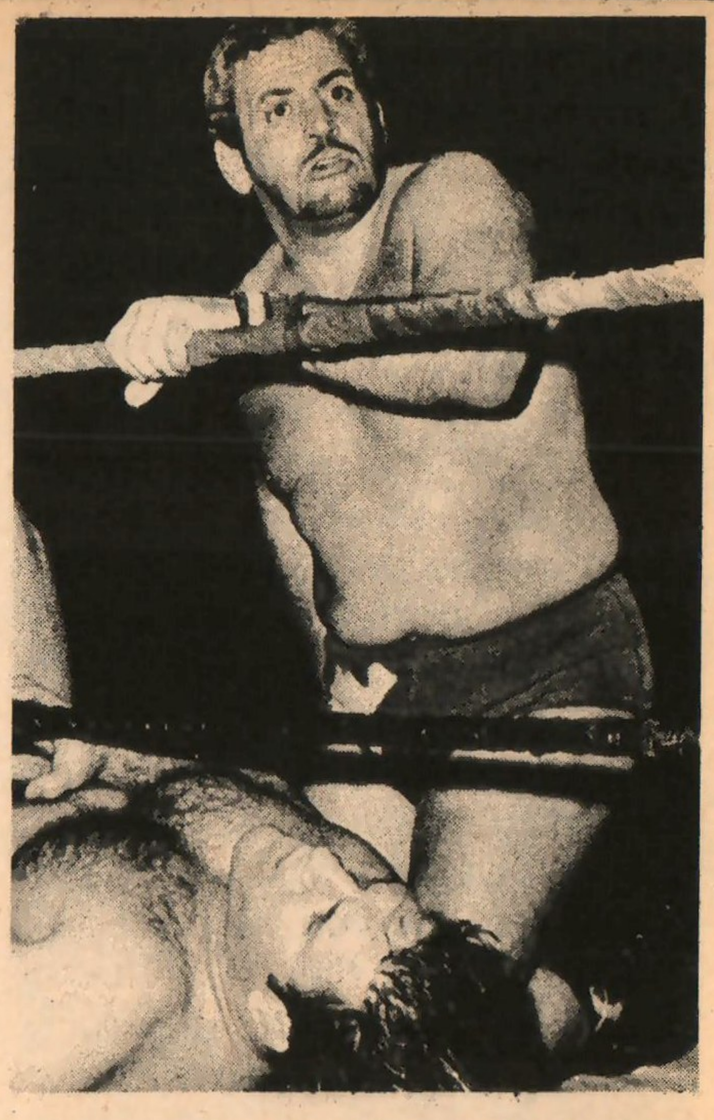
You are particularly fond of Argentine Apollo, who was your tag team partner for quite a long time. "What a nice kid he is," you say. "Apollo was one of the best partners I ever had. We really worked great together."

The great Antonino Rocca was another of your idols. He was raised in Argentina, but, like you, Rocca was born in Italy. And like you, his tremendous ability made him an American hero. But despite your respect for Rocca, the memory of one experience with him still raises the hair on the back of your neck.

On the night of October 24, 1960, with a noisy crowd of almost 19,000 looking on, you climbed into the Madison Square Garden ring to wrestle Rocca. He was the great hero at the time, while you were practically unknown. When Rocca stepped into the ring, the whole arena rocked with cheers and wishes of good luck—in English, Spanish and Italian. You were awed by the reception—for Antonino!

When you were introduced, there was a polite ripple of applause, which you acknowledged with a bow and meek smile. It was obvious all those people had come to see Rocca, and that you were, well, simply the great man's opponent of the evening. But you didn't mind. After all, who were you, a newcomer to wrestling, to edge into Rocca's spotlight? Why it was a great honor just to share the same ring with him.

But you had the crowd squirming as soon as the bell rang. Despite his wide edge in experience, you more than held your own, and when you locked him in your now famous bear hug you felt his body heave with convulsions and you watched his face turn red, then blue, then purple! He



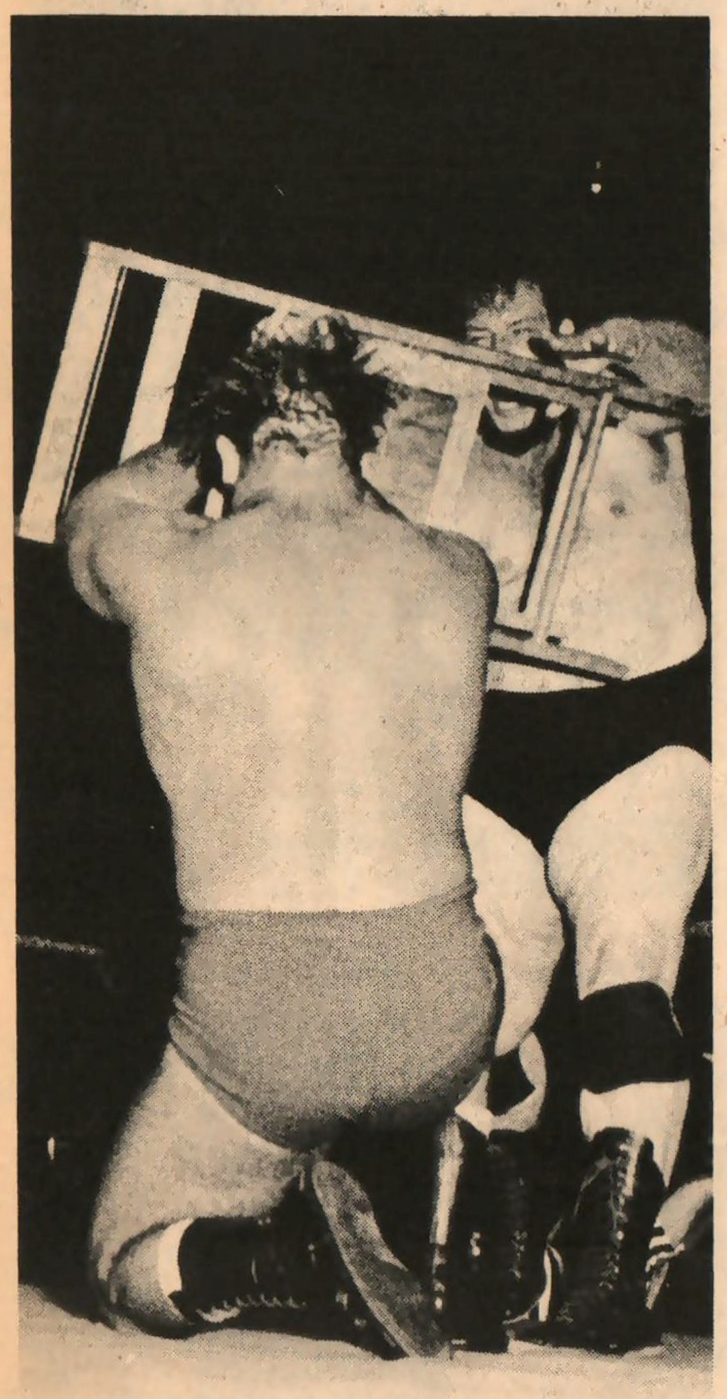
As Bruno squirms in agony, The Sheik hides sharp object he used back into his trunks.

cried out in agony when you slackened your grip to flip him higher in order to get your arms around his waist, for better leverage, and then he screamed when you increased the pressure.

You couldn't believe what was happening. You had Rocca on the brink of defeat! At this point in that historic match, Rocca did something which disappointed you more than it hurt you. He struck you in the face with his elbow, forcing you to release your hold.

After having a decided advantage over Rocca through the first 15 minutes of the bout, you pinned him into a corner and began working him over with bone shattering body blocks. Although such an attack is perfectly within the rules, referee Johnny Garrin ordered you to stop. You didn't understand the order and continued to ram your shoulder into Rocca's body. Garrin then motioned the timekeeper to ring the bell, signaling the end of the match. Then he raised Rocca's hand. The time: 18 minutes 48 seconds.

Naturally, you were terribly disappointed. It wasn't the fact that

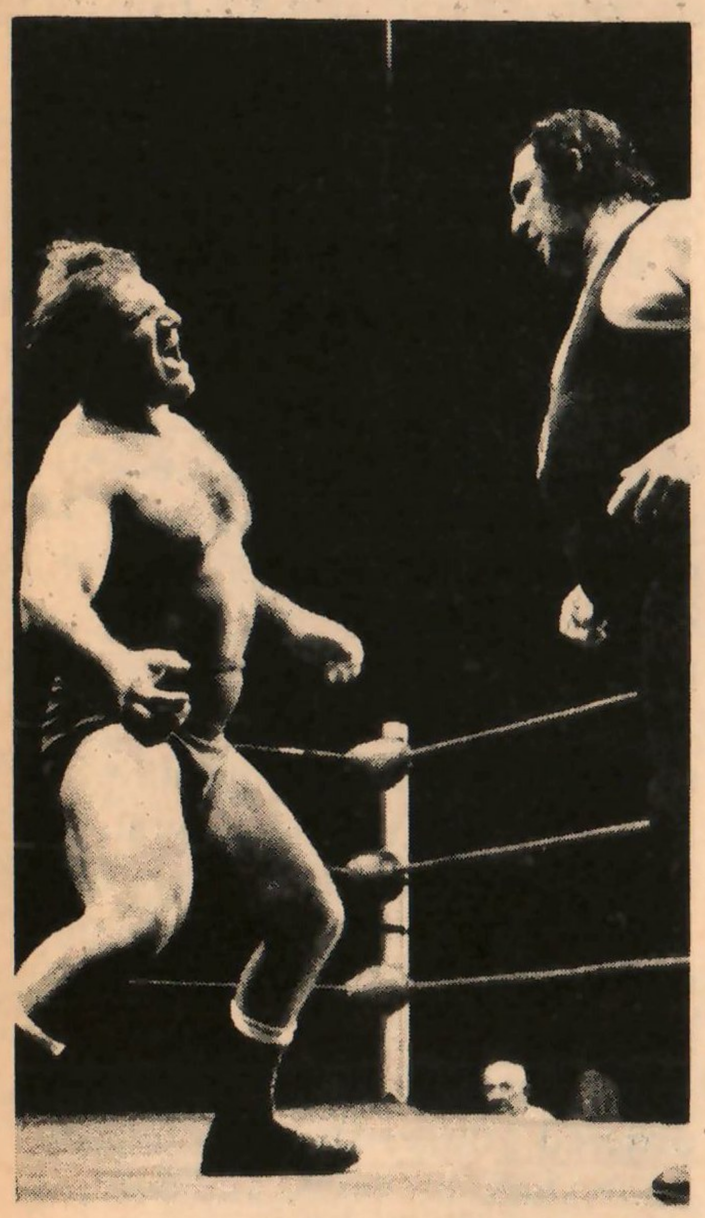


In that same six-man tag bout at Boston (opposite page), Gorilla Monsoon slammed a chair over Bruno's head, opening a deep gash in the forehead.

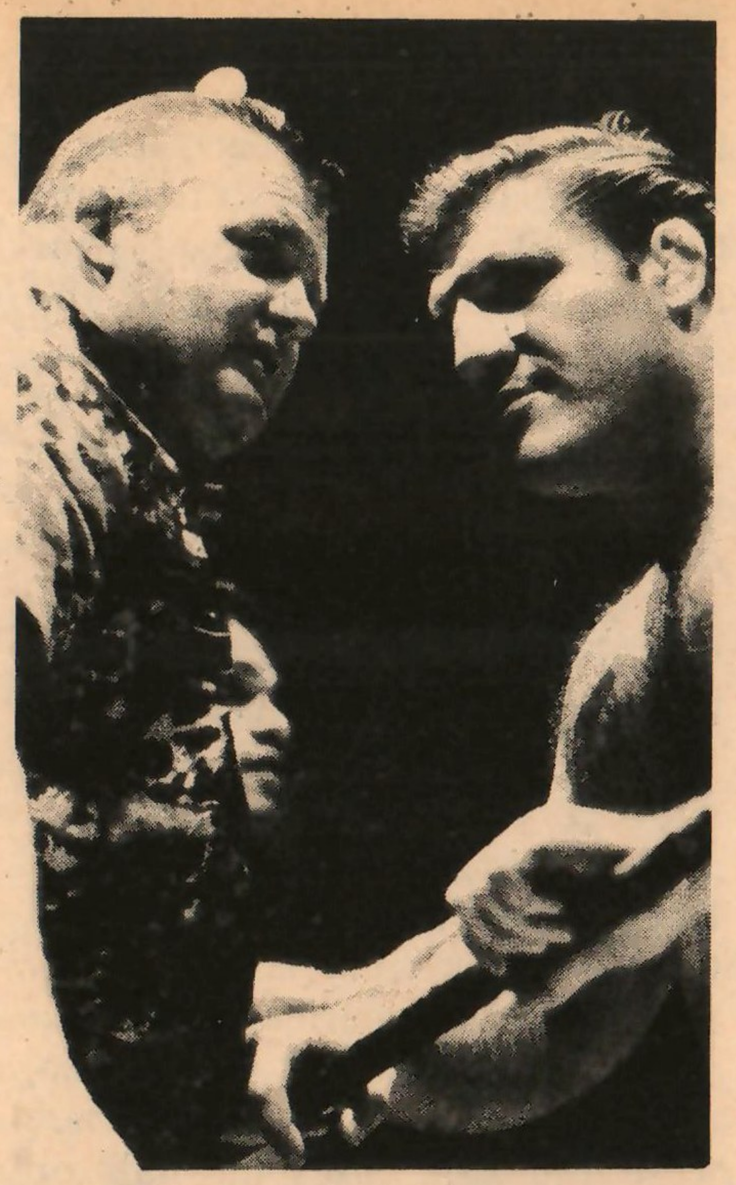
you lost, it was the way you lost that disturbed you. But there would be other matches with Rocca as you surged toward your date with destiny.

The highlight of your career, Bruno, came on May 20, 1963, in New York's Madison Square Garden. Your opponent that night was the great Buddy Rogers, long time holder of the world's heavyweight championship, and one of wrestling's all time Super Stars. Just as the Garden was filled to overflowing the night you wrestled Rocca, so it was on this night, too. And what that tremendous crowd saw was as electrifying as the dropping of the first atom bomb, and man's first step on the surface of the moon.

You shot out of your corner at the opening bell, rocked Rogers with three jolting elbow smashes, catapulted him into the



Sammartino steps back and lets out a roar of rage after being kicked by Karl Kovacs. Bruno then won Wash., D.C., bout, July/70.

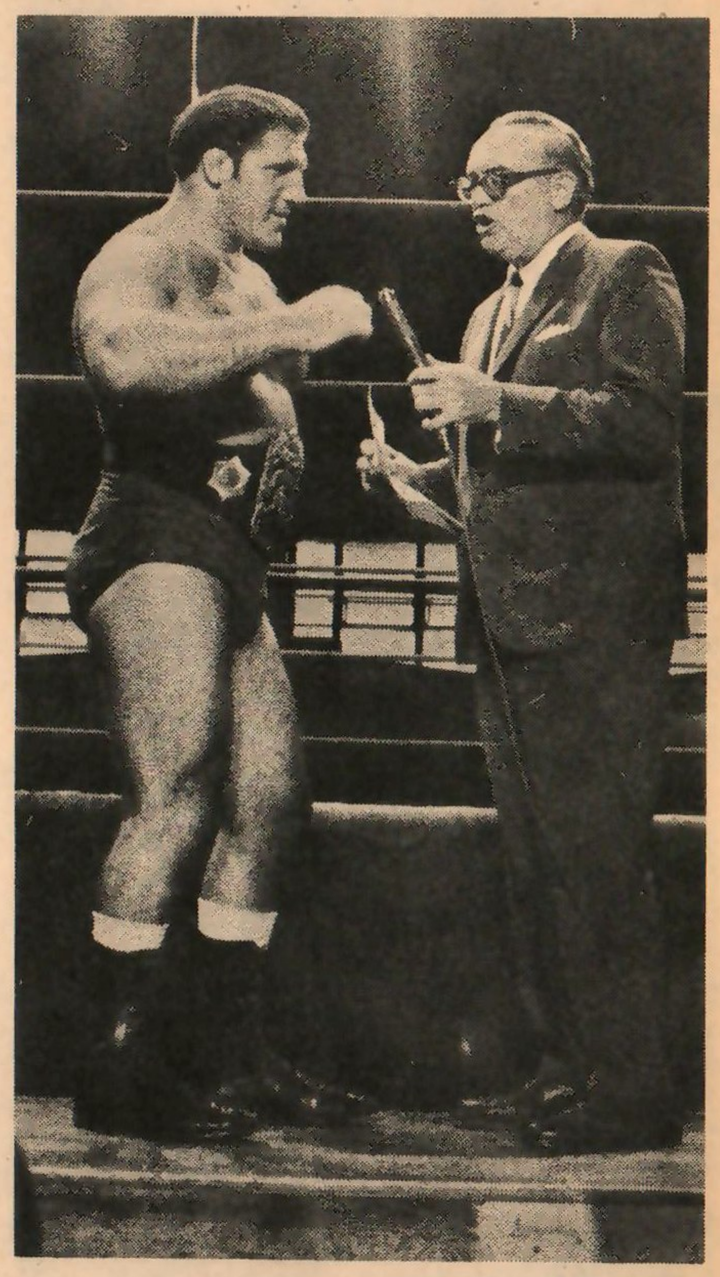


Sammartino receives some last minute advice from manager Arnold Skaoland.

ring post and then pulled him into your arms. Before Buddy realized what had happened, he was locked in your deadly bear hug. You squeezed until he went limp, then you switched to a back-breaker, just to make sure you had him beaten. You hoisted him high in the air, body-slammed him, then pressed his shoulders to the mat. The time of your astonishing victory was exactly 48 seconds, one of the shortest title bouts in history. And with that victory went the World Wide Wrestling Federation Heavyweight Championship, the glowing title you still hold.

Being champion, Bruno, is the realization of a life long dream. But it hasn't been a bed of roses, has it? Only you and those closest to you are aware of the suffering and sacrifices you have and must still endure. You can't begin to remember all those times it took a superhuman effort just to walk up the steps leading into the ring because your body ached from the pains of the bout the night before. You would gladly have paid a whole month's income for one night off. But champions have obligations to promoters and to their fans. They have no choice. They must go on!

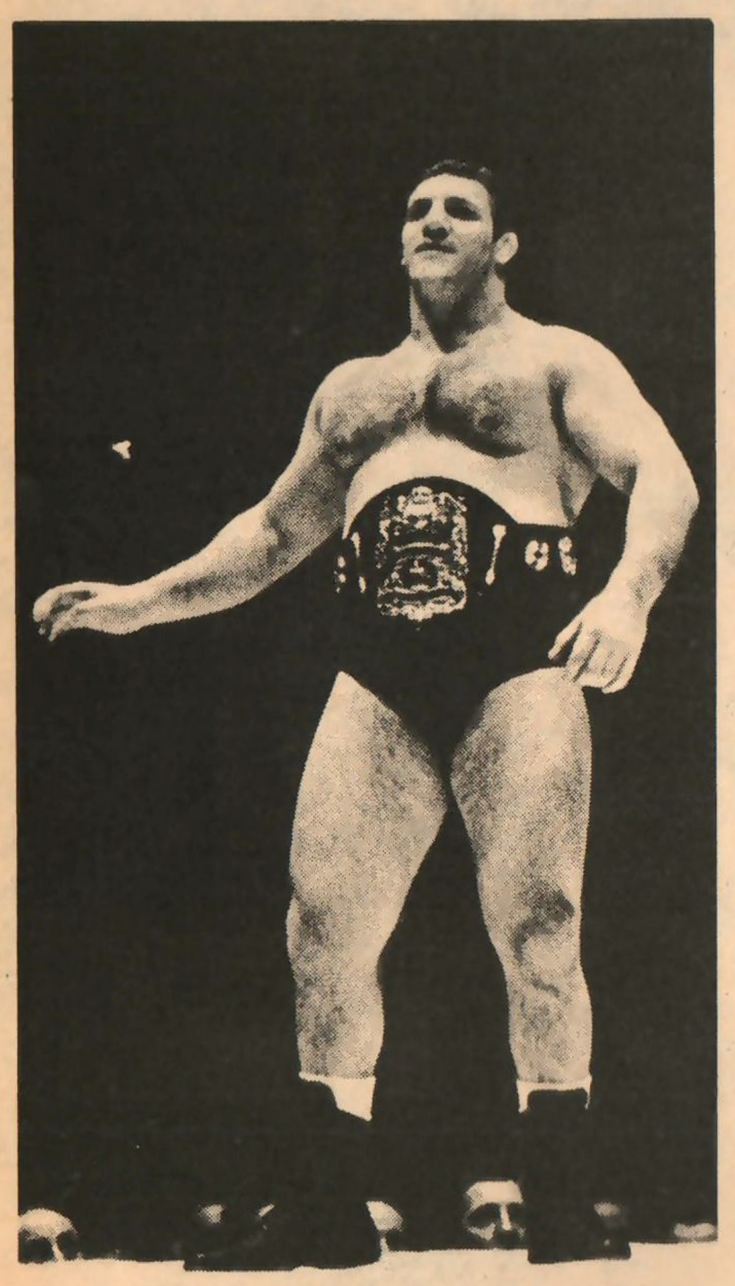
You had to go on the night of October 21, 1968, in New York. That was the night you came closest to not fulfilling a contract. And if you had not shown up, nobody would have blamed you. Your beloved wife, Carol, had just undergone major surgery and you knew your place was at her bedside. Also, on the two



The champion is interviewed by his favorite announcer, Ray Morgan, in Washington.

previous nights, you had made two particularly brutal title defenses against two very tough opponents. In one of those bouts, you pulled a shoulder muscle, and in the other, you suffered a deep gash on your leg when you fell out of the ring and hit the apron. Besides all that, a severe head cold was interfering with your breathing. And as if all that wasn't enough, your scheduled opponent on that night of October 21 was probably the most dangerous of all your challengers, The Sheik!

Left to right: Promoter Vince McMahon, Toots Mondt and Sammartino pose for pictures after special dinner honoring the champion in 1968. Although he looks at ease in formal clothes, Bruno says, "I'd much rather be wearing my wrestling trunks than a tuxedo." Sammartino gives much of the credit for his fabulous success to McMahon and Mondt. "I am eternally grateful to Vince and Toots," Bruno says.



The sight that has thrilled millions; Bruno Sammartino, wearing his championship belt, stepping to mid-ring.

Even promoter Vince McMahon, who stood to lose a great deal of money if you didn't wrestle, told you to take the night off and stay with Carol. But putting your personal feeling behind what you consider your professional obligations, you pulled your aching body into the ring and wrestled The Sheik.

You held your own for the first eight minutes of the match. But then a booming shoulder butt knocked you out on the ring apron. The Sheik raced after you, hammering your face until you were dazed. You battled back on instinct alone, forcing The Sheik to back off. But you didn't stop there. In a blind fit of rage you went at him again, battering him from one corner of the ring to the other. Three times the referee ordered you to stop. When you still continued your attack, you were disqualified. Fortunately, a champion can't lose his title by disqualification, but you staggered out of the ring, bitterly disappointed that you may have let down your army of fans.

Within an hour after you left the ring, you were at your wife's bedside, comforting her with a tenderness more befitting a priest than a champion wrestler. And perhaps therein lies the key to your unprecedented popularity; your fans sense the great tenderness that beats beneath your tremendous body, and they idolize you because of it.

You are one of the highest paid athletes in the world, Bruno, but money isn't important to you. "What is money compared to happiness?" you ask. Of course your money has bought comfort and security for you, Carol and your three sons, David, Daniel and Darrell. For that you will always be grateful.

"All I am and all I have today," you willingly admit, "I owe to wrestling. It is my life, my love. I hope that in some small way I will be able to repay it for what it has done for me..."

You have already repayed wrestling, Bruno. In fact, the world has stamped your bill, "Paid in Full." □

VIVIAN VACHON

MAD DOG'S SOMEDAY SHE'S

Vivian Vachon used to feint at the sight of blood. But, wow, how she's changed! Even her two wild brothers, Mad Dog and Butcher, are startled when they see her ripping a victim to pieces. "It runs in the family," gloats Mad Dog. "We're very proud of our Vivian."

BABY SISTER... GOING TO KILL!

MAD DOG VACHON

Opposite page: Vivian (white suit) sends Betty Boucher flying head-first into the ropes. The jolting impact dazed Boucher to the point where she was forced to conceed the fall. Vivian (right), although very powerful, is still a stunningly attractive young woman. While she is partial to mini dresses and skirts, she can, as one of her many admirers put it, "Look terrific even if she is wearing a potato sack."

NOBODY, NOT THE fans nor anybody connected with wrestling ever thought it necessary to sing *Stay Just As Sweet As You Are* to beautiful, blonde Vivian Vachon. Everybody took it for granted that lovable, ladylike Vivian would never change. They only wondered how such a thoroughly nice girl could have the same mother and father as her two brothers—the most vicious wrestlers in the world today: "Mad Dog" and "Butcher" Vachon.

Vivian, a fashion model, was well known in wrestling circles because, whenever her busy modeling schedule permitted, she would visit whatever arena her brothers were wrestling at. But here's the kicker: Vivian never *watched* those matches.

"I just couldn't stand to see anybody hurt," she wailed. Instead, she always waited in the promoter's office until her brothers got through. Then she'd take them back to her apartment, fuss over them and minister to their wounds. Had it not been for that, one would have had the definite impression that softhearted Vivian would have fainted at the

sight of blood. Even "Mad Dog" appreciated his sister's tender care enough to say, "Someday she'll make a wonderful wife and mother for some lucky guy."

But that was several years ago. All that's changed now. Surprise Number One: Vivian gave up modeling to become a professional wrestler. Shock Number Two: Her merciless, brutal treatment of hapless opponents makes her brothers seem like a pair of Good Samaritans. Today, *vicious* Vivian Vachon is the most feared woman in wrestling.

What happened to change Vivian's personality? Is the new Vivian the *real* Vivian, or was a streak of sadism always there, lurking beneath the sweet, tender demeanor?

You are curious, so you make a date to interview her. You meet her in a hotel lobby and are amazed. She is demurely dressed, in excellent taste. And she appears to be the same lovely, ladylike charmer when you talk to her. Until you start talking about wrestling!

Then Jekyll becomes Hyde. Her fists tighten, her eyes turn into slits of hatred. She snarls between clenched teeth and she spews her pet hates—"Mean Patti" Neilson, the hefty lass who gave her the worst beating of her career in her debut match; and Rita Boucher, who Vivian maintains "Doublecrossed me!"

"They're a rotten, no-good pair," Vivian grated. "I'll kill them both in one night. I wouldn't even wait to get 'em in the ring. Just let me catch 'em on the street. Or in an alley..." Her breath came in gasps. Her chest heaved with the hate boiling inside.

You wait till she quiets down, then you ask, "What made you take up wrestling?"

"More money in it than in modeling," she says.

"But you were so nice and sweet before..." You leave the question incomplete, waiting for her reaction.

Anger flashes in her eyes again. Her fists tighten with fury. "I am *still* ladylike and sweet," she hisses. "And I'd wrestle clean, only the other girls won't let me. It's those lousy so-and-so's, Patti and Rita—they started it..."

You remember now. You were

Vachon pulls at Boucher's suit in order to increase her leverage while trying for a pin. Soon after this picture was taken, however the referee forced Vivian to release the hold.

at ringside that night of her first match, with Patti Neilson . . .

"Mean Patti" is probably the strongest woman in wrestling. She stands 5' 10" and weighs about 170. By contrast, Vivian, who's 5' 8" and weighs no more than 140, appeared delicate when she entered the ring and stripped off her bathrobe. Her skin was soft and lovely and you wanted to reach out and cuddle her, to protect her from that Amazon in the other corner.

Your fears were soon confirmed. The bell rang and Patti rushed across the ring, trapping Vivian in her corner. Patti raised Vivian in the air as if she were a feather and slammed her to the mat. You thought you could hear bones crunch.

An experienced wrestler would have rolled out of the way. But Vivian just lay there on her back, wide open for Patti's follow-up.

The larger girl pounced with her knees on Vivian's stomach. You could hear the breath swoosh out of her. She was barely conscious.

Patti picked her helpless victim up and whirled her to the mat with an airplane spin. Then she lifted the inert body again and smashed Vivian to the mat with a body slam.

At this point, "Mean Patti" did an amazing thing. Instead of pinning Vivian, she tenderly lifted her in her arms and carried her around the ring, crooning softly to Vivian and gently slapping her cheeks to revive her. When Vivian began to regain consciousness, Patti quickly smashed her to the canvas with another body slam.

The blood-curdling performance was repeated over and over—"Mean Patti" keeping Vivian just conscious enough to suffer. Finally, after about 10 minutes of this cruelty, Vivian's misery was ended when Patti tired of her sport and applied the pin. They had to carry the badly beaten beauty to her dressing room. Vivian spent a week in the hospital, a dreadful souvenir of her first match.

Remembering that massacre, we marveled that Vivian bore no scars on her shapely body. And we began to understand her

(Continued on page 64)

The strained expression on Vivian's face reflects the tremendous amount of pressure she is putting into this scissors hold on Boucher. Because of her great leg power, the scissors is her pet hold.

Take Your Choice!
GUNS OR CHAINS?

By Herman W. Marshall

GET HIM, WAHOO! GET HIM

Texans never walk away from a fight. And that goes, in spades, for Texas wrestlers! So when Wahoo McDaniel and Boris Malenko became involved in a violent personal feud, they settled it—"Texas Style." And the Lone Star state hasn't been the same since!

"TEXAS STYLE!"

The two pictures on these pages clearly illustrate the murderous kind of weapon an iron chain can be in the hands of a maniac like Boris Malenko. Notice the streams of blood pouring down the battered face of Wahoo McDaniel.

BOOM! ED "WAHOO" McDaniel hit the mat with a terrifying thud. His opponent, Boris "The Great" Malenko, strutted around his fallen victim and held up a long, heavy cane to show fans exactly what had smashed in Wahoo's skull. The crowd jeered angrily. After all, the opening bell hadn't even sounded yet!

Texas feuds run deep. Outside the ring, many arguments are still settled with six-shooters. And inside the ring, as Malenko brutally pointed out, you're liable to find wrestlers using any weapons they can get their hands on.

Ask promoter Floyd Emerson of Corpus Christi, Texas, who's

also a Detective Sergeant of Homicide. He's seen murder on both sides of the ropes. "Some wrestlers," Emerson says, "take their matches much too personal. And that can get pretty bloody!"

Floyd Emerson could have been talking about Wahoo McDaniel and Boris Malenko, whom he matched in Corpus Christi after hearing about their previous bloodbaths. Emerson, you see, has glowing plans to make Corpus Christi the wrestling capital of the world. And after that incredible match between McDaniel and Malenko, Floyd and Corpus Christi are off to a flying start.

Wahoo and Boris had been feuding all across the wide state of Texas. They had allowed their professional hostilities to mushroom into a violent personal grudge, and there were things a lot more important than winning on their minds when they put their signatures to Emerson's contract. They were out for each other's blood, and this match would settle everything! Or would it?

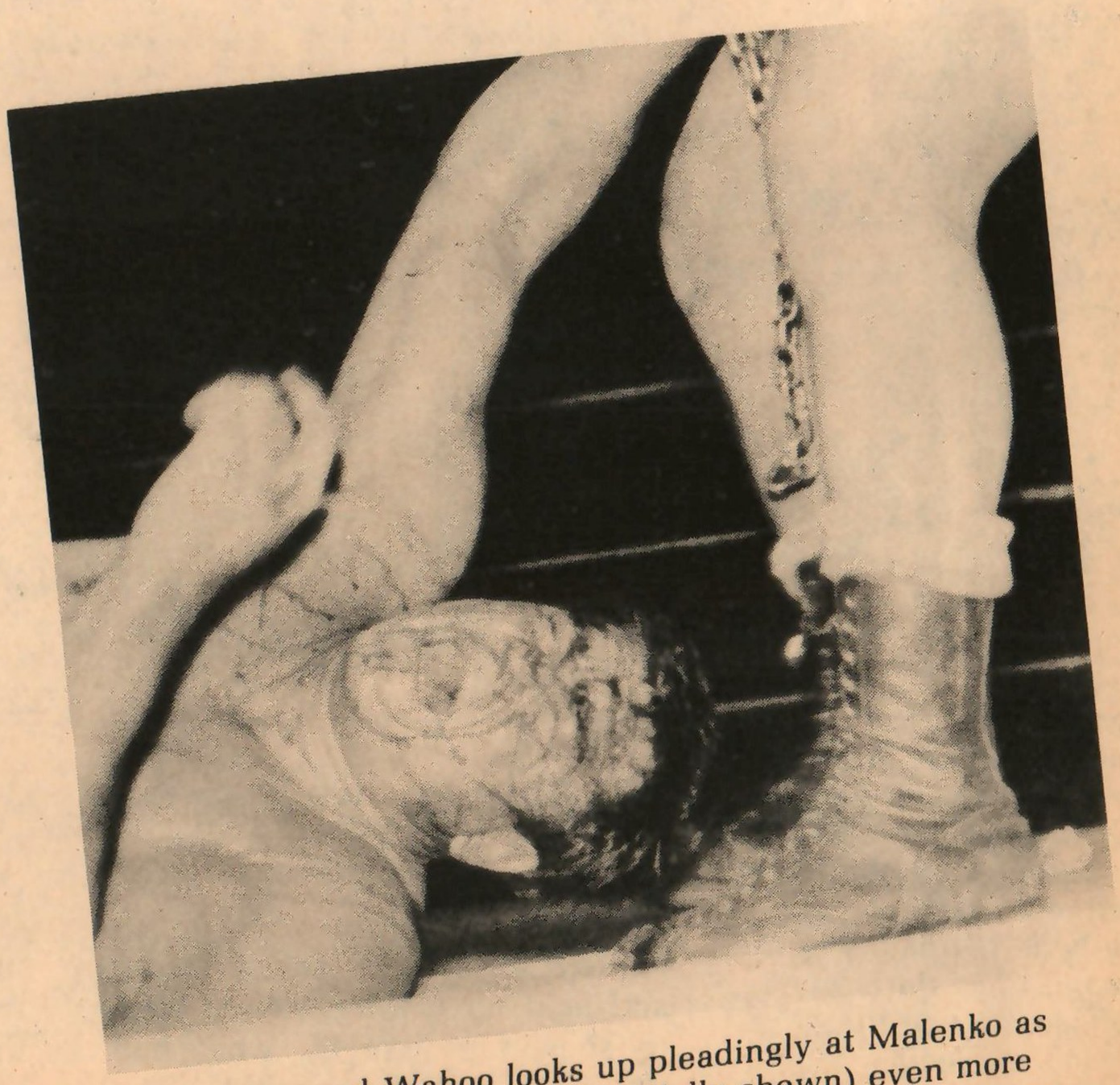
Wahoo came right to the point in a pre-bout interview. "I am a professional athlete, and that means I'm not afraid of anybody! I don't run away from challenges. I meet 'em all more than half way!"

Floyd Emerson had asked the two wrestlers if they would agree to a chain match. Both quickly accepted, eager for the chance to leave an impression on the other guy's skull.

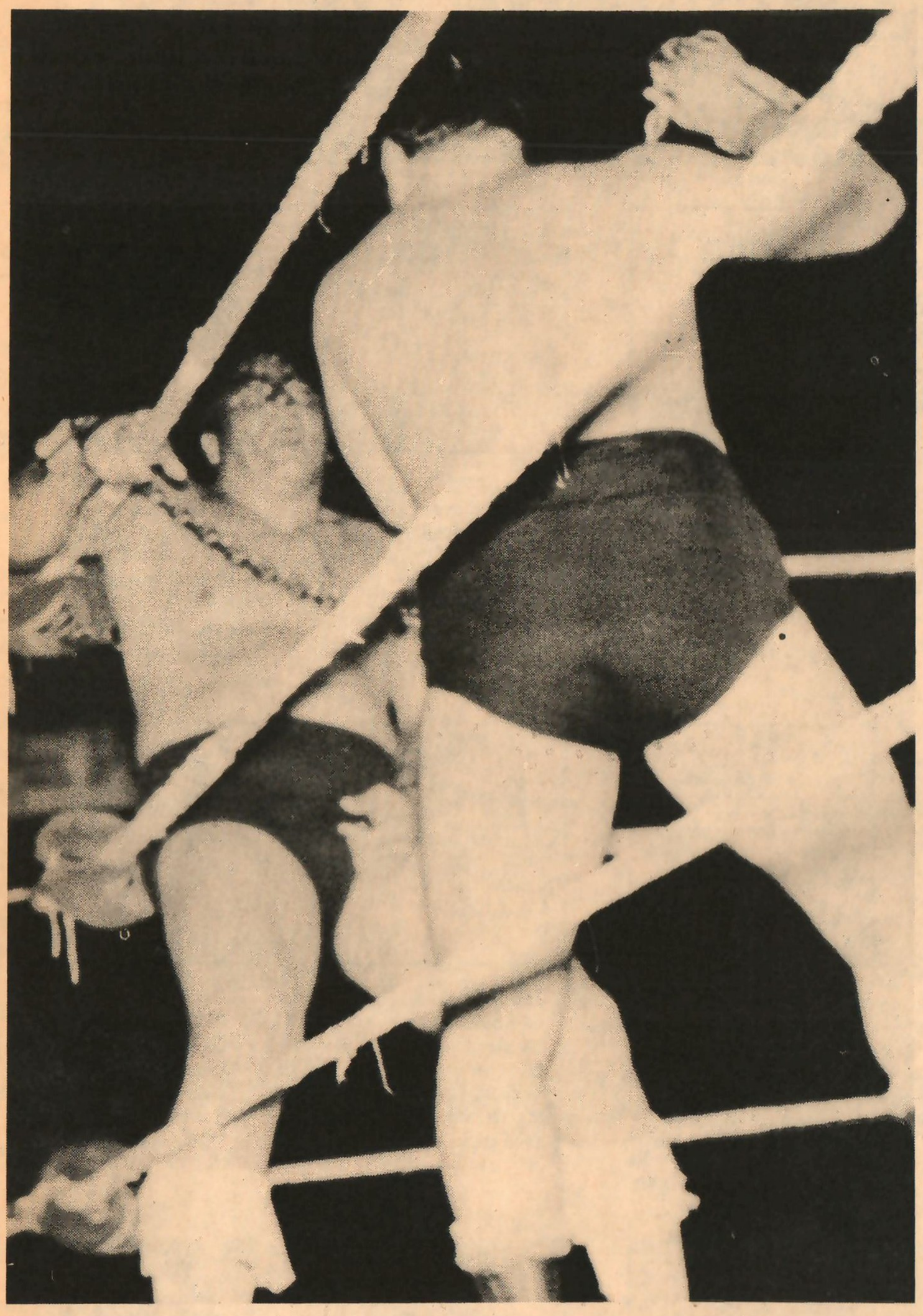
Many fans were terrified. The popular Wahoo, they thought, would be risking his life in a chain bout with Malenko. Wahoo had a good thing going for himself in Texas, and this one grudge match could finish him. But Wahoo wouldn't listen to the pleading of his fans.

The crowd that turned out to see the match was expecting one of the wrestlers to be chained to death. Everyone knew Wahoo and Malenko were in the ring to prove something to each other.

Even during the introductions, Boris Malenko has firm possession of the cane (note how he holds it behind his back). This weapon was to play a major role in match.



The battered Wahoo looks up pleadingly at Malenko as Boris pulls the iron chain (partially shown) even more tightly around McDaniel's wrist. Wahoo yelled in agony.



Wahoo looked as if he was ready for the hospital after Malenko kneed him in the stomach, bulled him into a corner, then started to beat him around the head and mid-section with the chain. Screamed one woman at ringside: "Stop it! For Heaven's sake stop it before he gets killed!"

In a word, it was going to be a bloodbath!

Malenko drew first blood **before** the bell rang. Sneaking up behind the unsuspecting Wahoo, the wild Russian brought his hidden cane cracking down on Wahoo's skull. When Wahoo was finally able to stand, he was so groggy he could hardly hear the opening bell.

Malenko capitalized on his treachery. He controlled the match for the first few minutes. After shoulder-butting the dazed Wahoo, Malenko applied the chain to Wahoo's forehead, opening a deep, jagged wound. But even though Malenko was in charge, he could not drag Wahoo around the mat twice, which is the requirement for victory in chain bouts.

While Malenko stood over Wahoo, exasperated, Wahoo lunged for his legs. He succeeded in toppling the furious Russian, then went to work with his own chain. He gouged the chain into Malenko's chest, drawing vivid red welts to the surface. Then Wahoo tried unsuccessfully to drag Malenko around the mat for the victory. But Boris was not about to be bullied that easily.

Lord Charles Montague, Boris' manager, yelled encouragement to Malenko. But then Wahoo started his war dance, shaking the ring with his rhythm, and Malenko knew his "cane" strategy had not paid off. Wahoo still had the strength of ten men, and the war dance was the spark that triggered off the violent explosion.

Wahoo turned on Malenko and they met head-on with their chains. First Malenko took the brunt of the beating, then Wahoo. But Malenko's spirit had been killed by Wahoo's remarkable recovery, and now Boris just wanted to get out of the ring alive!

Wahoo put the chain to Malenko's belly, chest and head. Then, with blood pouring down into his eyes from that deep head wound, Wahoo tied up the Russian and dragged him around the ring twice; once to humiliate Malenko, and once to beat him!

It was a big win for Wahoo, and a giant step towards getting a crack at Johnny Valentine's Texas Championship. But there are other wrestlers in Texas who are also gunning for Valentine's belt. Men like Killer Kox, Killer Kowalski and Mil Mascaras are all eyeing that prized trophy.

Yes, it was a big win for Wahoo. He made his point. And we don't think anyone's going to argue about it.

W-a-h-o-o!

□

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I like ☐ Good Guys ☐ Bad Guys

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Will You Write To Pen Pals In Foreign Lands _____

You Have My Permission To Print My Picture.

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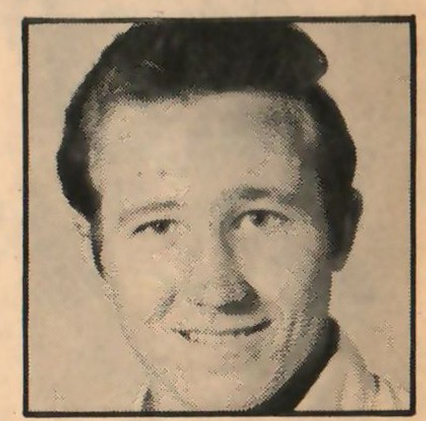
(Sign Your Name)

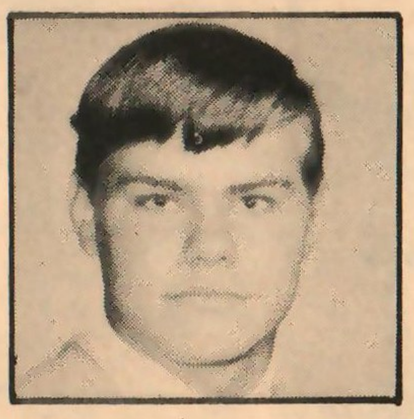
JOHNNY GILMORE (15)
224 E. 43rd st.
Chicago, IL. 60653
Likes to wrestle. Man Mountain Mike his favorite. Likes bad guys. Anyone for pen pals.

KENT RYMER (13)
Yawkey, WV. 25573
Likes football, wrestling. J C. Dykes his favorite. Likes bad guys. Wants girls for pen pals.

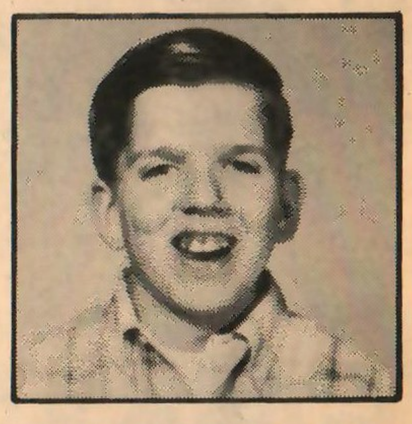


ROLLIE ANDERSON (18)
Star Rt. Box 91
Ferriday, LA. 71334
Likes football. Favorite is Danny Hodge. Likes good guys. Girls, 15-20, for pen pals.

SUSAN DAIL (13)
Rt. 1 Box 359
Davenport, FL. 33837
Likes horse-back riding. Favorite is Chris Markoff. Likes good guys. Wants girl wrestlers for PPs.



TED HUFF (16)
P.O. Box 464
St. Stephen, SC. 27479
Likes art, swimming, football. Favorite is Mr. Wrestling. Likes good guys. Anyone for pen pals.



DAVID BROWN (12)
2422 Grape St.
Joliet, IL. 60435
Likes car racing, model cars. Red Bastien favorite. Likes good guys. Nice pen pals.

DON MORRIS (13)
Rt. 1
Kingslands, GA. 31548
Likes horseback riding. Thunderbolt Patterson his favorite. Likes good guys. Boys for pen pals.

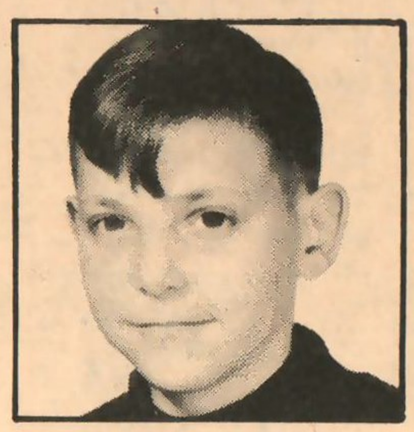
PETER BORODIN (11)
144-33 87 Rd.
Jamaica, NY. 11435
Likes sports, stamps. Bruno his favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone his age for PPs.

CINDY POETA (21)
91 St. Box 38
Rossiter, PA. 15772
Likes bowling, wrestling. Johnny DeFazio her favorite. Likes good guys. Nice people for PPs.

PALS

Produced by
JEFFREY SUPER

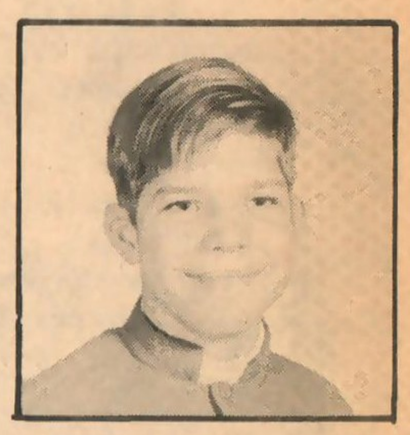
PATRICIA McSWAIN (12)
320 W. Cresap St.
Lakeland, FL. 33801
Likes swimming. Jack Brisco her favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for pen pals.



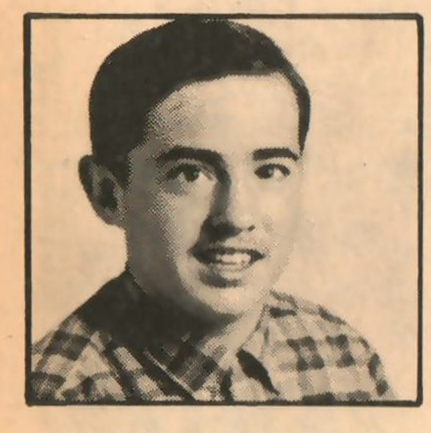
DON SHANDOF (9)
2608 Memphis
El Paso, TX. 79930
Likes drawing, football, comics. Favorite is Dr. X. Likes good and bad guys. anyone, 7-11, for PPs.

MANUEL CERVANTES (11)
2410 Terry
Houston, TX. 77009
Likes to fish. Johnny Valentine his favorite. Likes bad guys. Boys his age for pen pals.

IRL SHORE (13)
5918 Washington Ave.
Phila., PA. 19143
Likes good music, girls. Victor Rivera his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Pretty girls for PPs.

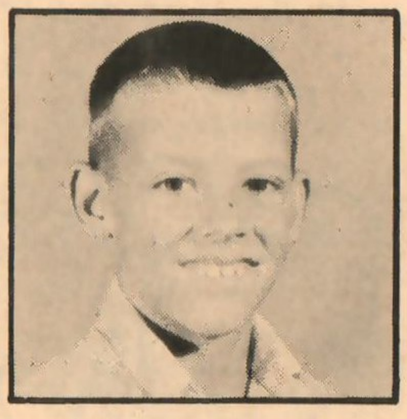


JOE ROZANSKI (11)
5009 N. Nottingham
Chicago, IL. 60656
Likes baseball, football. Ed Carpentier his favorite. Likes good guys. Boys & girls for pen pals.



JAMES BURT (13)
7 James St.
Woburn, MA. 01801
Likes baseball, football. Bruno his favorite. Likes good guys. Boys his age for pen pals.

EARL HOWES (28)
620 So. 9 St. Apt. 19
Minneapolis, MN. 55404
Likes wild animals, music, sports. Favorite is Reggie Lisowski. Anyone over 15 for PPs.



BILLY McCLUNG (11)
615 N. Commercial
St. Clair, MO. 63077
Likes swimming, wrestling. Favorite is Jack Brisco, Likes good guys. Anyone for pen pals.

DIANA PRIEGO (13)
328 George Ave.
El Paso, TX. 79915
Collects wrestling books. Dory Funk Jr. her favorite. Likes good guys. Funk fans for pen pals.

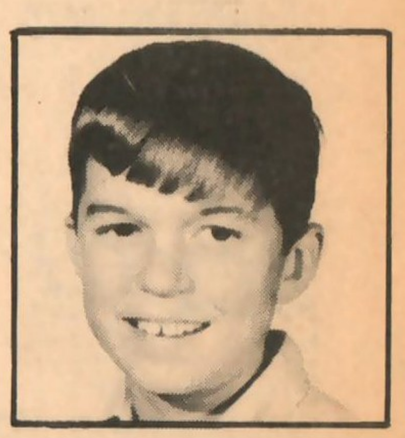
ROBIN KYDD (14)
R.R. 2 Ulbridge, Ontario, Canada
Likes hockey, skiing, sports. Gene Kiniski his favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for pen pals.

LARRY MILLER (27)
P.O. Box 67
Nolanville, TX. 76559
Likes photography, writing. Ernie Ladd his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls 21-27 for pen pals.

BOB RYAN (28)
P.O. Box 432
Marietta, GA. 30060
Likes music, sport cars. Bruno his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls over 18 for pen pals.

VITO ROTUNDI (18)
288 Carter
Wood Dale, IL. 60691
Likes cars, sports, girls. Favorites are Bruiser and Crusher. Likes bad guys. Girls, 16-20, for pen pals.

DEBBIE HAAGENSON (11)
1319 25 Ave.
Greeley, CO. 80631
Big wrestling fan. Likes Red Bastien, Pepper Gomez. Likes good and bad guys. Anyone for PPs.



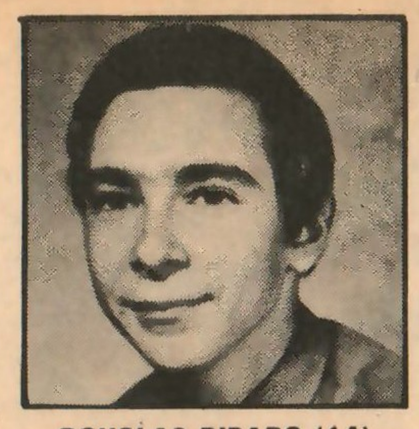
KEIFFER PHILLIPS (14)
6156 Blossman Rd.
Toledo, OH. 43615
Likes baseball, racing. Verne Gange his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls for PPs.

(Continued)

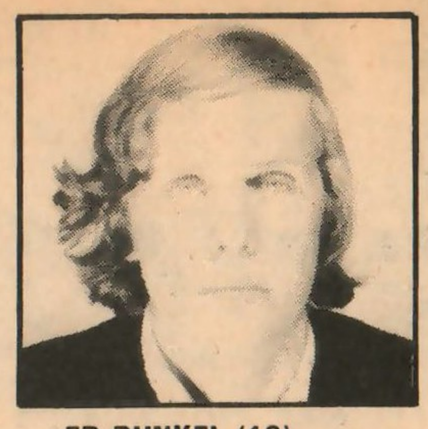
PEN PALS (Continued)

MIKE COBB (14)
3743 Brownley Dr.
Macon, GA. 31206
Likes all sports. Favorite is Joe Scarpa. Likes good guys. Anyone 12-14 for pen pals.

JOHN SCHULTZ (12)
45-31 215 Place
Bayside, NY. 11361
Likes all sports. Favorite is Bruno. Likes good guys. Girls, age 12, write.



DOUGLAS DIPADO (14)
2300 Olinville Ave.
New York, NY. 10467
Likes basketball. Spyros Arion his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls, 14-16, for pen pals.



ED DUNKEL (18)
1838 N. Wilton Pl.
Hollywood, CA. 90028
Likes girls, dancing, groovin'. Freddie Blassie his favorite. Likes bad guys. Cute girls for pen pals.

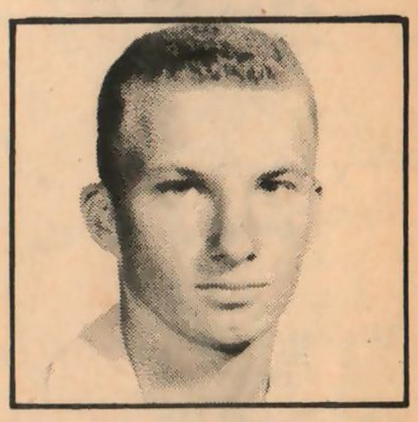
JOE MARTINEZ (25)
7265 N. Frost
Fresno, CA. 93726
Collects wrestling magazines. Favorite is Ray Stevens. Likes good guys. Girls, 17-26, for pen pals.

BILLY WELCH (11)
1301 W. 87 St.
Cleveland, OH. 44102
Likes baseball, basketball. Favorite is Johnny Powers. Likes good guys. Boys for pen pals.

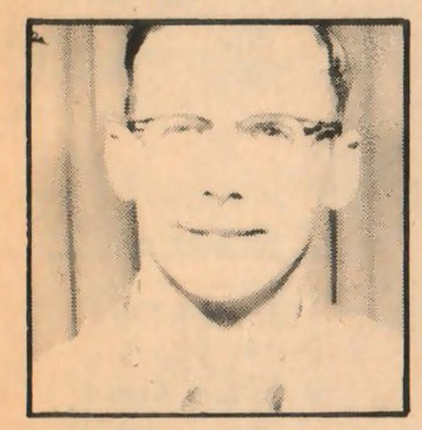
DAVID MACERSIE (15)
35 Palmetto Dr.
Ormond Beach, FL.
Likes fishing, coins, animals. Jack Brisco his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls over 12 for pen pals.

TOM MELOCHIC (12)
648 Mauch Chuck St.
Pottsville, PA. 17901
Likes models, football, baseball. Haystacks his favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for pen pals.

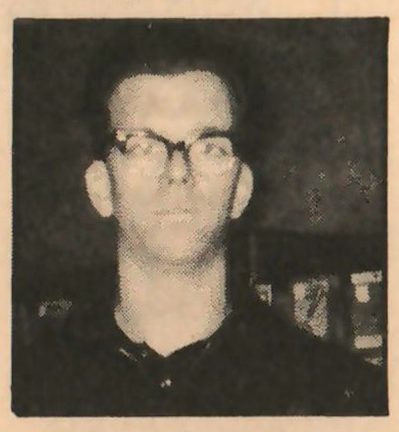
KIM SMITH (12)
592 H. Camilla
Memphis, TN. 38104
Likes all sports. Favorites are Dennis Hall and Johnny Walker. Likes good guys. Girls for pen pals.



GARLAND LIVINGSTON (21)
12 W. 34 St.
San Angela, TX. 67901
Likes just about anything. Terry Funk his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls for pen pals.



JOHN MANN (22)
Box 493
Oakhurst, CA. 93644
Likes models and records. Bearcat Wright his favorite. Pretty girls for PPs.

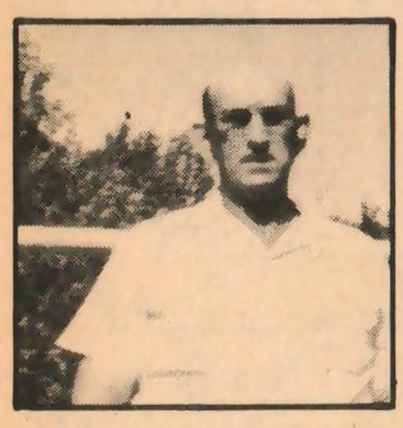


JIM COEN
8731 S. Tray
Evergreen Park, IL.
Collects coins and stamps. Basteins his favorites. Likes good guys. Anyone 17-23 for pen pals.

CAROLYN SCARFF (19)
1807 Blackhaust
Waterloo, IA. 50702
Likes choppers, Motorcycles. Thor Hagen her favorite. Likes good guys. Girls for pen pals.

JOE DRAHOS (16)
14348 Ridgeway
Midlothian, IL. 60445
Likes pool, golf, chess. Black Jack Lanza his favorite. Likes bad guys. Anyone for pen pals.

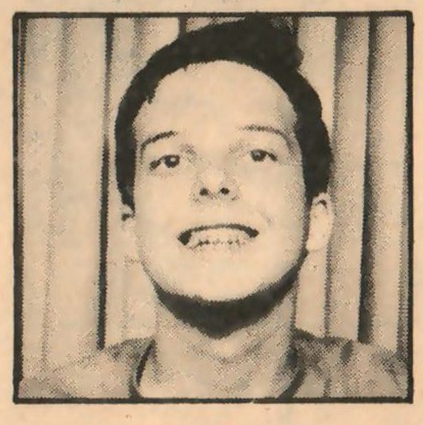
DEBBIE MILLIGAN (10)
717 E. 2 St.
Cortez, CO. 81321
Likes reading, bikes, horses. Terry Funk her favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Anyone for pen pals.



DANA THOMAS (60)
Yawkey, West VA. 25573
Likes wrestling, baseball. Sailor Art Thomas his favorite. Likes good guys. Art Thomas fans for PPs.

PAMELA SCOTT (22)
10,000 Braile
Detroit, MI. 48228
Likes bowling. The Sheik her favorite. Likes bad guys. Deaf girl or boy for PP.

APRIL HARRISON (9)
R.R.2
White Pigeon, MI.
Likes horses, sports, swimming. Favorite is "Blackjack" Lanza. Likes good and bad guys. Anyone for PPs.



MITCH FEINSTEIN (16)
12844 Oxnard St.
No. Hollywood, CA.
Likes reading, writing. Favorite is Pepper Martin. Likes good guys. Girls 14-17 for pen pals.

STEVE GUTHRIE (14)
2487 Meadowlark Dr.
San Diego, CA. 92123
Likes girls, football. Freddie Blassie his favorite. Likes bad guys. Cute blondes for pen pals.

(Continued on page 52)

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GAME 14: Numbers – *Can the second time around be better*

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City– – – – – – – – – – – – – – – – – – –

State– – – – – – Zip– – – – – – – – – – –

FAN CLUB CORNER

WE RECEIVED A nice letter from Ken Bruce, 1045 Doddridge, Corpus Christi, Texas 78411, telling us about his newsletter, TEXAS WRESTLING RESULTS. Ken asks all interested fans to write him for further information.

Alan Casso, 12 Lake Ave., Sharon, Mass 02067, sent us a copy of his fine June bulletin, BOSTON RING NEWS. For a real insight into what's going on in this hot bed of wrestling, we suggest you write Alan.

At last, folks, here's the club so many of you have been asking about. The VICTOR RIVERA FC, headed by Andrew Perlmutter, 1795 Troy Ave., Bklyn, NY 11234. We want to both thank and congratulate Andy for the excellent bulletin he was kind enough to send us.

Irl B. Shore, 8549 Benton Ave., Phila., Pa 19152, seems to have more clubs and activities going for him than we can keep track of. The latest postcard we received from Irl asked us to mention his GOLDEN STAR FAN CLUB. Frankly, we would have liked the opportunity to examine one of your bulletins, Irl, before mentioning it. That is our usual policy.

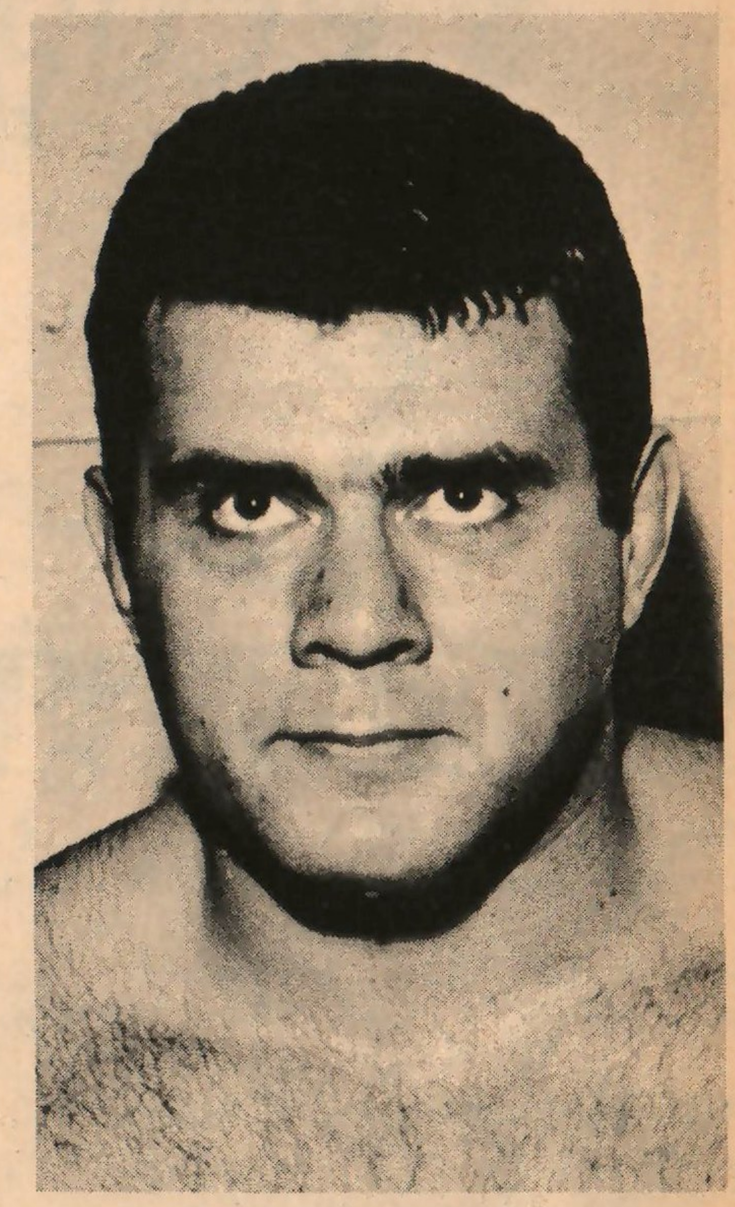
STAN STASIAK

Viktor Berry, 1360 Cornell Way, Sacramento, Calif 95831, tells us that even he is surprised at the number of people who have joined his STAN STASIAK F.C. "After all," writes Viktor, "Stan is a real villain when in the ring."

BRUCE BRILL, 3900 Bailey Ave., Bronx, NY 10463, has a new club, but he forgot to tell us the name. How about that, Bruce? Tell you what: as soon as you find the time, drop us a note and tell us what your club is all about, and please, don't forget the name!

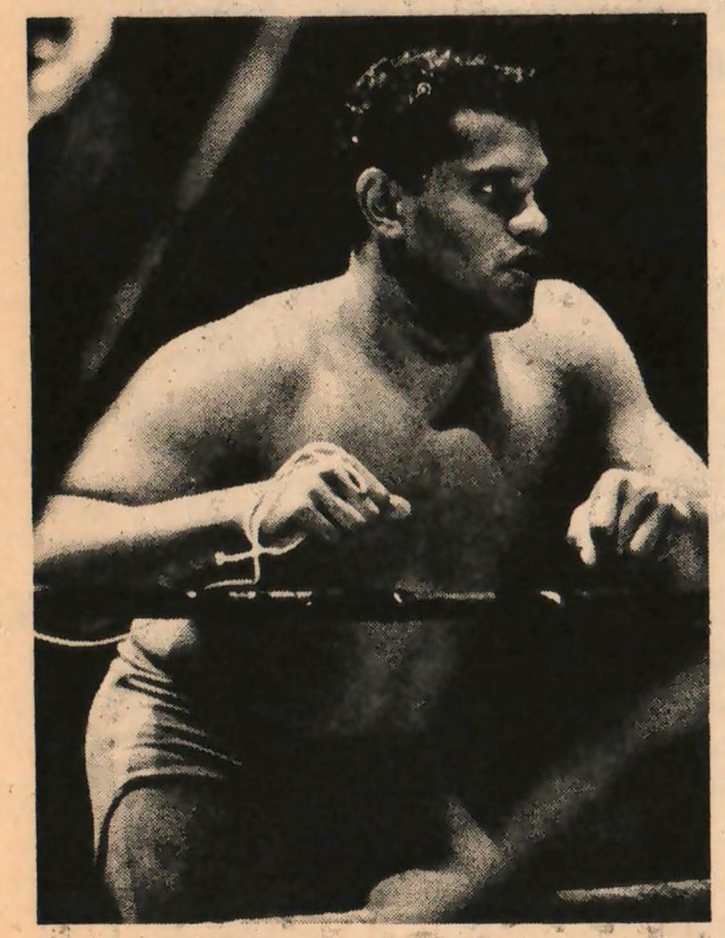
From what we've seen and heard, Donnie McWhorter, 11429 S.W. 7 Terrace, Miami, Fla 33144, has a beauty of a club going for the very popular Danny Miller. It's called, naturally, the DANNY MILLER INTERNATIONAL F.C. Donnie promises all members photos, membership card, monthly bulletins and a club pen. This sounds like a well run organization.

Jimmy Elizons, 2041 Woodland Dr., Antioch, Calif 94509, is anxious to join clubs for RAY STEVENS, MIL MASCARAS, BRUNO SAMMARTINO, DORY FUNK, JR., and SPYROS ARION. Presidents of those clubs should contact Jimmy directly. Sounds to us like Jim is going to be a very busy young man.

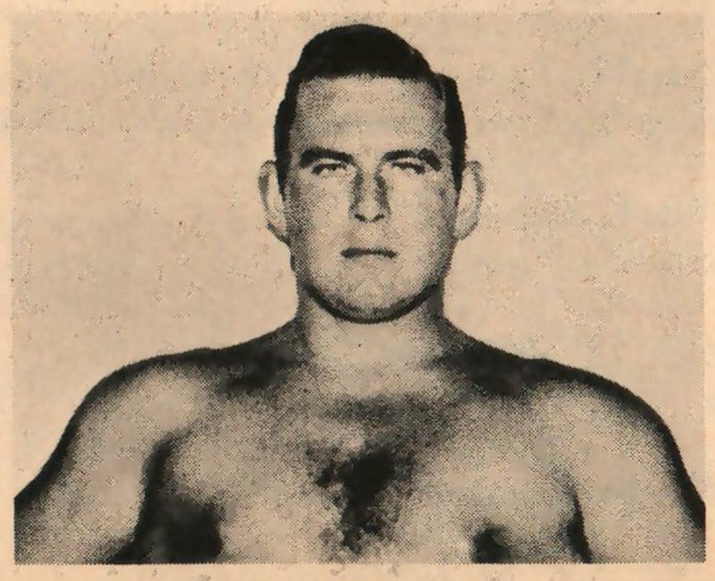


SPYROS ARION

Don Wells, 14921 Devonshire, Mission Hills, Calif 91340, has received permission from U.S.



VICTOR RIVERA



DANNY MILLER

amateur girl wrestling champion, ANITA ANDERLEA, to launch a club in her honor. Don's club will be called, believe it or not, "THE IRON MAIDEN." And if you've ever seen Anita in action, you'd know why! Wow, what a woman!

Freddie Green, Box 121, Ackerly, Texas 79713, wants to trade some of his pictures of male wrestlers for those of lady wrestlers. Freddie, we don't blame you... Somebody who signs his name just "Steve," 387 N. Pleasant St., Amherst, Mass 01002, is anxious to gather together a group of lightweights who want to wrestle just for the fun of it... Dane McFarland wants to know if there

"THE IRON MAIDEN"
Anita Anderlea

is a club for the popular Arnold Skaoland. The last information we had is that the club for Arnie, which was headed by Sandra Sandoe, of Earl, Pa., has been disbanded. If any of you have additional information on a club for Arnold, please write us—and we in turn will relay it to all interested persons.

(Continued on page 56)

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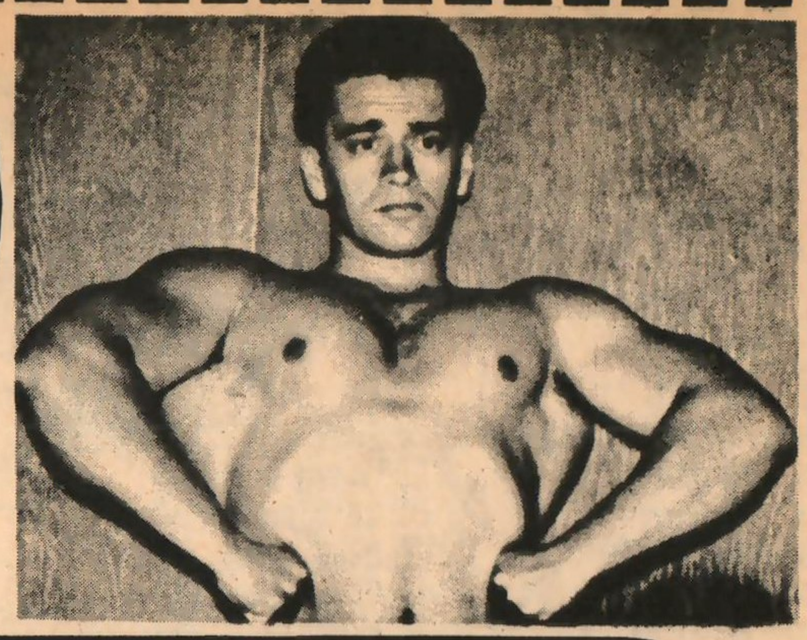

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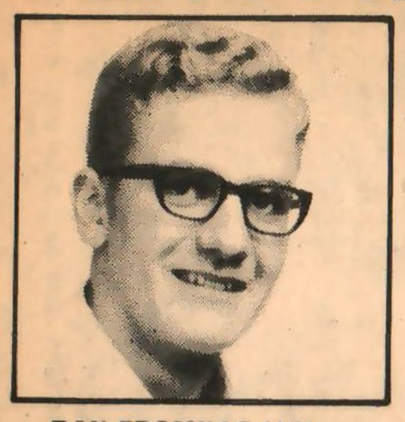
PEN PALS (Continued from Page 48)



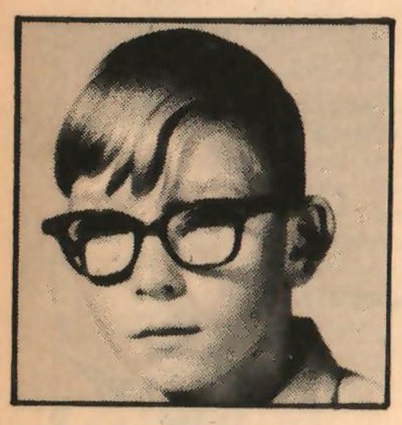
RAY FROMILLE (16)
2926 Plumcreek Lane
Houston, TX. 77017
Likes bowling, football. Valentine his favorite. Likes bad guys. Girls for PPs.

DAVID WADE (22)
4531 19 Ave. N.W.
Calgary, Alta. Canada
Likes to wrestle, paint. The Stomper his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Wrestling fans for pen pals.

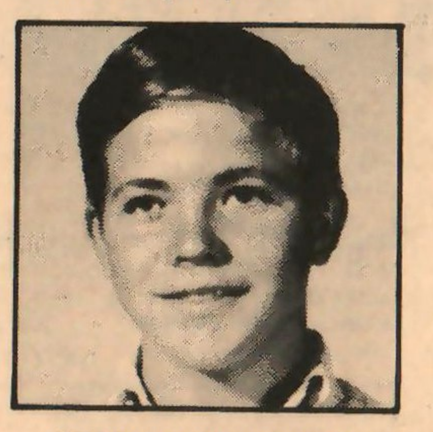
JANET HAPP (27)
Box 225
Newton, NJ. 07860
Collects coins. Bruno her favorite. Likes good guys. Mat fans, 25-30, for pen pals.

TERRY WELLER (15)
RD 4 Box 42
Meyersdale, PA.
Likes chess, football, baseball. Bruno, Bill Miller his favorites. Likes good guys. Anybody for pen pals.

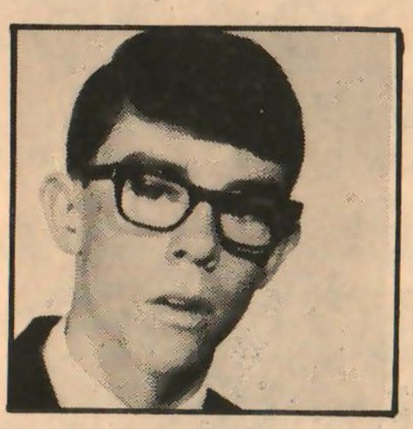
LINDA BRYANT (17)
Gen. Del.
Paintsville, KY. 41240
Likes riding. Johnny Weaver her favorite. Likes good guys. Boys for pen pals.



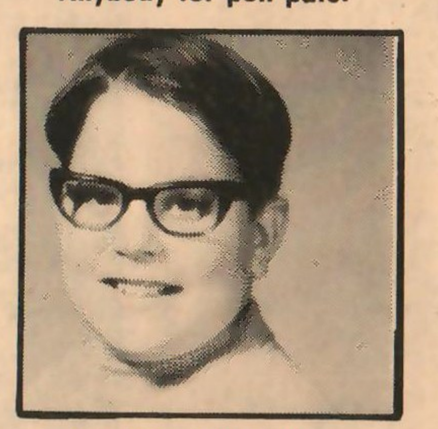
GARY COURTNEY (13)
900 S. Elizabeth
Crane, TX. 79731
Likes riding, water sports. Favorites are Jones and Romero. Likes good and bad guys. Anyone for PPs.



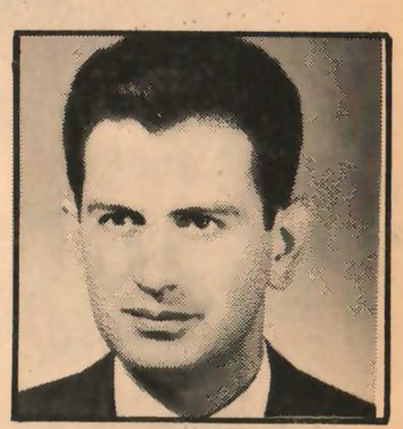
CHARLES WELLS (15)
900 S. Elizabeth
Crane, TX. 79731
Likes riding, music, water sports. Terry Funk his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Girls for PPs.



MIKE BROWN (14)
306 Orange St.
Macon, GA. 31201
Likes baseball, bird watching. Doug Gilbert his favorite. Likes good guys. Teenage boys for PPs.

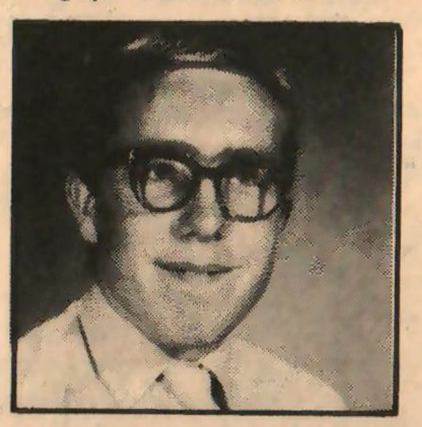


BARRY LEVINE (9)
107 Hawthorn Ct.
Pittsburgh, PA. 15201
Likes to wrestle. Bruno his favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for pen pals.

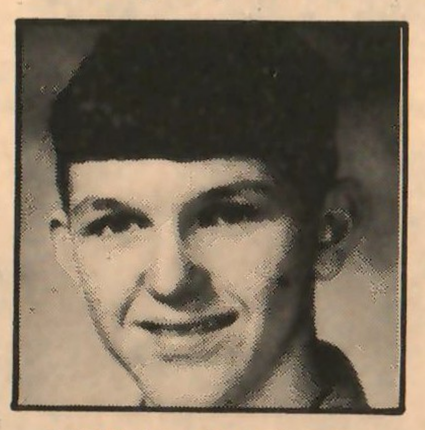


STAN AMANDIS (32)
4628 Hutchison St.
Montreal, Canada.
Collects stamps, post cards. Anyone for PPs.

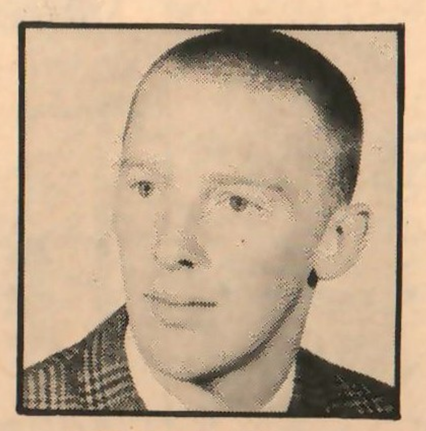
LINDA LAVALLEE (12)
R.R.1 Legal
Alberta, Canada
Likes dancing, music, sports. Gene Kiniski her favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Anyone for pen pals.



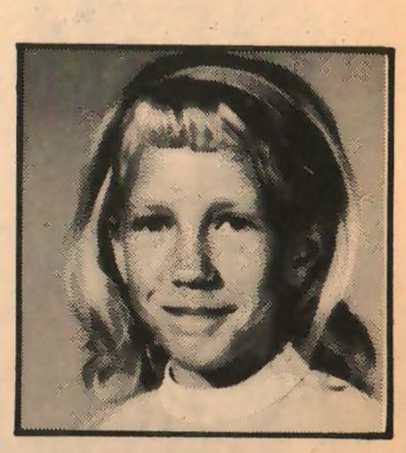
ROBERT SUNDQUIST (17)
2221 W. 3St.
Duluth, MN. 55806
Likes baseball, football. Red Bastein his favorite.
Likes good guys
Pen pals his age.



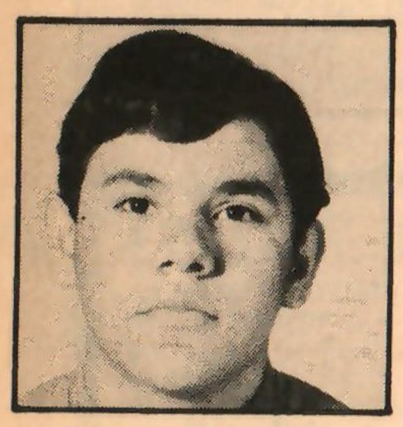
DARRELL ASHLEY (15)
P.O. Box 3055
Kingsport, TN. 37664
Likes bowling. Paul Diamond his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Anyone for PPs.



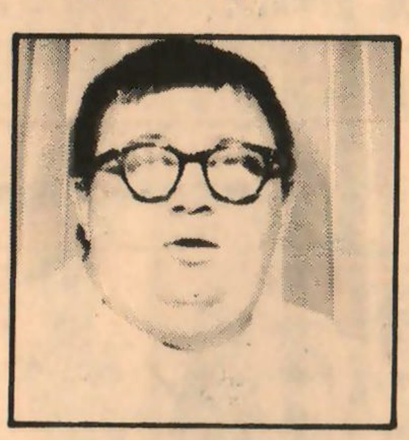
DON STEEN (20)
214 Myers Hall
Findlay, OH. 43337
Likes all sports. Mark Lewin his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Amateur girl wrestlers for pen pals.



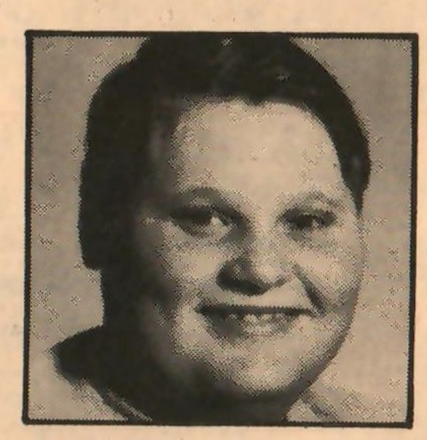
LYNNA MOORE (10)
Rt.1
West Fork, AR. 72774
Likes swimming, riding. Favorite is Dan Hodge. Likes good guys. Girls 9-15 for pen pals.



FRANKIE GARZA (14)
2717 Ben Ficklin Rd.
San Angelo, TX. 76901
Likes track, wrestling. Bob Ellis his favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for pen pals.



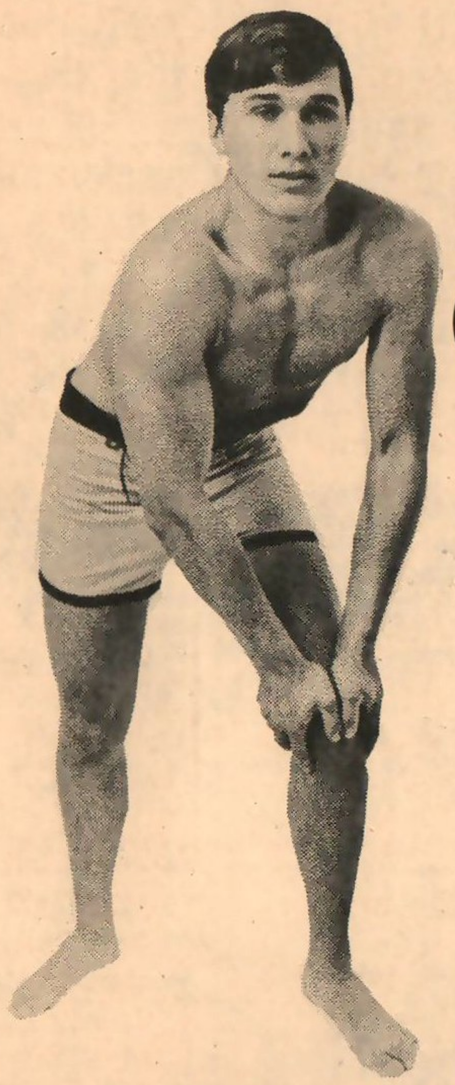
DOUGLAS SHIMMINS (31)
1822 Harrison
Beloit, WI. 53511
Likes baseball, basketball. Gagne his favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for PPs.



DOUGLAS HENEREY (15)
Rt.1
Taylors, SC. 29687
Likes baseball, car racing. Scott Brothers his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls for pen pals.

MARK HOGAN (15)
175 Eastern Pky.
Brooklyn, NY.
Likes baseball, cars. Favorite is Bruno. Likes good guys. Boys for pen pals.

PAT DAVIS (18)
825 Locust St.
Middletown, IN. 47356
Likes weight lifting, wrestling.
Bruiser his favorite.
Likes good and bad guys. Anyone for PPs.



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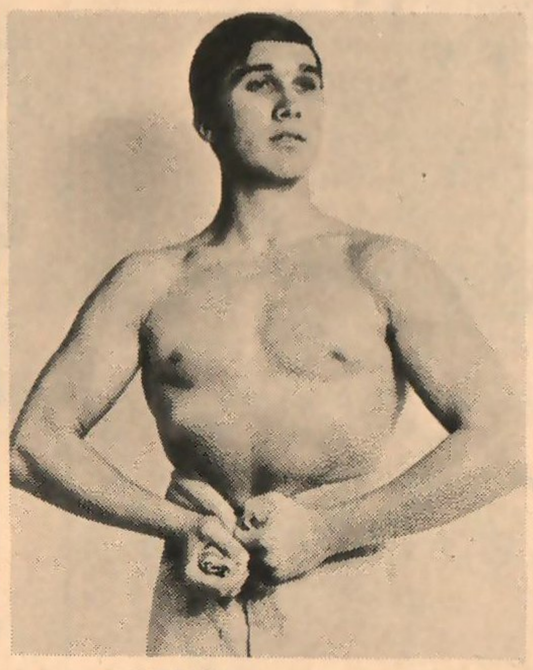

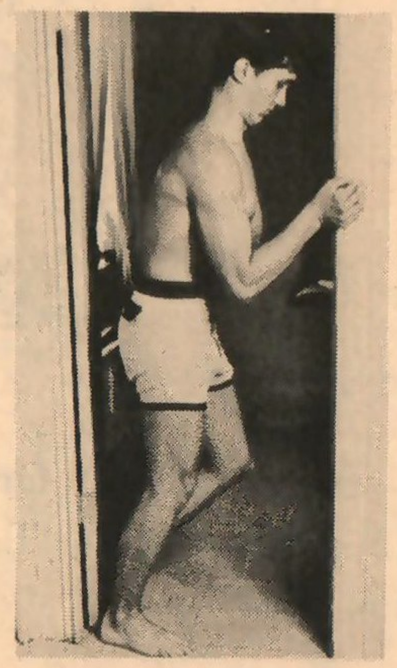

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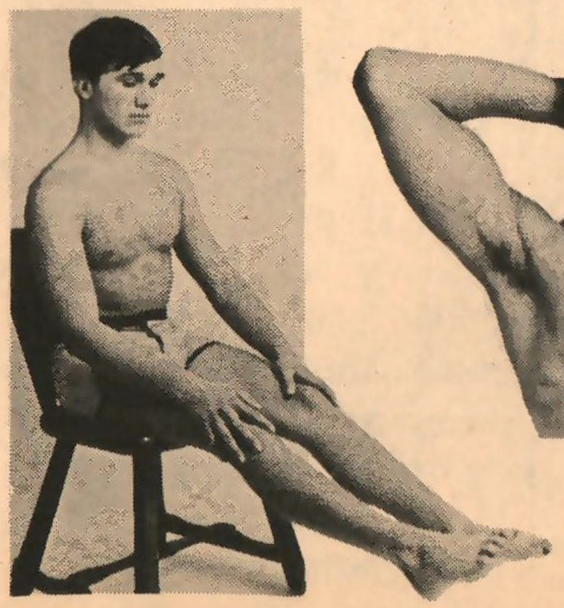

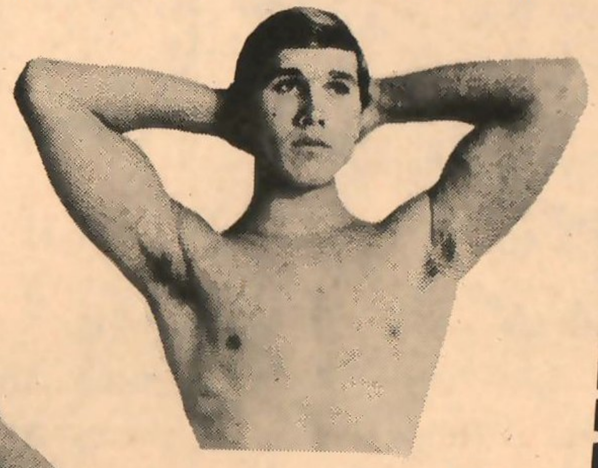

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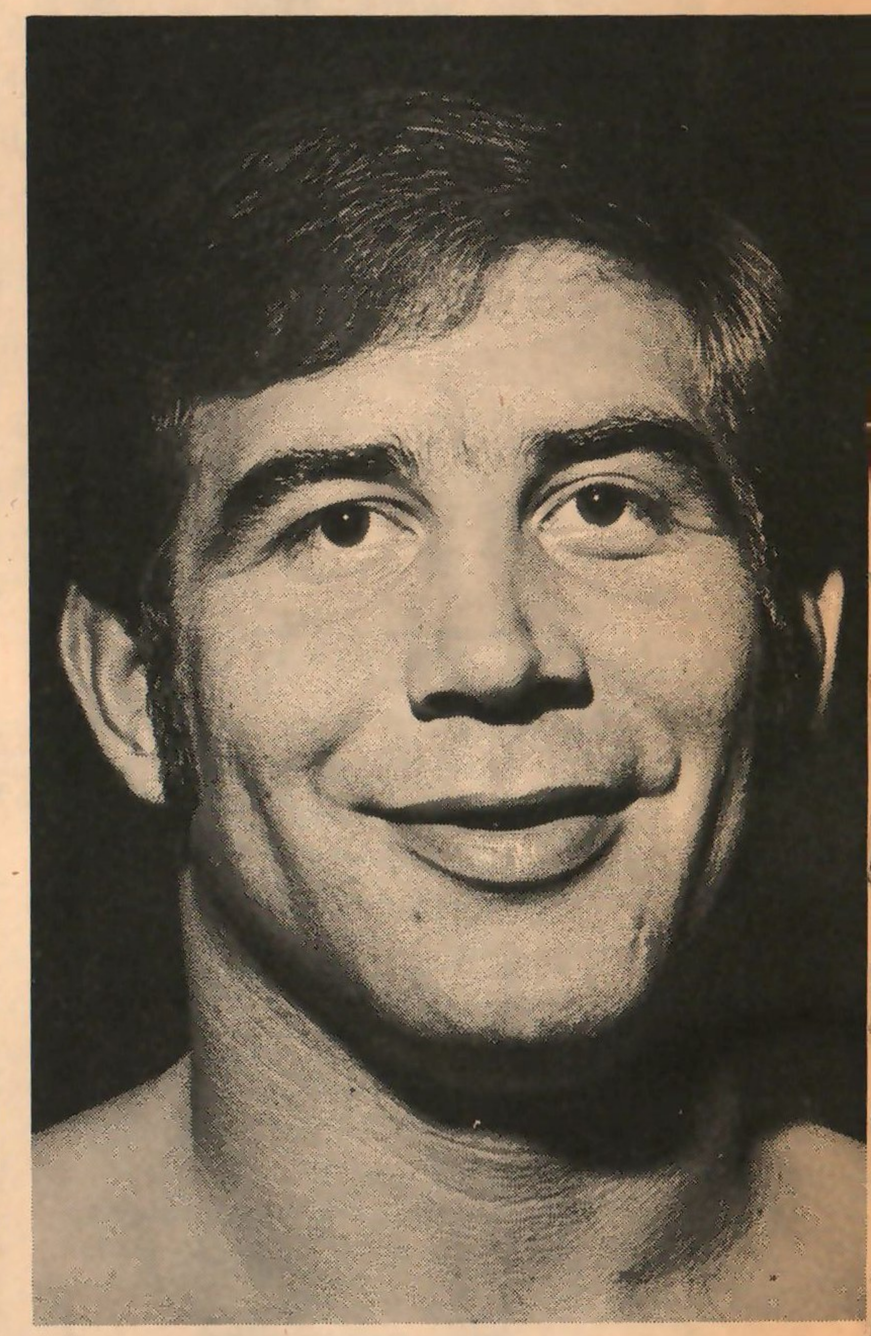
THE INCREDIBLE MR. BRISCO

(Continued from Page 12)

ful eye of Coach Rodrick for three years. During that entire period, he lost only one match—in the finals of the N.C.A.A. tournament.

"I lost to a better man," is all the modest Brisco will say about that one defeat.

But he didn't wait long after that defeat to take the first great step of his life—seven days later,



Brisco's boyish looks and radiant personality make him a popular attraction.

Jack Brisco became a professional wrestler, and he's been racing up the ladder like a jack rabbit ever since.

How far is it to the top for Jack Brisco? We can't say for sure, but this magazine will be keeping very close tabs on him from now on, and when Coronation Day arrives, our reporters and photographers will be right there at ringside, recording the historic event for you—and for posterity. ☐

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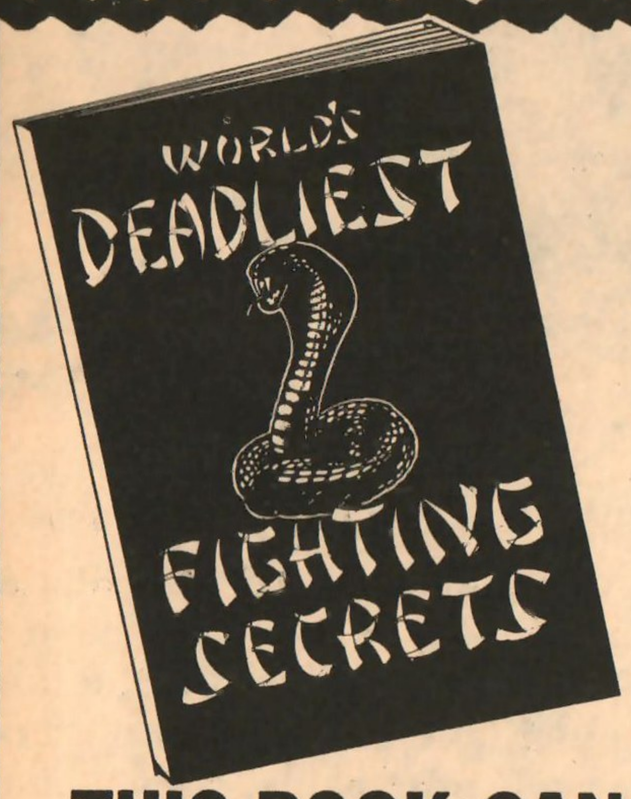

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The FORBIDDEN and SECRET training manual of the BLACK DRAGON FIGHTING SOCIETY has never before been available to anyone outside of the Society. Recent attempts for regular publication and public exposure have been rejected as the contents were considered HORRIFYINGLY DANGEROUS and BRUTALLY VICIOUS.

Yes, this is the DEADLIEST and most TERRIFYING fighting art known to man — and WITHOUT EQUAL. Its MAIMING, MUTILATING, DISFIGURING, PARALYZING and CRIPPLING techniques are known by only a few people in the world. An expert at DIM MAK could easily kill many Judo, Karate, Aikido and Gung Fu experts at one time with only finger tip pressure using his murderous POISON HAND WEAPONS. Instructing you step by step thru each move in this manual is none other than COUNT DANTE — THE DEADLIEST MAN WHO EVER LIVED.

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The BLACK DRAGON FIGHTING SOCIETY is the WORLD'S DEADLIEST FIGHTING ORGANIZATION which has included in its closed membership the top fighting experts of the DREADED CHINESE TONG SOCIETY — the oriental, and more vicious counterpart of the Mafia. Its members, who are the world's top Masters in the oriental fistic and grappling arts, train in the most SECRET and FORBIDDEN aspects of the DEADLY Chinese fighting arts of GUNG FU, TAI CHI CHUAN, CHUAN-FA, KEMPO, HSING YI, PA-KUA, SHAOLIN BOXING and DIM MAK.

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Rush my copy of **"The World's Deadliest Fighting Secrets"** in plain wrapper immediately. I enclose full payment of $4.98 and there will be nothing to pay on delivery. If for any reason I am not satisfied, I may return the book in 7 days for a full refund. I pledge never to use the deadly techniques of the manual as an aggressor (only to defend myself) and will never abuse the trust placed in me.

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Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

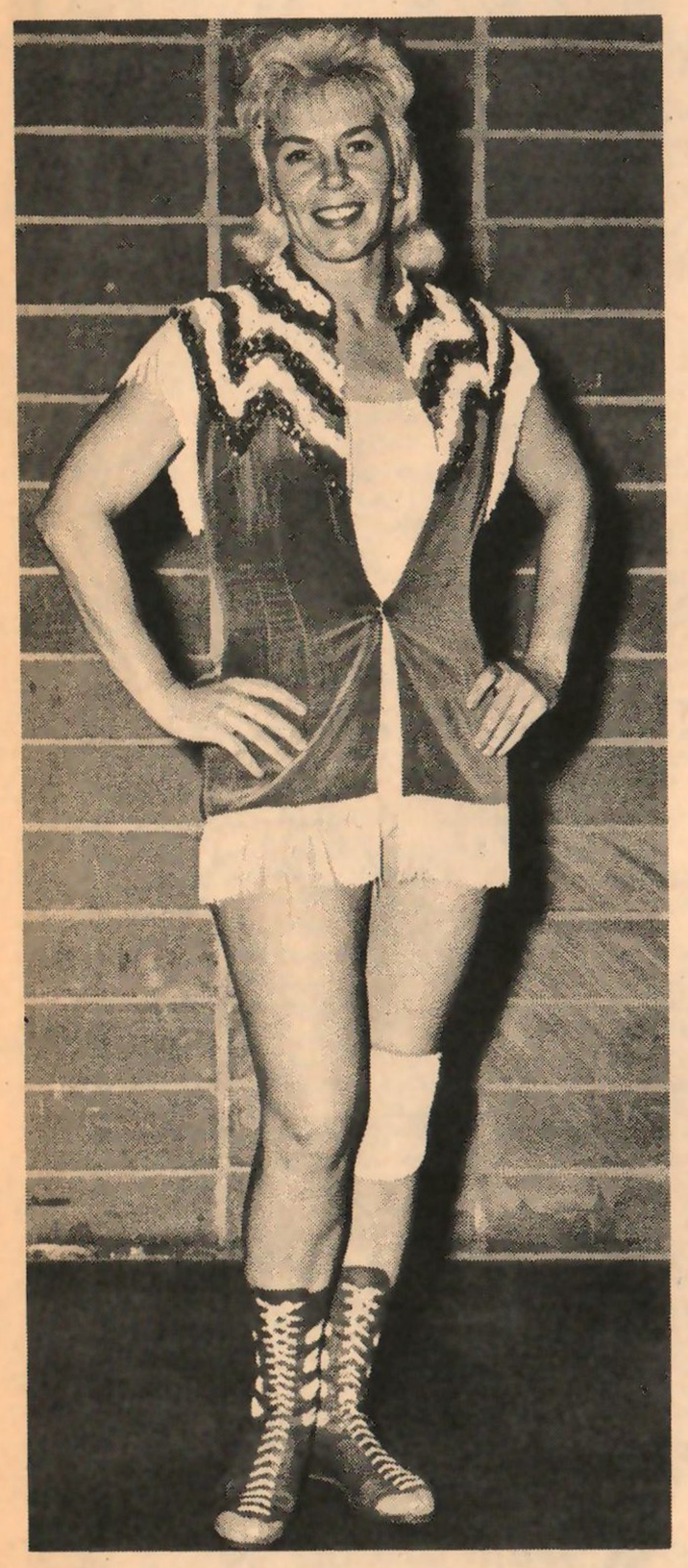
As a special bonus for those ordering early an authentic I. D. card (silver thermographed on black) of the Black Dragon Fighting Society will be sent — while they last.

FAN CLUB CORNER

(Continued from Page 51)

Yes, folks, there is a fan club for beautiful PENNY BANNER. For details, write Sharon Hambrick, 605 Riverland, Roanoke, Va 24014... If you'd like to trade old wrestling programs and magazines, write Al Lopez, 1621 Westminster, St. Paul, Minn 55101.

We would like to have complete information on clubs for the following wrestlers: Mil Mascaras,

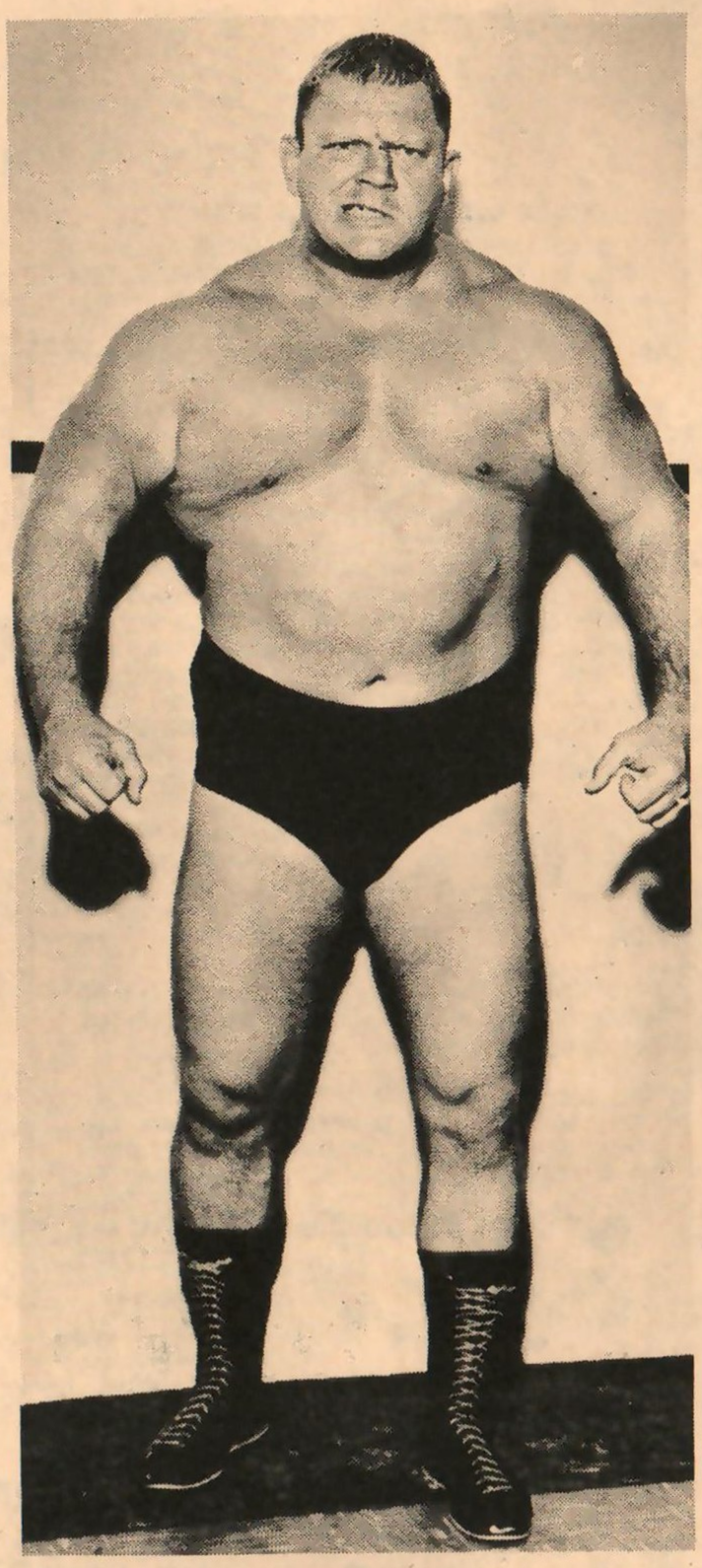


PENNY BANNER

Jack Brisco, Rene Goulet, Dory Funk, Jr., Spyros Arion and The Bruiser. The reason for this request is to update our files and to see recent bulletins, as well as to supply specific information to readers who have requested it. So, if you can help, we'd sure appreciate it.

Many of you have written to this corner requesting that we publish details of items you want to sell, mainly pictures. As you know, none of this information has been published. The reason: this is not a free classified advertising section! The purpose of this column is to generate interest in fan clubs and to help those who have legitimate, active clubs improve their activities by encouraging new members.

Please be sure to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope when writing to any fan club for information. It isn't fair to expect a club with very limited funds to pay to answer *your* questions. So, remember, please be considerate.



THE BRUISER

Address all correspondence, including your sample bulletins, to this address: Fan Club Editor, Box 58, Rockville Centre, NY 11571.

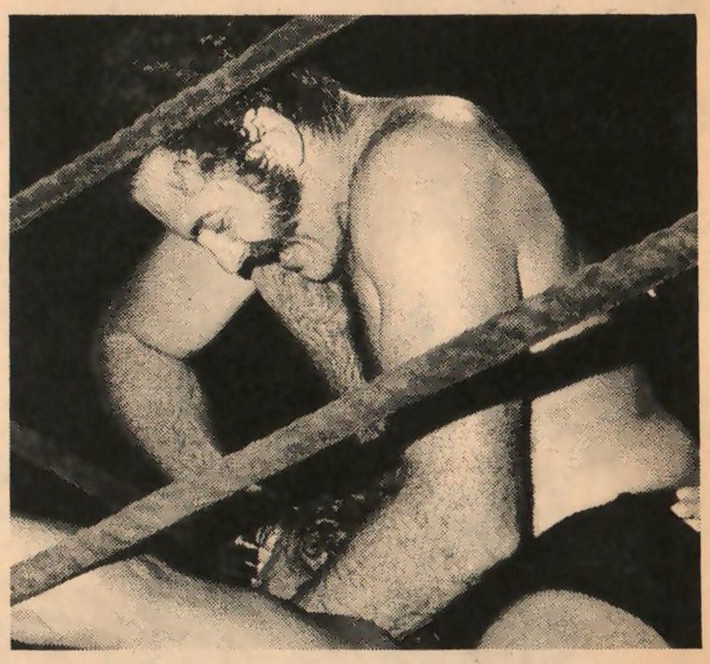
Until next month, peace. □

HERE'S WHAT'S HAPPENING, BABY

(Continued from Page 8)

blonde with hazel green eyes, Sharon says she is still "polishing off the rough edges" in her current matches. "I think it will take about another six months before I'm ready to go after the championship," she tells us. But from what we've seen, Sharon is ready right now! By the way, our Editors are putting the finishing touches to a feature article on this budding new star. Watch for it!

BUDDY ROGERS, former heavyweight champion of the world, is talking comeback again. "I'm in as good shape as I ever was," says Buddy... Another former heavyweight king, Lou Thesz, adding to his property holdings in Arizona... BLACKJACK LAN-



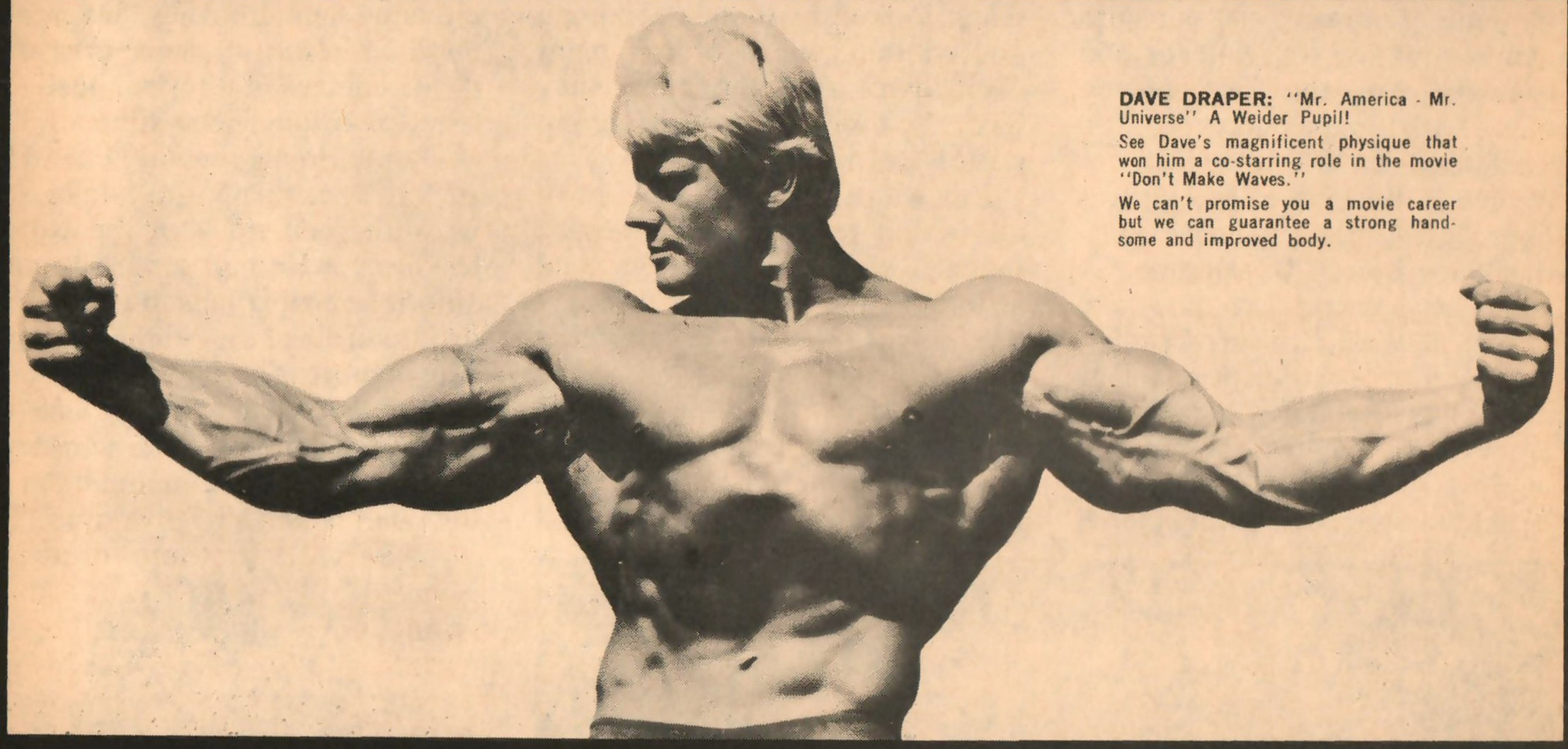
Blackjack Lanza
"What I do is just self-defense!

ZA insists the public has him all wrong. "I just do what I have to do to stay alive," writes the ferocious Blackjack. "If I didn't murder my opponents, they'd murder me!" Mr. Lanza, no matter what you say, you still don't have our sympathy.

Here's an IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT, one we hope you'll all welcome: Because of strong public support, THE WRESTLER will be published monthly instead of bi-monthly. It's sister magazine, INSIDE WRESTLING, will continue on a bi-monthly schedule.

See you in the next issue ... □

WHAT DOES THIS CHAMPION HAVE IN COMMON...WITH YOU?



DAVE DRAPER: "Mr. America - Mr. Universe" A Weider Pupil!

See Dave's magnificent physique that won him a co-starring role in the movie "Don't Make Waves."

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You, too—just like Dave Draper—can now own a handsome, muscular body—fast! You, too, can now finally follow the exact same instructions this champ did, and in just 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own home, you can begin to slap on 4 inches to your chest and 3 inches to each arm, give yourself lifeguard shoulders, muscularize your waist, get speedy legs, and exercise your entire body. The techniques are simple, there's nothing complicated, just downright enjoyable.

I don't care if, today you own the skinniest, flabbiest or most laughed at body—whether you're tall or short, young or not-so-young. If you send for my FREE 32-page booklet of muscle building information, I guarantee that you will experience a muscle building miracle; before your eyes, you will see handsome muscles start bursting out all over you. They will ripple with power, burst with energy—and for the first time in your life men will envy your body, women admire it, because at last you own a body that brings you fame instead of shame. Let me help you as I did other champions—who were also weaklings—to put an end to your weakness and shame. Write now for free information —you'll be so happy you did! After all, you have nothing to lose but your weakness!

A-C-T-I-O-N is the key to strength—make your first He-Man-Decision N-O-W! Fill out the coupon right now, rush it to me, and in hours I will send you absolutely free—at my own expense—the exact same muscle building information I sent to Dave Draper and numerous champions, and to over 5 million other successful students. I am known as the most successful trainer of champions. I have been turning weaklings into "Mr. Americas" and "Mr. Universes" successfully since 1936. Don't pass up this once-in-a-lifetime proven successful offer to trade in your body for the one you always dreamed of having. Remember, you will be following in the proven, safe, scientific footsteps of the World's Best Men. So hurry! Put an end to your weakness now. Send for my sensational free offer—good only to males between 13 and 75 in normal good health. This is the most time-tested, results-producing course of all time.

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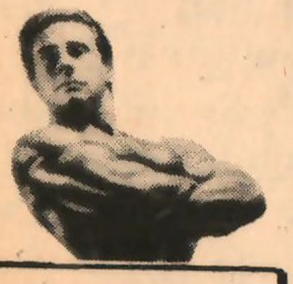

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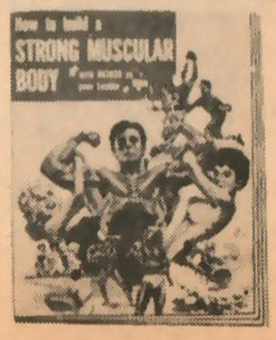


WRESTLING'S FRIGHTENING NEW ERA OF BRUTALITY

(Continued from Page 17)

as loud as the next guy!

Wrestling attendance is at an all-time high throughout the country. Fans are turning out in record numbers to see the violence and brutality. And the fans are getting what they pay for.

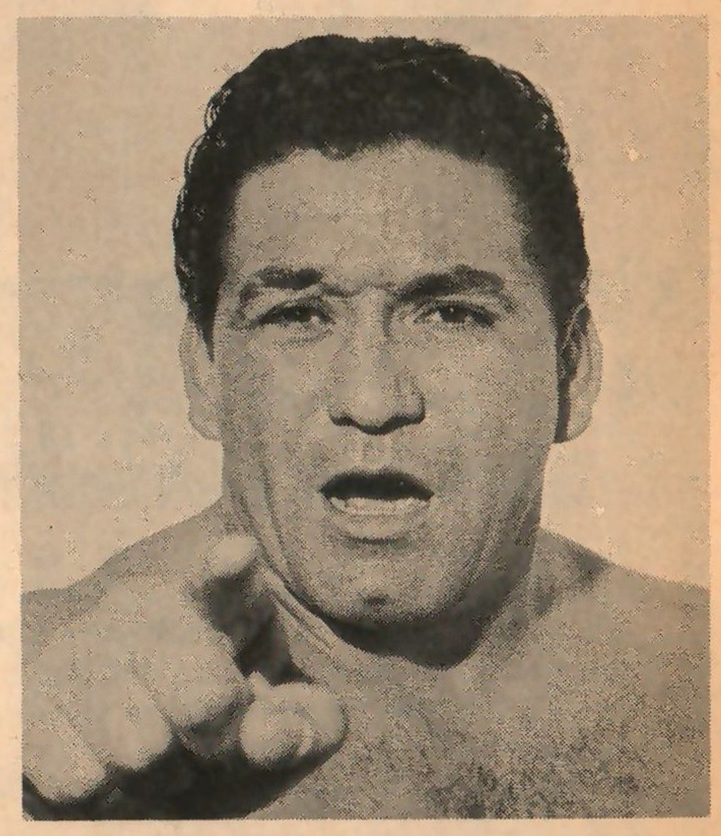
Chicago fans are turning out in record numbers to see savages like Dr. X, The Chain Gang, Blackjack Lanza, Dr. Double XX and The Vachon Brothers take on the likes of Bruiser, Crusher, Ed Carpentier, Pepper Gomez and Wilbur Snyder. Chicago fans are well known for their chanting "We want blood!" And you'd better believe they *do* want blood!

When Bruiser and Crusher were through with The Chain Gang in Chicago recently, The Gang looked as though someone poured ten gallons of red paint over them. And the more they bled, the more the crowd screamed for still more blood.

But what is most significant of all, is that fans are now enjoying themselves as never before. And as long as they continue to enjoy themselves, they'll keep coming back for more.

We live in a violent age, and professional wrestling is keeping in step with the times. The Ruthless Breed is as exciting as a spaceship racing toward the moon, and as bloody as guerrilla warfare. As unorthodox and vicious as they are, they have taken their place in the sport, and it appears as if they're here to stay for a long, long time.

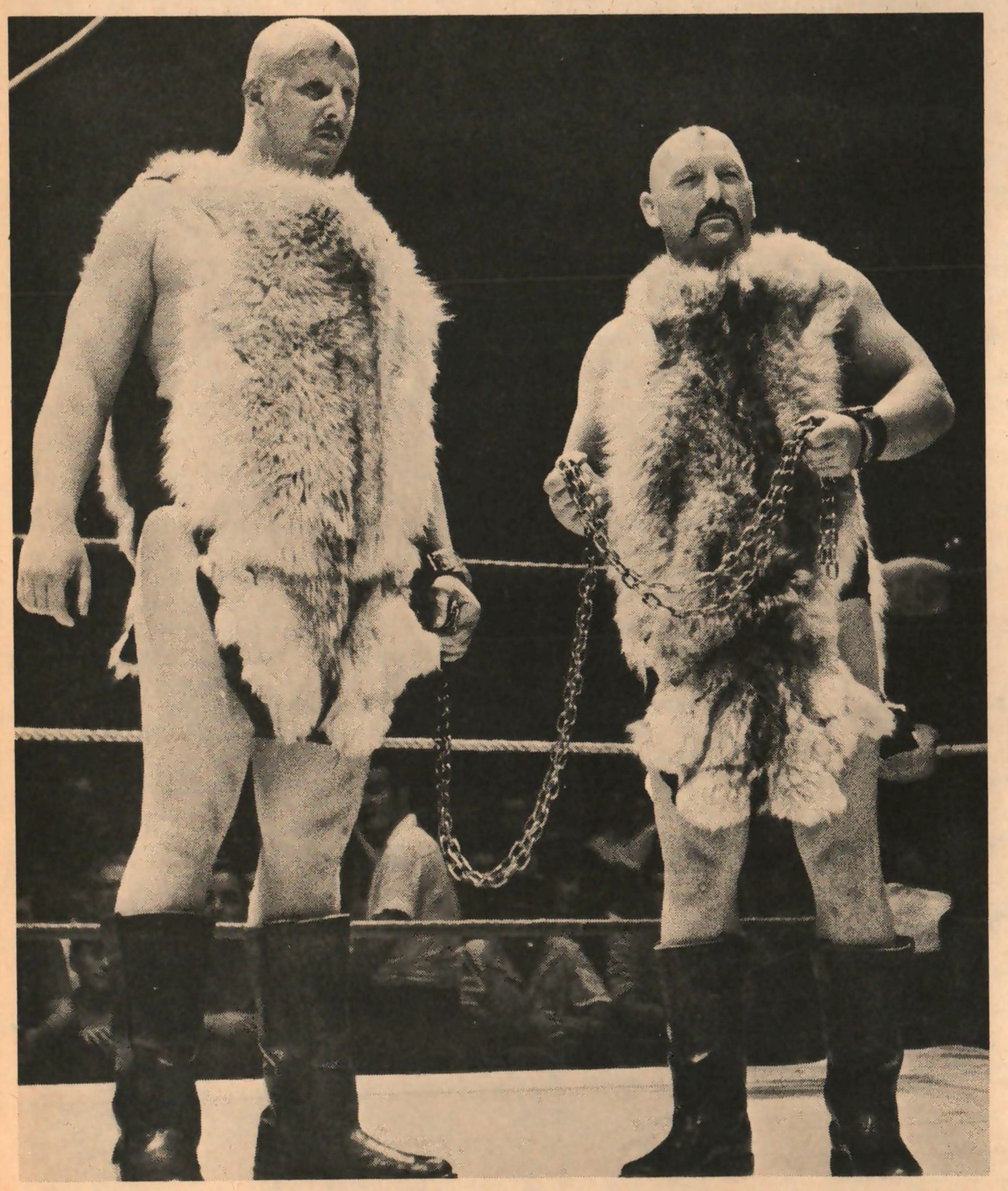
Danny Hodge recently embarked on a campaign to clean up wrestling and rid it of the Ruthless Breed. He had some support among wrestling fans, but not one promoter lined up behind Danny. The majority of fans shun Hodge's idea of what wrestling should be like. Danny claims wrestling would increase in popularity if the blood stopped flowing. In fact, Danny claims wrestling will become extinct by 1980 if the sport isn't "cleaned up."



Rocky Montero, who thinks the fans honestly want violence.

After talking to several promoters about these new savages, I discovered their views to be opposite to those of Hodge's. In fact, every promoter I talked to feels that wrestling would die if the Ruthless Breed were banned.

Yes, I do admit this sounds surprising, but the promoters were basing their views on the box office. Today's fans like their action fast and bloody. And wrestling is giving it to them—in spades! This is truly wrestling's "Decade of Violence." □



The Mongols are gigantic men, strong as bulls and wild as tigers. They typify the new violence in wrestling as they walk into the ring with their deadly chain, then use it to beat opponents into bloody pulps.

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YOUR LETTERS

THIS IS YOUR LIFE, JOHNNY VALENTINE

I was completely thrilled by your marvelous article on Johnny Valentine, titled, "This is Your Life" (Inside Wrestling, Aug/70). Never before have I seen a wrestling article treated so skillfully. By that I mean it was handled in the slick way **Life** or **Look** magazines would have handled it.

Although I have read many articles about Valentine during the last six or seven years, he was never a particular favorite of mine. However, after reading your magnificent portrait of his career, I feel as if I know Johnny personally, and, I'd venture to say, he will become one of my pets.

I noticed your statement about the Valentine article being the **start** of a new "This is Your Life" series on great wrestlers. I can't wait for future chapters. Thank you again for a truly magnificent piece of journalism.

MARY DeSANTIS
Dallas, Texas

Having been a fan of Johnny Valentine since 1962, I thought I knew all there was to know about him. How wrong I was! Your great article has given me an entirely new perspective of my hero, and I admire him more than ever before because now I know that everything wasn't handed to him on a silver platter. He had to work and suffer to get where he is today. And for that, I respect him most of all.

LOUIS KORNFELD
Chicago, Illinois

After reading your long article on Johnny Valentine I got the impression that Valentine is a very lucky man to be alive today. He must be made of solid iron to have survived all those injuries. More power to the guy! I hope he stays on top for another ten years.

JOHN WASHBURN
Topeka, Kansas

VALENTINE and WALLICK It was time for a change.

Why did you waste all that space on Johnny Valentine when you could have done a "This is Your Life" feature on a truly great champion? Of course I'm talking about Bruno Sammartino.

RALPH FISCHER
Babylon, New York

After seeing those two pictures of Johnny Valentine with Chet Wallick, when Wallick managed Johnny, I had to laugh. Judging from the pictures I wouldn't exactly call Valentine a "man," but at least he learned his lesson somewhere along the way and made the necessary changes. Today, Johnny Valentine is one helluva man!

CARL KOSTAS
Binghamton, New York

Seeing that terrific action picture of the title bout between Johnny Valentine and Buddy Rogers at Chicago in 1963 really brought back memories. I was at ringside that night and let me tell you there has never been a wilder, more thrilling wrestling match anywhere! They ripped each other to pieces and to this day I can't understand how they managed to survive. On three different occasions, I thought Rogers should have been disqualified and the world's championship awarded to Valentine, but obviously the referee didn't agree with me. Oh, well, Valentine is still a top wrestler, while Rogers seems to have vanished into the sands of time.

LARRY STEVENS
Des Moines, Iowa

(Continued on page 62)

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LETTERS

(Continued from Page 60)

WE LIKE PETE!

I agree with Annette Albero (Your Letters, Inside Wrestling, June/70). What Annette wrote about Pete Sanchez makes a lot of sense. I've been following Pete's career from the day he made his first appearance in the east. He looked like a future champion then, but recently he has been thrown in with giant villains, which has taken a lot out of him. Rarely is he matched against a scientific wrestler his own size, and that I think is terribly unfair. It seems to me that all we Pete Sanchez fans should rise up in protest!

HOWARD LEWIS
Philadelphia, Pa.

THEY DIDN'T PLAY THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER!

The last time I went to a wrestling show I was very disappointed when they failed to play our national anthem before the main event. I hope it doesn't happen again. If it does, I'm through with wrestling, even if it is my favorite sport. Wrestling should take a lesson from baseball, football and basketball. The Star Spangled Banner should be played before **every** event.

LARRY PERRY
Tiffin, Ohio

"I'M STRONG ENOUGH TO BE A PRO"

I enjoy your articles about amateur girl wrestlers and would like to see you publish many more of them. My interest in amateur wrestling goes back to the time I was a girl—when my father taught me the various holds. I am 22 years old now. As you probably know, more and more girls are taking up wrestling, not for money, but for the pure enjoyment of it. This is because of the new freedom now being enjoyed by women. Where at one time girls wrestling each other wasn't considered "nice," it is now perfectly acceptable. As for me, I consider myself lucky to have had a father who was proud of having a "Tomboy" for a daughter.

I think I am strong enough to be a pro, and have been responsible for introducing at least 15 girls (most of them fellow nurses) to wrestling in the last year alone. All of them were skeptical at first, but now they love it and look forward to our regular practice sessions and occasional elimination tournaments. We used to keep our wrestling activities a secret, but now we make no bones about it. We're proud of it. Wrestling has even helped pep up our dating and general social life. Girls who have not yet discovered the enjoyment of wrestling are really missing something.

LINDA SCALES
Davenport, Iowa

DON'T STOP THE CONVICT!

I enjoyed your fine article, "The Convict Must be Stopped From Killing Our Boys!" (Inside Wrestling, June/70). However I do not think he should be stopped until he has a chance to put an end to The Sheik's savage brutality. I think it would be just marvelous if The Convict and The Sheik were allowed to kill each other off. That would really take care of the problem once and for all.

By the way, in case you're interested, I'm a full-blooded American Indian, and in this letter, I speak for my whole race.

WAR HOOP FROM A UTE!
Phoenix, Arizona

MORE BATTLE ROYALS

Your coverage of the 22-man Battle Royal at Los Angeles was very good (Inside Wrestling, June/70). But I think you should have given equal space to the great 18-man Battle Royal held recently at Detroit's Cobo Hall. The prize money for the Detroit battle was $10,000, compared to the $11,000 prize awarded at Los Angeles. But that difference of a thousand dollars, I am sure, did not make the Detroit battle any less exciting. When popular Fred Curry came out the big winner, there wasn't one disappointed person in Cobo Hall.

CHUCK KUNZ
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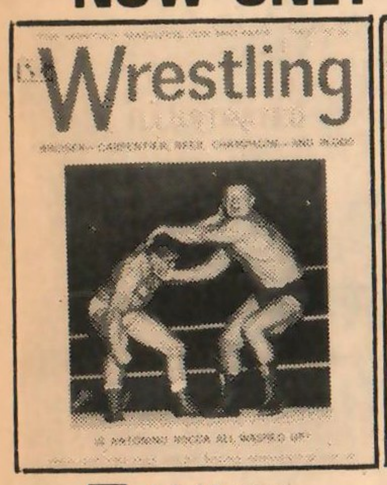

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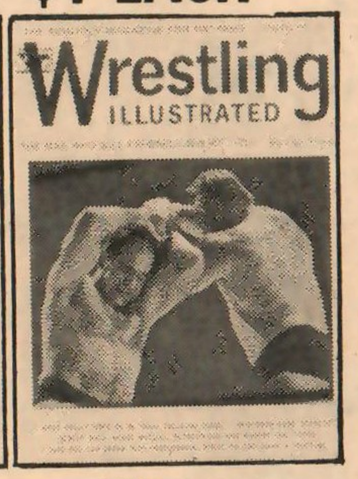

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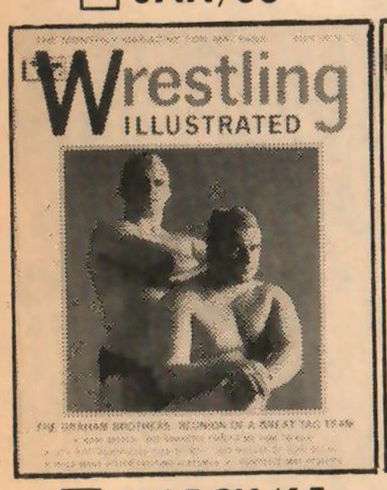

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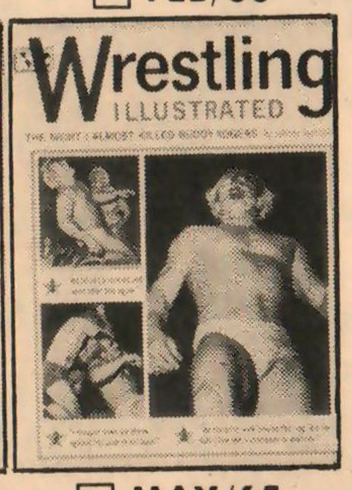

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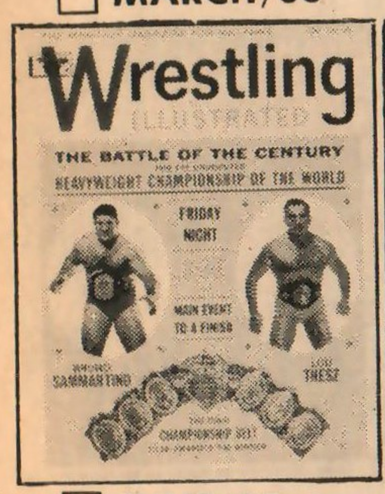

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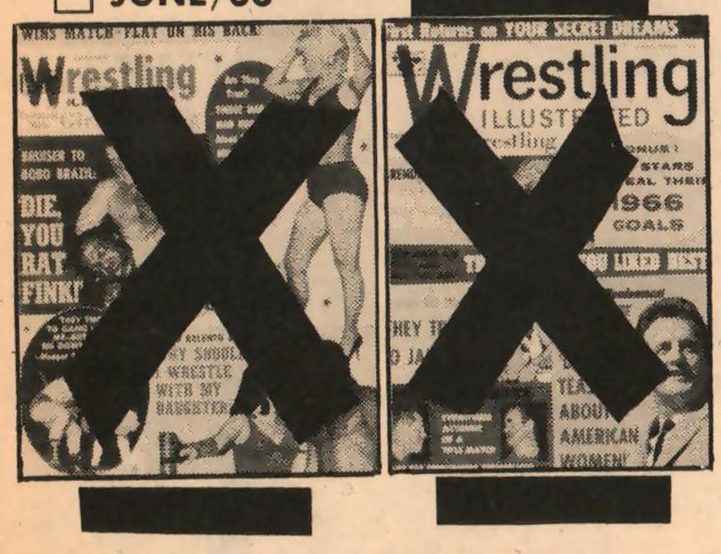

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SOMEDAY SHE'S GOING TO KILL!

(Continued from Page 41)

change in attitude a little better.

Vivian seemed to sense what we were thinking. Her anger was gone now. "Almost the same thing happened with Rita Boucher," she said quietly. "I started out to wrestle clean. But Boucher double crossed me. She broke every rule in the book.

"She was giving me one awful beating—and it was then that I got wise to myself. I learned a lesson I've never forgotten." Her lips tightened at the memory.

Rita is about 20 pounds lighter than Vivian, but has far more experience. She bounced forearm smashes off the pretty blonde's face until the blood welled from her nose. But when Boucher applied a stepover toehold and used the ring ropes for added leverage, Vivian got her revelation of what it was all about. At that moment, *Vicious* Vivian Vachon was born—kin sister to "Mad Dog" and "Butcher." She developed into a savage.

Although it cost her long hours of agony afterward, Vivian broke free of Rita's toehold with sheer strength. Then she went to work on the smaller woman. And with every elbow smash, every knee to the groin, every kick, a smile of ecstasy lit her face. Vivian Vachon was enjoying herself!

She won with a bottoms-up pin, and as she paraded back to her dressing room, flaunting her fabulous figure at the crowd instead of shyly covering herself with her robe as she had done before, Vivian answered their boos with sneers and taunts of her own. With her new-found confidence, she had become arrogant and boastful, a super Nordic like the goddesses of old; an Aryan blonde in the mold of Adolf Hitler's fondest dreams. Meanwhile, they had to carry Rita Boucher to her dressing room.

Vivian's next match was with Barbara Owens, a blonde wildcat

Vachon's crushing elbow smash sends Betty Boucher sagging into the ropes, then to the floor.

from Georgia. Her kicks, punches and hairpulling soon turned Barbara into a tabby cat. She was howling for mercy before Vivian pinned her after a series of dropkicks to the stomach that put the redhead out of action for a week.

Any hope Vivian might get the bloodlust out of her system and revert to her former sweet self was dispelled forever by my next question. "What are your plans now? How about marrying some nice guy and settling down and raise a flock of babies?"

Vivian's sky-blue eyes poured forth waves of scorn. "Never!" she snarled. "My idea of a future is to put Patti Neilson in the hospital every time I wrestle her. And put her right back in again every time she gets out!"

Why didn't anyone ever sing *Stay As Sweet As You Are* to Vivian Vachon? ☐

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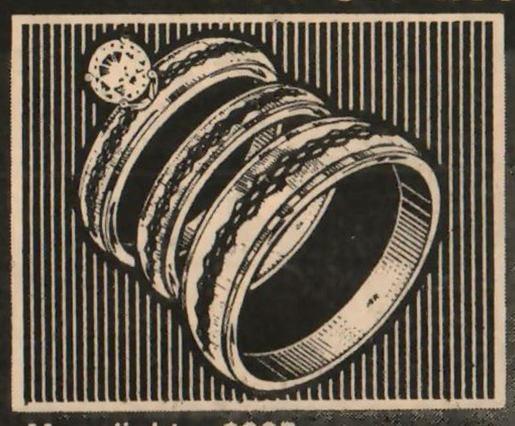

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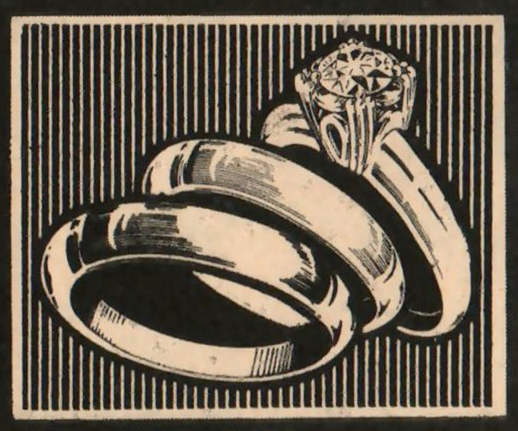

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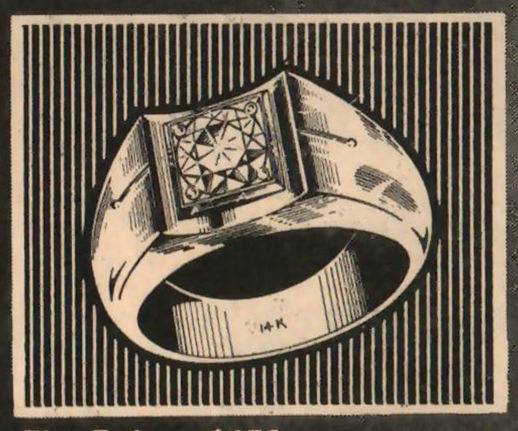

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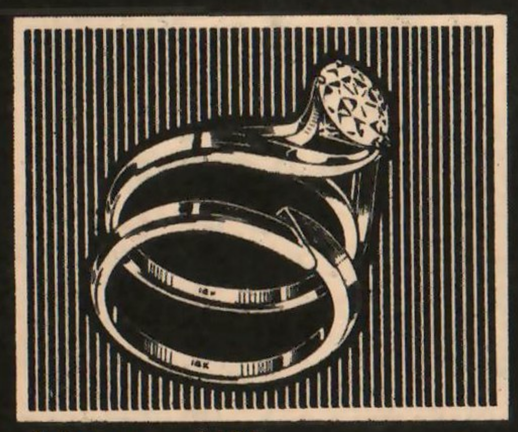

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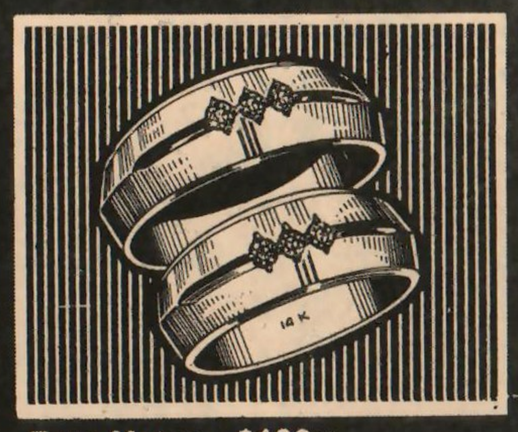

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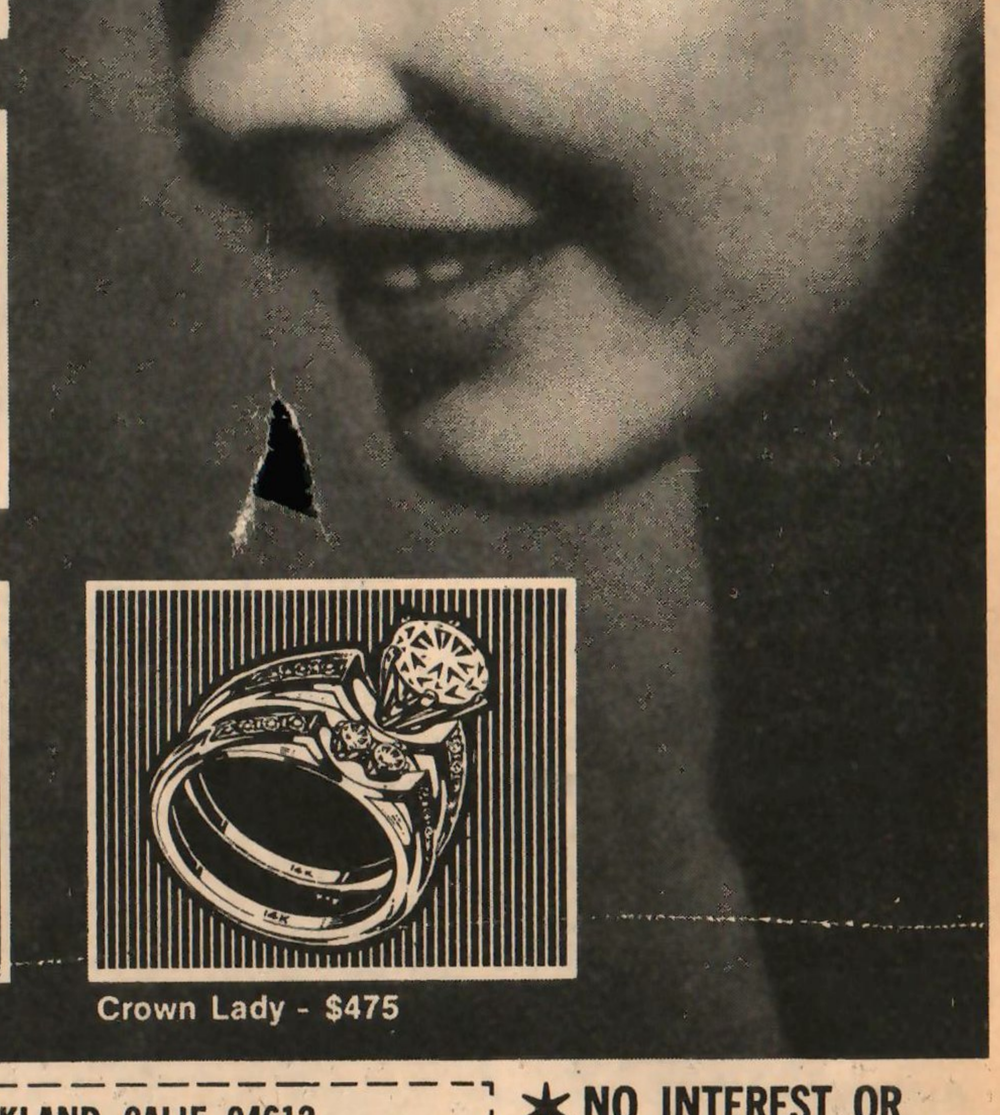

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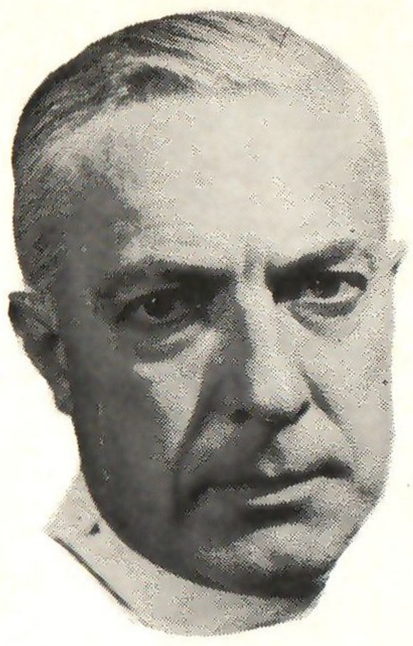

An Important Message

To Every Man And Woman

In America

Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dryness of your hair, the itchyness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff — **these are Nature's Red Flags** warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

The development of an amazing new hair and scalp medicine called Comate is specifically designed to control seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing their hair to bacterial infection to reverse the battle they are now losing on their scalps. By stopping this impediment to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

This is how Comate works: (1) It combines in a single scalp treatment the essential corrective factors for normal hair growth. By its rubifacient action it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp, thereby supplying more nutrition to still-alive hair follicles. (2) As a highly effective antiseptic, Comate kills on contact the seborrhea-causing scalp bacteria believed to be a cause of baldness. (3) By its keratolitic action it dissolves ugly dandruff. By tending to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft it corrects excessively dry and oily hair. It eliminates head scales and scalp itch.

In short, Comate offers you in a single treatment the best that modern medicine has developed for the preservation of your hair. There is no excuse today except ignorance for any man or woman to neglect seborrhea and pay the penalty of hair loss.

COMATE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

To you we offer this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Treat your scalp to Comate in your own home, following the simple directions. See for yourself in your own mirror how after a few treatments, Comate makes your hair look thicker and alive. How Comate ends your dandruff, stops your scalp itch. How Comate gives your hair a chance to grow. Most men and women report results after the first treatment, some take longer. But we say this to you. If, for any reason, you are not completely satisfied with the improvement in your own case — AT ANY TIME — return the unused portion for a prompt refund. No questions asked.

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Note To Doctors
Doctors, clinics and hospitals interested in scalp disorders can obtain professional samples and literature on written request.

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"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin."
—D. W. G., c/o FPO., N. Y.

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—C. E. H., N. Richland, Wash.

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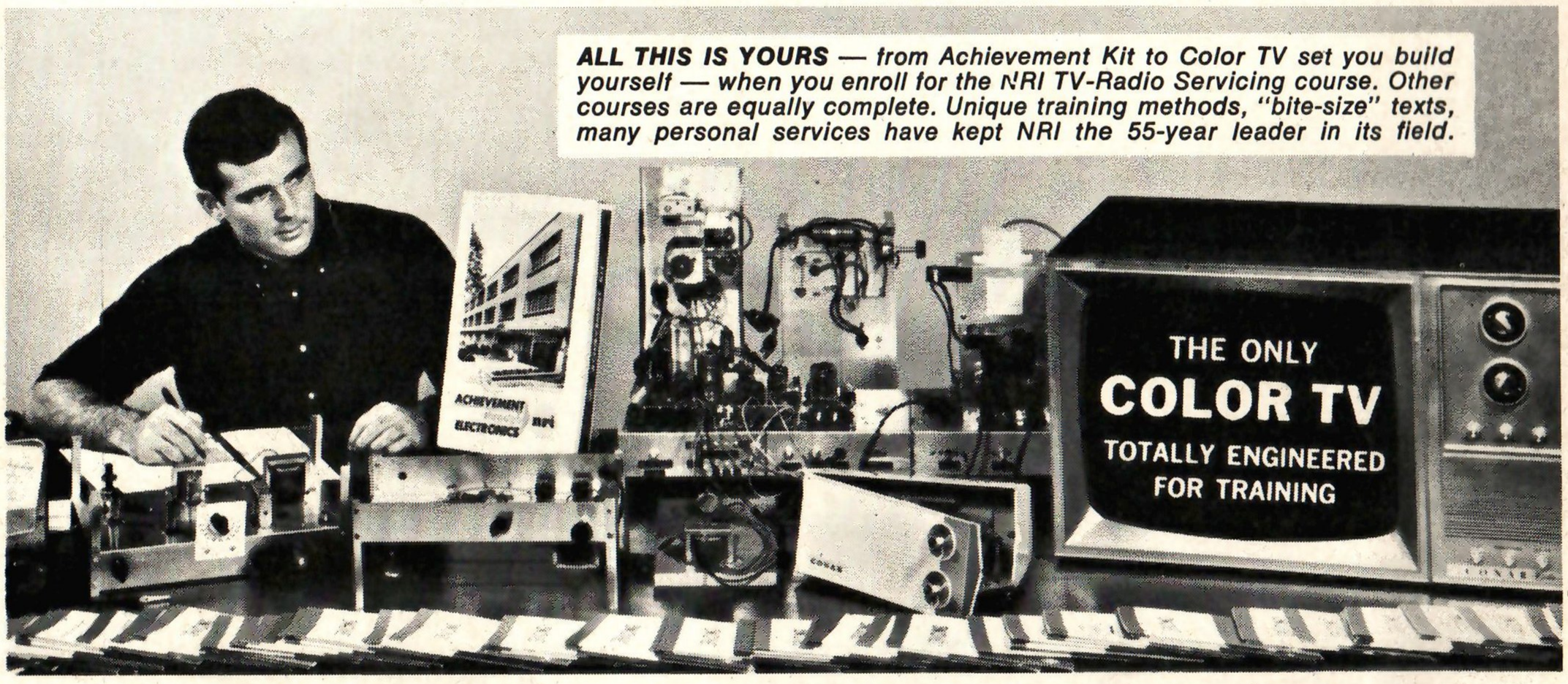
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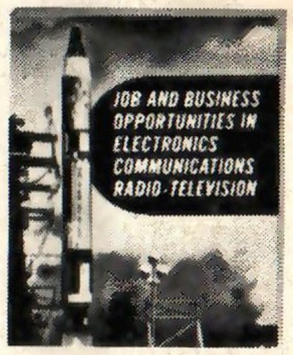

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